Collier's
TEN CENTS
FEBRUARY 9, 1946
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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STALIN IS GRAY

BY
HARRISON E. SALISBURY
PAGE 15

AMERICA'S RICHEST WOMAN

BY
HELEN WORDEN
PAGE 19

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Some things winter brings,
I do not go for.
I daily trudge through snow and sludge,
(You see, I have no chauffeur.)

But spirits cheer as home I near,
A thought warms my chilled body,
In anticipation of a grand libation,
A wintertime hot toddy.

Wilson Kelley

WINTER *has a warm side, too!*

A HOT TODDY! There's an idea! And a good one, too—if it's made with Old Thompson. For Old Thompson is blended in Kentucky by Glenmore. This means that the Touch of Quality is definitely upon it... that every tasty sip invites that "Um-m-m" of satisfaction... Make Old Thompson your personal blend and make your drinks—so nice to come home to.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky

OLD THOMPSON BRAND
Blended Whiskey

A Glenmore Product

© 1946 G. D. CO.

Glenmore's
OLD THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey

BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

Germs Reduced up to 96.7% in Tests

Fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, and up to 80% one hour after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

These are some types of the threatening germs that cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the body through throat membranes.

TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

How Listerine Antiseptic can help to head off a Cold or lessen its severity

WHEN you feel a cold coming on, it's likely to be a sign that a virus has infected you and that millions of germs called the "secondary invaders" are threatening a mass invasion of your tissues through throat membranes.

That's the time to "baby" yourself a bit and get started at once with the Listerine Antiseptic gargle regularly. Here's why:

Kills "Secondary Invaders"

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the "secondary invaders" . . . the ugly germs, according to some authorities, that cause so much of the misery you know so well.

Often this prompt, delightful precaution may halt the mass invasion of these germs and nip a cold in the bud, so to speak.

Fewer Colds in Tests

If your cold has already started, the Listerine gargle, taken early and often, may help reduce the severity of the infection.

Bear in mind Listerine's impressive record made in tests over twelve years: Those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

So, when you feel a cold coming on, eat sparingly, keep warm, get plenty of rest, and gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. It may spare you a lot of trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

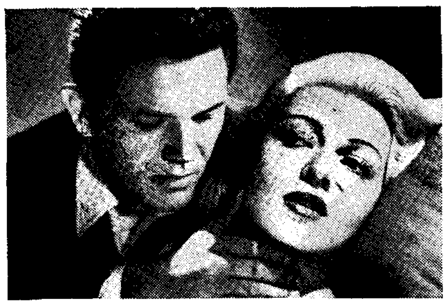
FOR ORAL HYGIENE

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

Lana John
TURNER · GARFIELD
in
"THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE"
with
CECIL KELLAWAY · HUME CRONYN
LEON AMES · AUDREY TOTTER
ALAN REED
Screen Play by Harry Ruskin and Niven Busch
Based on the Novel by James Cain

Directed by..................TAY GARNETT
Produced by.................CAREY WILSON



Several years ago a great novel blazed its way into America's consciousness—James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice." It was the story of two young people caught in the web of an overpowering love. At the time many of us hoped it would be made into a motion picture. But, the general opinion was: "Too daring... too passionate... too shocking".

Recently, however, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer announced that it had produced "The Postman Always Rings Twice", starring Lana Turner and John Garfield. This was news that made us gasp. And we wondered how M-G-M would handle some of the more audacious scenes.

Well, we have just seen it, and it's a magnificent job. Faithful to the spirit of the novel, tempestuous and at the same time tender, it is worthy of being classed among M-G-M's finest films.

Lana Turner is breath-takingly beautiful as the temptress who is swept away by a love she can't deny. John Garfield turns in a masterful performance as the reckless young wanderer who wanted love more than he wanted life. Together, as Cora and Frank, they create one of the most memorable romances ever brought to the screen.

And to match this great acting, there is a truly fine supporting cast including Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, Leon Ames, Audrey Totter and Alan Reed. Congratulations are most certainly in order for Director Tay Garnett and Producer Carey Wilson.

To you who look to motion pictures for unusual entertainment, for the magic of romance above and beyond the commonplace, we wholeheartedly recommend "The Postman Always Rings Twice".

Collier's
FOR FEBRUARY 9, 1946

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HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
ELIZABETH BOUTELLE *Fiction*
JOHN SCHAFFNER *Fiction*

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COVER By *JON WHITCOMB*

any week

QUITE a number of our customers are enthusiastic about this plan of Mr. Truman and the State Department to set up a world-wide American spy system. They like the frank way the government is going about it—tell the world in advance that we're going in for overshoulder looking with no silly secrecy about it. Mr. John J. Staelmait of Dover, Delaware, visualizes a scene in our espionage offices in, say, our embassy in, say, Paris: The telephone rings. Our chief spy answers: "Hello, Gaston. What's new? You don't say. Switzerland wants to fight, hey? How about dinner tonight? I'm having lunch with a sharp Mata Hari who's dickering with us for the Luxembourg low-down. No, no, nothing like that. I'm a ferret, Joe, not a wolf. Say, Joe, did you hear that Portugal is thinking of breaking off diplomatic relations with somebody? Our guy in Lisbon just called up. Says he's got all government wires tapped but . . ."

ONE afternoon, many, many years ago, an irresistible man knocked at the door of the home of Mrs. Julia G. Fungele in Buffalo, New York. The fellow's name was Peter Fenelon Collier. He was selling Bibles and while Mrs. Fungele had a Bible, Mr. Collier sold her two saying that although the Bible was the world's most durable book it was always well to play safe. Anyway, Mrs. Fungele then and there resolved to buy anything that this young man ever offered for sale. Which is why she has been reading Collier's for many, many years. "My eyes are not young like they used to be," she says, "and the young people read it to me. My mind is not as young either and there are many things today that I do not understand. However, I still get your magazine every week because I have a secret: I let on to myself that the same young man named Peter Fenelon Collier knocks on my door every week bringing it to me, an old, old friend. I guess I'm a silly old woman."

(Continued on page 84)

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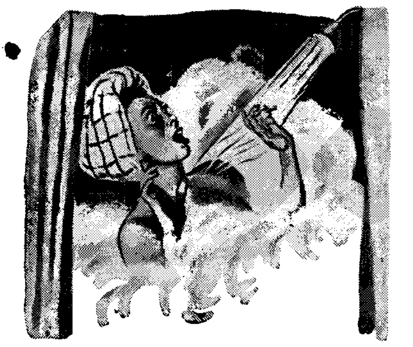
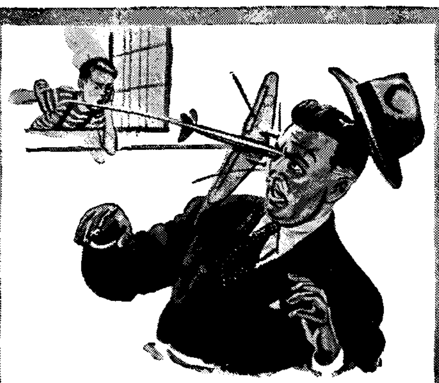
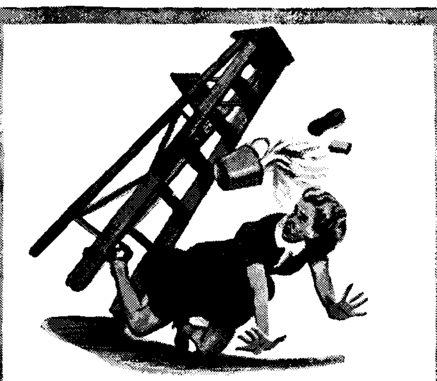
ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN...



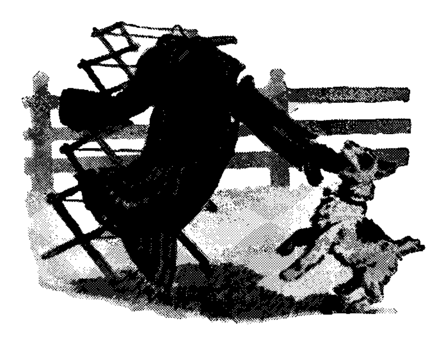
Week-end guest scalded in shower because of a defective hot-water tap. Doctor's bills came to $250.



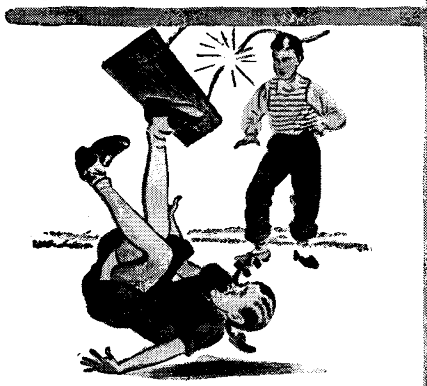
Boy's model airplane zoomed out of window and hit a passing neighbor's eye. The result was a $9,000 lawsuit.



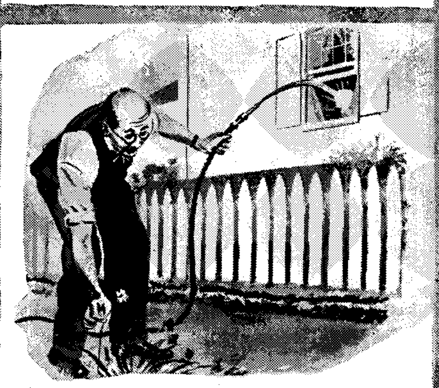
Day worker slipped off rickety step-ladder—sued for permanent back injuries. Court judgment—$7,500.



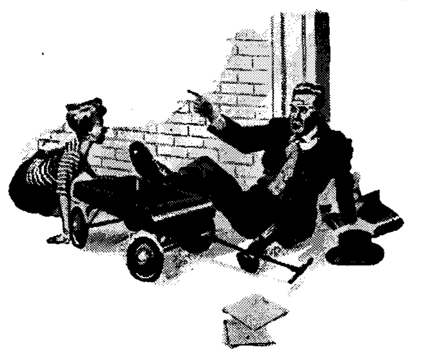
Dog chewed off a piece of a fur coat being aired by woman next door. The dog's owner paid the $95 repair bill.



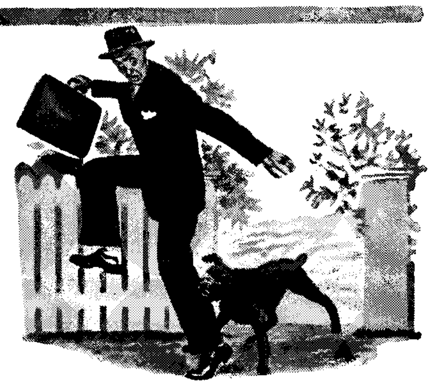
Rope broke while neighbor's child was on swing. X-rays and doctor's bills for broken collarbone cost $150.



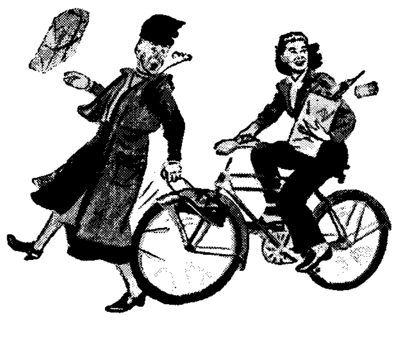
A garden hose accidentally sprayed through neighbor's window—ruined sofa, drapes. Replacements—$275.



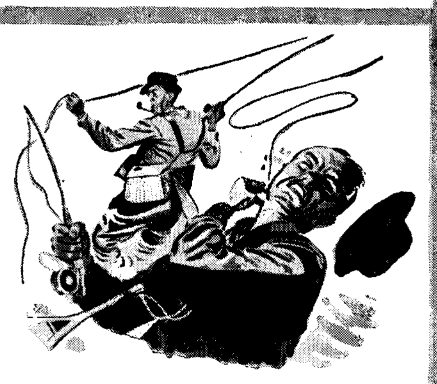
A visitor was knocked down, hard. He sued the householder for $700 for medical expenses and loss of time.



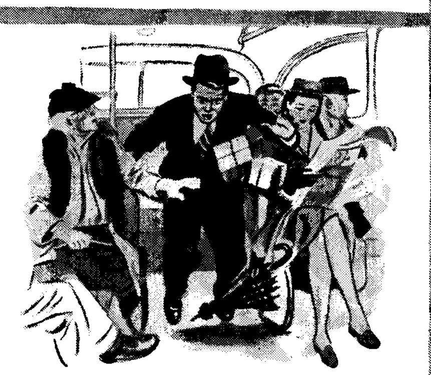
Hospitalization after this passerby was bitten led to a $1,900 judgment, which was paid by the dog's owner.



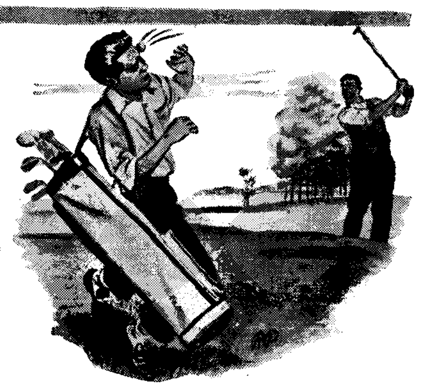
Woman shopper's bicycle hit an old lady. Permanent injuries resulted and the old lady sued for $10,000.



Fisherman's scalp was torn by the barb of a fly cast by a friend, who later paid medical expenses of $100.



This man tripped over a woman's umbrella carelessly left in bus aisle, injured his hip. He sued for $8,000.



Careless shot by a golfer hit his caddy, causing a skull fracture. Case was settled for $1,000, plus legal costs.

BUT -YOU CAN GET PROTECTION AGAINST ALL THIS-AND MORE

$10,000 WORTH FOR ONLY $10 A YEAR

Here, for only $10 a year—less than $1 a month—is a sure way to avoid paying cash out of your own pocket because of accidents to others or their property.

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Keep up with the world

Although New York City has one of the lowest per capita fire losses among American municipalities, less than 14,000 of its 856,000 buildings and structures are fire-resistant.

The greatest precision gauge ever developed is a new electric micrometer that, without touching an object, can measure movements and changes in it as infinitesimal as 1/10,000,000 of an inch.

A unique cylinder lock for doors secretly "informs" its owner when it has been tampered with. Any attempt to unlock it—with wire, instrument or wrong key—fixes the mechanism so it cannot be opened with the right key turned in the usual manner. But using this key in another way, known only to the owner, restores the lock to working condition.

While the United States now owns, controls or operates 1,550 miles of railroad in Mexico and 1,400 miles in Canada, Mexico owns, controls or operates 160 miles, and Canada 7,000 miles in the United States.

America today has approximately 300,000 adult philatelists whose stamp collections are estimated to have an average value of about $400.

England's West Point, Sandhurst Royal Military College, now enrolls women cadets who, upon the completion of special courses, will receive commissions in the British army.

As late as the 18th century, most persons played the violin by fingering it with the right hand and bowing it with the left.

New York City buries weekly an average of 200 bodies of paupers, unknowns and stillborn babies in its potter's field on Hart's Island. As about 65 of them a year are later sought by relatives or friends for reburial in a private cemetery, the city maintains a descriptive record of all bodies and a numbering system so they can be readily located and exhumed, although they are buried in large trenches, each of which contains the coffins of 200 adults or 6,000 infants.

Of the some 35,000 different kinds of jobs in this country, most of which are defined in the Dictionary of Occupations, at least 2,000 can be filled by handicapped men and women.

The French Chamber of Deputies is believed to be the only legislative body in the world that forbids any individual to appear before it while wearing a military uniform.

A recent survey of the daily newspapers in 31 countries reveals how they were decreased in size by the wartime shortage of newsprint. Those least affected, still averaging more than 20 pages, were the papers of the United States, Canada, Sweden, Mexico, Peru and Argentina; while those most affected, averaging four pages or less, were the papers of France, Belgium, Greece, Italy and Great Britain, the last country consuming today only 18 per cent as much newsprint as in 1939.

Out of every 1,000 persons in the United States, 484 live in the Eastern time zone, 410 in the Central, 30 in the Mountain and 76 in the Pacific zone. These differences in time and population groups govern much national network broadcasting, particularly from the West Coast. For example, as three quarters of the people in the Central zone have gone to bed by 10 P.M. (CST), and in the Eastern zone by 11 P.M. (EST), virtually all coast-to-coast programs originating in Hollywood go on the air by 7 o'clock (PST) so they will not lose this 67 per cent of their normal potential audience.

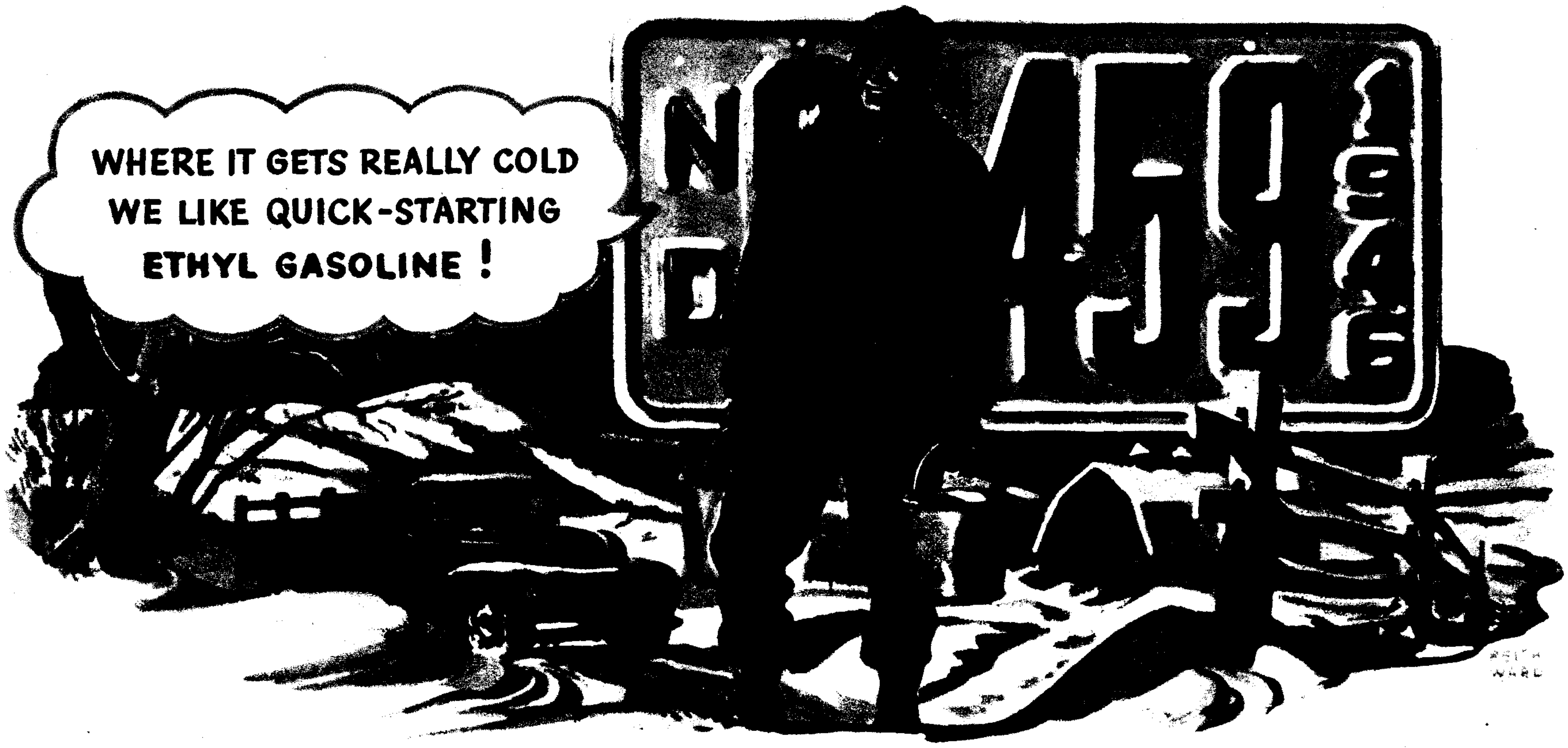
Nylon is not the name of one material, but that of a family of dozens of synthetic chemical substances which are made into hundreds of different kinds of articles. Besides being produced in fiber form for knitting and weaving, they are also made in single filaments for use as brush bristles and window-screen netting, as well as in plastic form for molding into tubing, dishes and telephone parts.

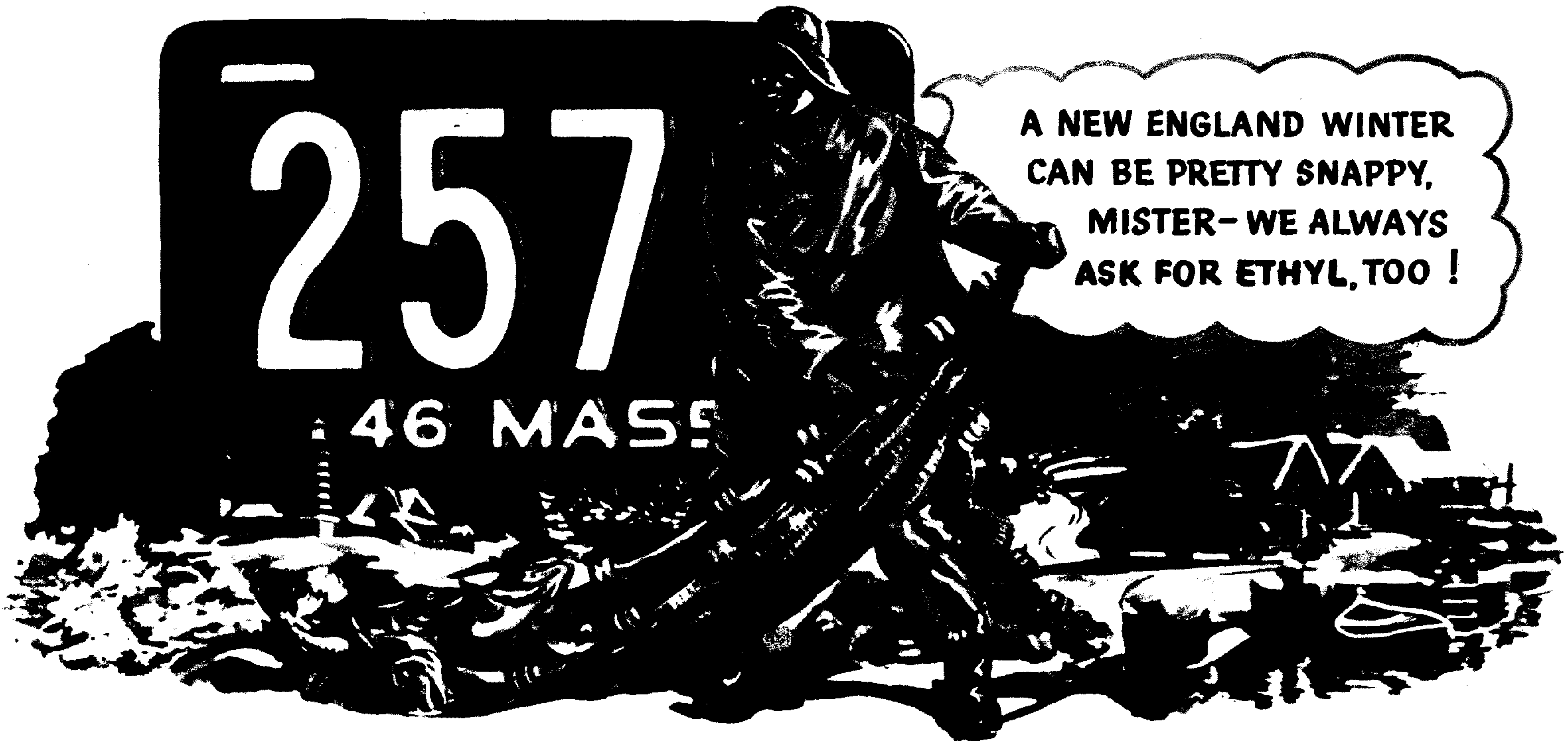
The amount of adrenalin produced in the blood of a person by intense fear may be so excessive that, if he is shot or otherwise wounded at the time, it will contract his blood vessels and arrest the hemorrhage, causing coagulation to take place about three to five times faster than when fear does not precede the injury.

The only U.S. towns that use initials for names are O.K., Kentucky, and T. B., Maryland. . . . A new electric blanket for double beds has two heating units, instead of one, so each occupant may regulate the temperature in his half of it to suit himself.

by Freling Foster

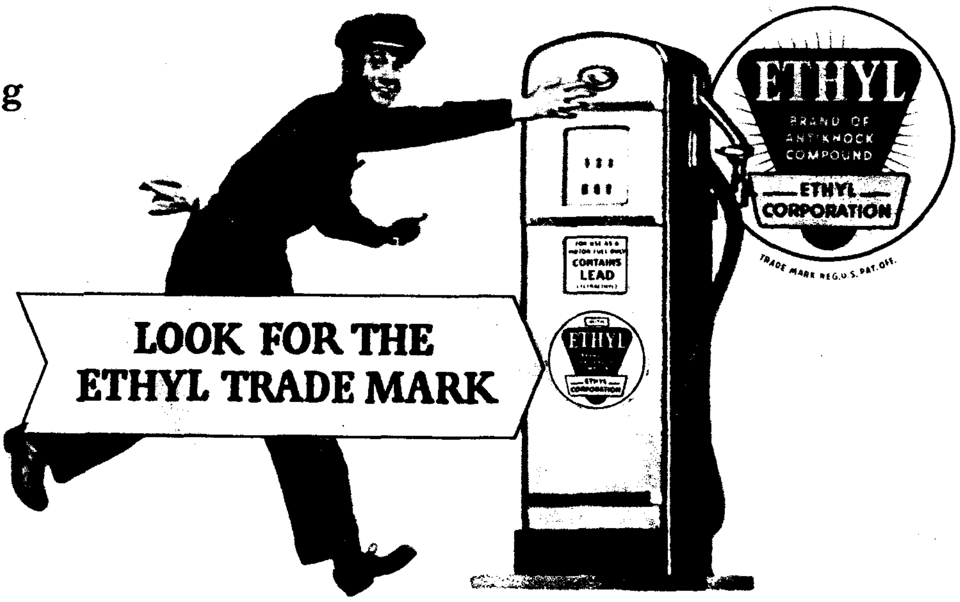
Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission


WHERE IT GETS REALLY COLD WE LIKE QUICK-STARTING ETHYL GASOLINE !
459
1946
KEITH WARD


257
46 MASS
A NEW ENGLAND WINTER CAN BE PRETTY SNAPPY, MISTER— WE ALWAYS ASK FOR ETHYL, TOO !

For gasoline quality that means quick starting

ask for ETHYL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Wing Talk

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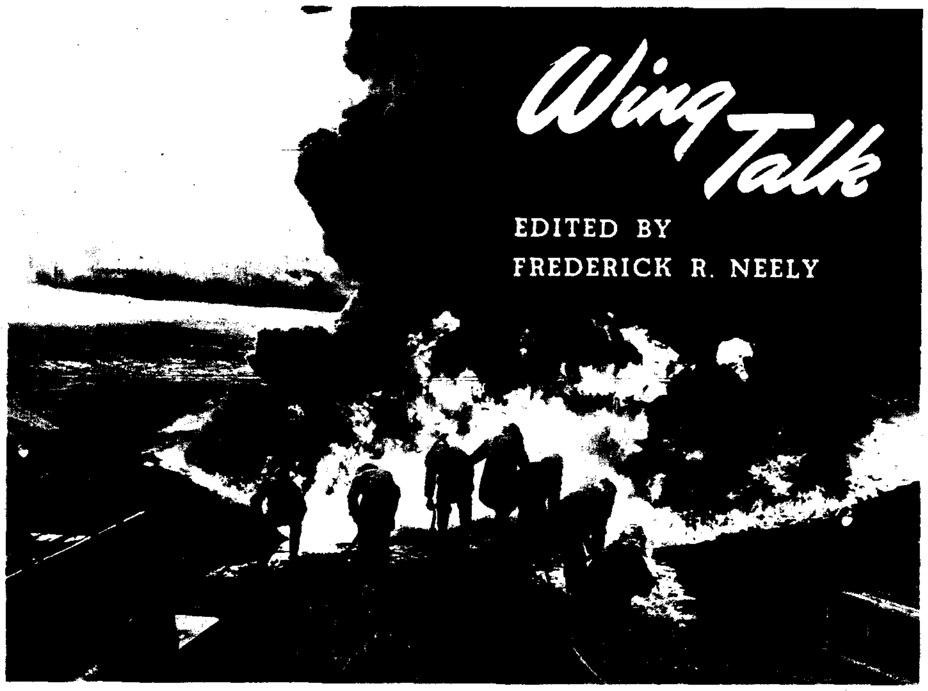

Using a water spray known as fog, AAF men at a crash rescue school cut a V-path through burning gasoline so rescuers can reach trapped fliers

When the oft-predicted hundreds of thousands of aircraft congest our skies, many problems of safety will arise in the air and on the ground, but a primary and terrifying one—crash-landing fires—will be promptly met by war-born techniques developed by the Army and Navy and now available to commercial and civil flying.

Someday fires after crashes will be eliminated altogether when aircraft no longer are powered by conventional fuel. Even now, crash-landing fires in scheduled air transportation are practically nonexistent, there being but rare instances of an airliner stubbing its toe on an airport landing, breaking a wing and burning up. The airlines can pretty well prevent such fires by continuing to insist on the employment of experienced and expert pilots of multi-engined airliners.

But in the personal flying group where the planes will be the greatest in number and where the pilot experience will be very green, the number of crash-landing fires will naturally increase in proportion to this exposure. Unless, of course, a safety fuel, or a thoroughly fireproof plane has reached universal usage by then.

However, all crash landings are not followed by fire. Many a pilot has been temporarily knocked out in a bad landing and has walked away from it later. But as many more, in their momentary unconsciousness, have been consumed by the fire that broke out immediately as the gasoline from ruptured tanks flowed over the hot engine.

Wartime Casualties

The AAF, at its peak wartime strength, operated the greatest fleet of aircraft ever assembled and consequently it had a proportionate number of crash-landing fires as battle-damaged bombers tried to squeeze into tight fields or wounded fighter pilots collapsed in the cockpits as they touched down their speedy planes. The high-pressure training of our airmen in the darkest hours of our history took its toll of students burning to death in the wreckage of a bad landing with help close by but unable to penetrate the walls of fire surrounding them.

As the war flying continued with its inevitable toll, the fire brigades at air bases and on aircraft carriers at sea evolved technique and equipment to the point where many air crews were rescued from blazing aircraft and the number of airmen saved from almost certain death was rising rapidly as the war ended.

So specialized was this task of fighting aircraft fires that the AAF a short time ago separated the crash team from the airfield's standard fire department. This was no haphazard divorce; crash studies here and abroad convincingly indicated the wide differences between fighting mess-hall fires and airplane fires; between saving people from a burning building and a blazing aircraft with its confined stores of inflammable fuel. These differences, the AAF decided, called for specialization in aircraft crash fire fighting and rescue work.

Unglorified, seldom noticed, but always available when danger strikes, the efficient Army crash crew works with speed and precision.

"To hell with the plane; get those men out!" is the AAF smoke-eater's slogan and the courageous teams brave the dangers of scorching gasoline, oil and magnesium fires and explosions.

Hosemen cut a V-path to the plane through the fire with water spray, known to them as fog, which paves a wet road and erects water barriers to guard rescuers from the flames. Down to the point of the V and the plane, go the lifesavers, protected only by their rubber clothing and the cooling fog.

Safe Rescue Technique

But the rescue men cannot depend on just walking up to the burning plane, opening the door and leading the air crew to safety. More than likely, the doors and escape hatches are jammed by the crash and the flying men are trapped. Forcible entry then is necessary. The rescuer cannot go whacking away with serrated axes, crowbars and saws at any old place on the plane's skin. He may rupture a bomber's oxygen, electrical or fuel lines and cause a devastating explosion or additional fire. To prevent such additional tragedy, Army multi-engined craft are now marked in one-inch letters: "Cut Here for Emergency Rescue," meaning entry can be forced without breaking dangerous lines.

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All military planes are equipped with fixed and portable fire-extinguishing systems, but however helpful, they are merely first aid in flight. The bigger, final task must often be left for the specialized fire fighters waiting on the ground.

Both the Army and Navy air arms have completed new training films on the latest fire-fighting practices and equipment; the AAF is running a crash rescue school at Buckley Field in Colorado and a new textbook is to be issued soon. . . . Edward Nash

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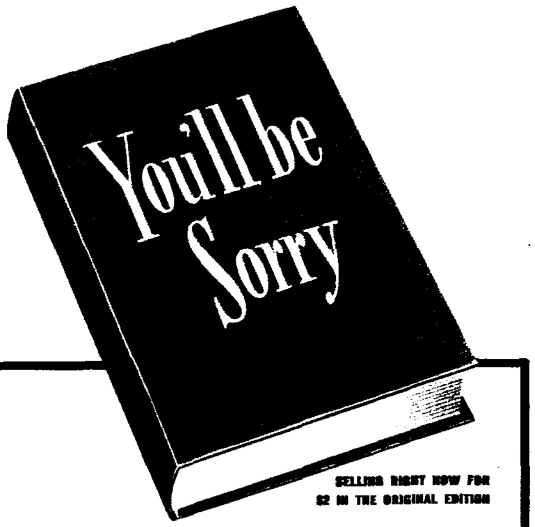

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Author of "Don't Look Behind You!"

SUPPOSE *YOU* had received this anonymous note scrawled in blood-red crayon:

"DON'T GO TO THE GLADSTONES'. YOU'LL BE SORRY IF YOU DO!"

Kate Archer DID receive it. But she DID go. And she WAS sorry.

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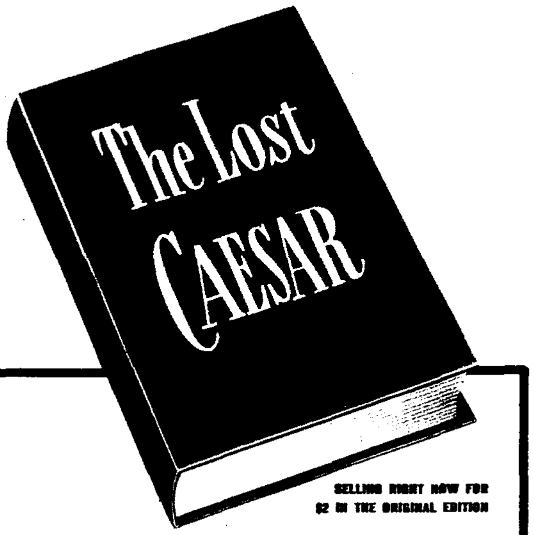

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Author of "Jenny Kissed Me"

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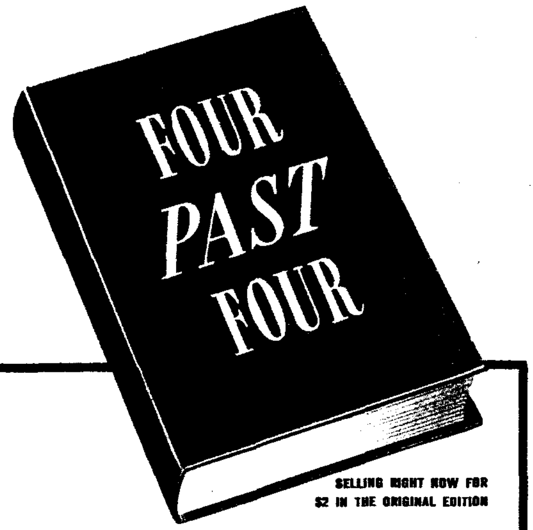

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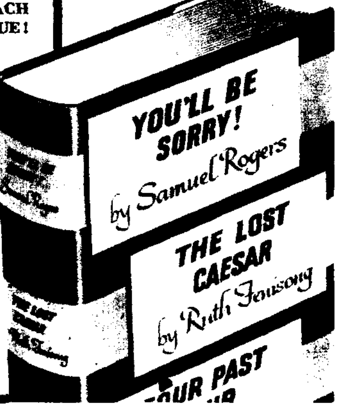

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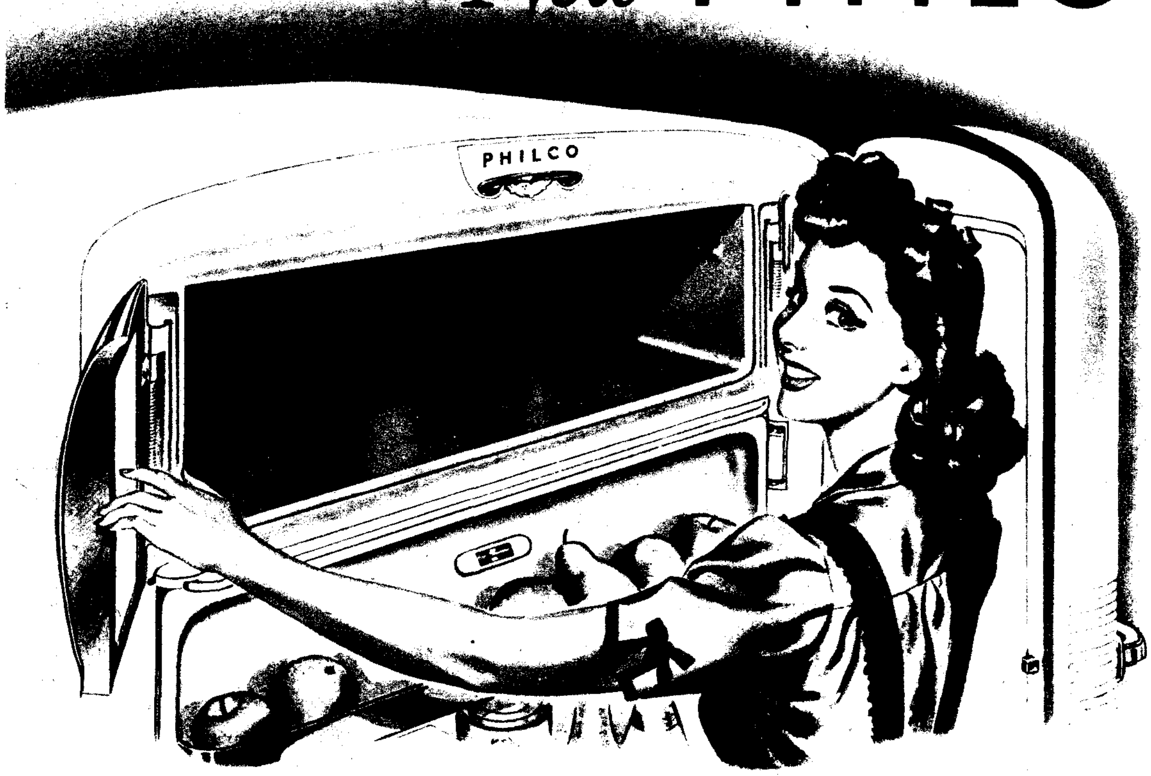

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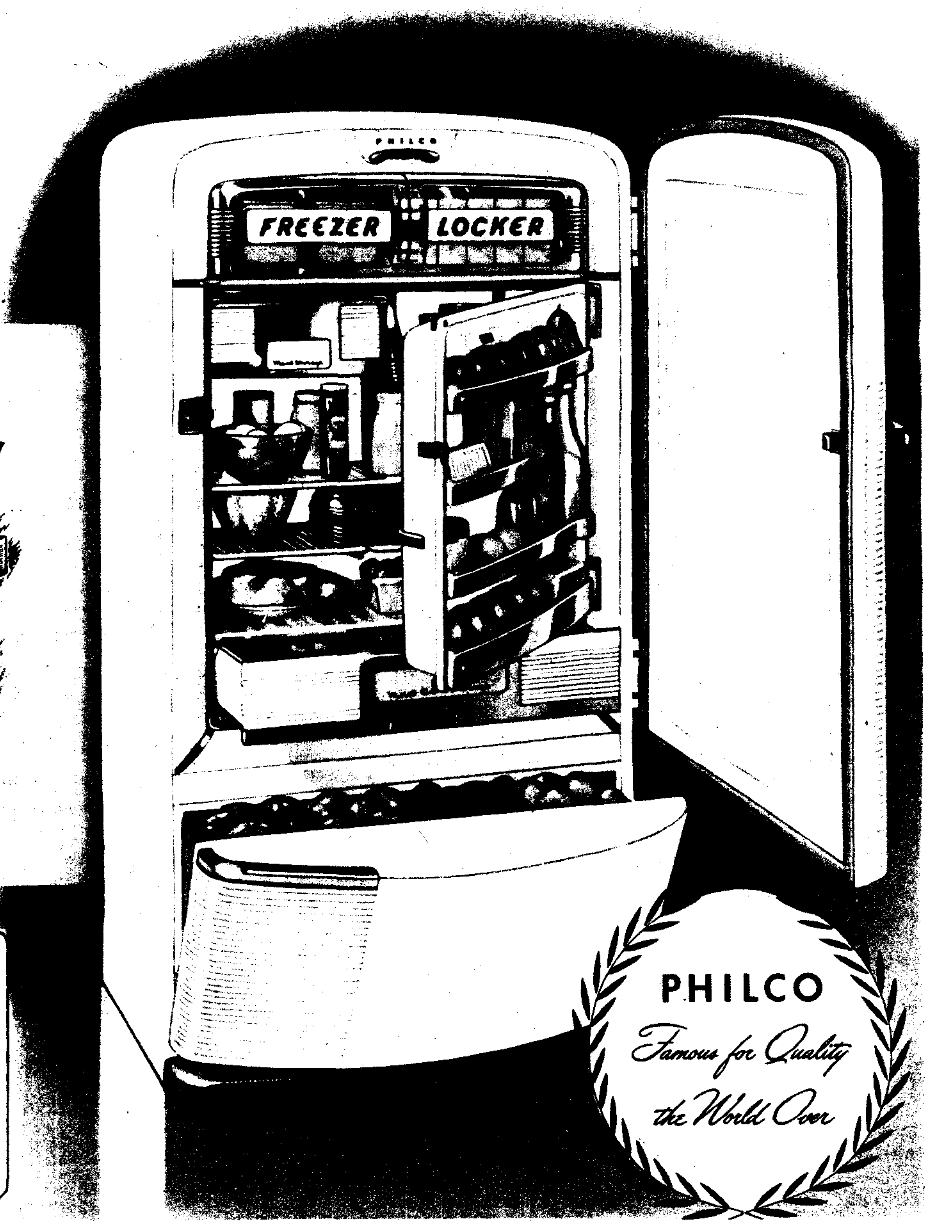

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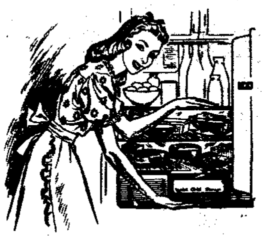

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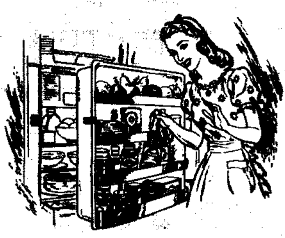

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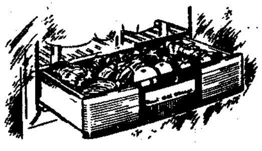

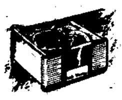

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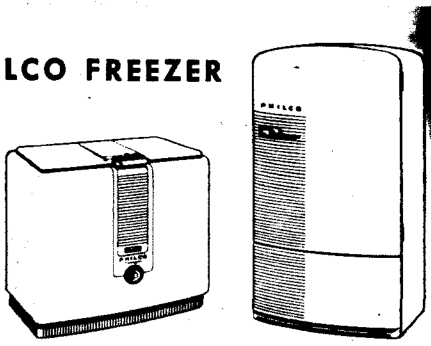

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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY FOR FEBRUARY 9, 1946

All in A Moment

BY JEAN KINKEAD

Joanie was a gal who thought she had all the answers—until one night she learned the difference between sophistication and love

YOU know, sometimes I think that growing up isn't a long slow business at all. I think you can grow up in the space of a heartbeat. Or the time it takes for a record to change on the juke box.

Take me, for instance, I'm seventeen, and until last Saturday night I was a *baby*. I talked fast and cute and sounded wise, but down deep where no one could see, I knew from nothing. And the thing I knew least about was love. Not that I wasn't glib. "Pat Slattery," I used to say, "I drool for you. You are one beautiful hunk." And when he'd kiss me, I'd whisper, "That I like, bay-bee." But it wasn't from the heart, if you know what I mean. It wasn't wrung out of me.

Once I said to Mom, "Being in love is wonderful. It's being happy every minute." I remember the way she looked at me with a funny little smile, and I thought: You poor gal. A lot you know. And of course I was probably taking the words right out of her mouth.

It simply never occurred to me that my mother and father were in love with each other. Of course I knew they *liked* each other all right. They laughed a lot together and all that, but it was strictly brother and sister stuff, I always thought.

After all, Mom is forty with quite a lot of gray in her hair, and Daddy is forty-seven, and love to me was Bogart and Bacall.

"Your father," Mom would say to me sometimes, "is a very peculiar man." And Daddy would say, "Your mother can certainly talk, I'll say that for her. She can certainly talk." What is more, they call each other "Mother" and "Dad" respectively, and to my way of thinking there was nothing romantic about the picture at all. That's why it came as such a shock, when I found out. As of last Saturday night, I learned. Gosh, I learned a lot that night.

It was the night of the spring dance, and I had a date with Pat. Pat is tall and lean with hair that's so red you can see it in the dark, and shoulders from Montezuma to Tripoli. He had one foot in the Corps (which is what the guys are calling the Marines lately) when the war ended, and now he has one foot in Yale, which is okay too. He called for me at nine, and when I opened the door and saw him in his tux, it hit me again how magnificent he is and how lucky I am to have such a gent literally a-*swoon* over me. I said, "Hi, coach," and he didn't say anything. He just whistled. I was wearing a white off-the-shoulder job and Kelly green ballet slippers, and I did look stupendous.

Pat shook hands with Mom and Daddy, and Daddy put down the newspaper a minute and said, "How's the team, boy?"

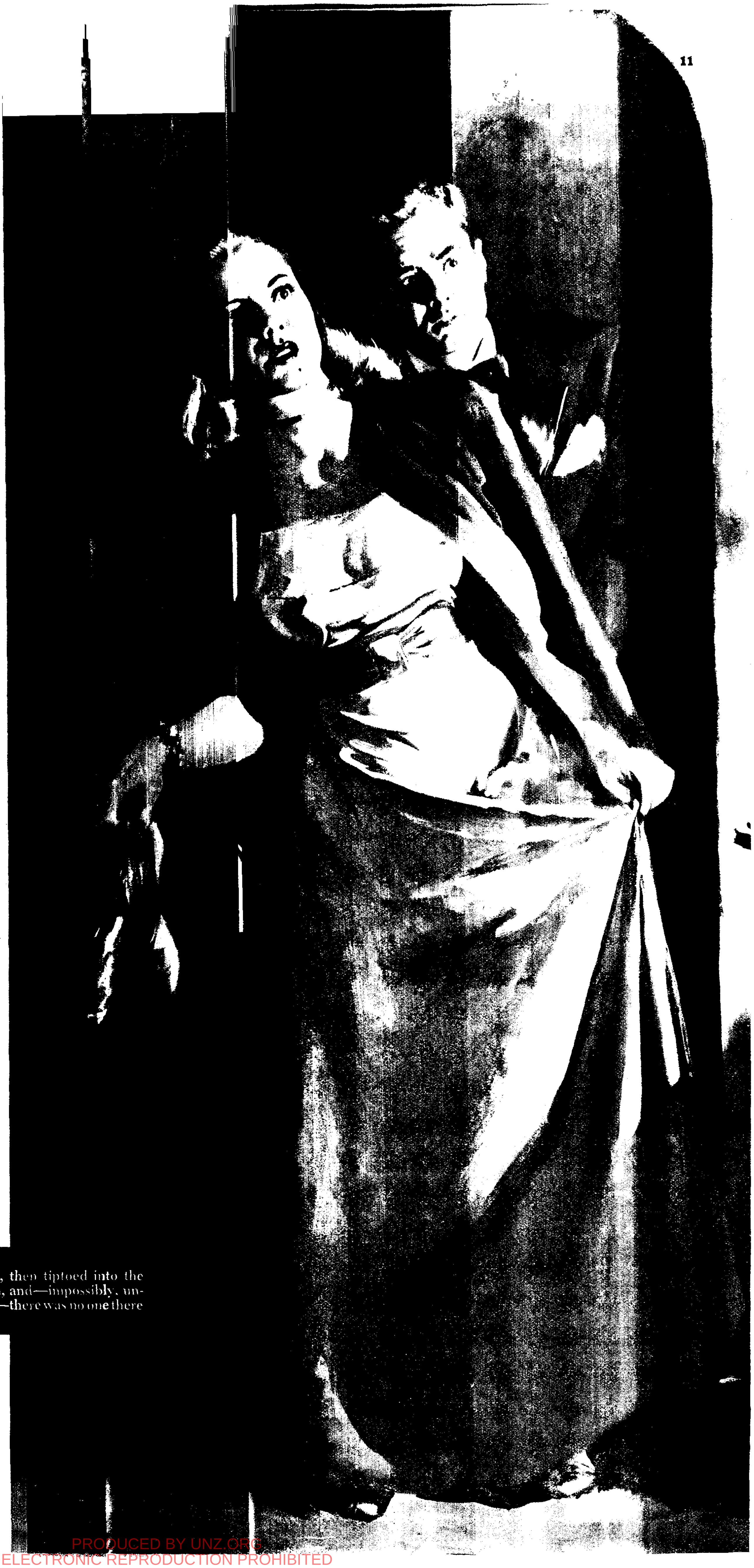
"Looks good, sir," Pat said. "We've got some fast boys this year." Pat pitches for the Cougars, which is our school team.

"Pat's going to give me his baseball letter," I told my father. "Isn't that plush?"

Dad grinned at Pat. "Women," he said. "They'd take the shirt off your back." Really, sometimes I wonder whose side he's on.

After Mom had patted Pat's shoulder and told him he looked very smooth, we started to go. I was out in the hall with one arm in my red wool coat

(Continued on page 39)



We waited, then tiptoed into the living room, and—impossibly, unbelievably—there was no one there

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

FAILURE IN GERMANY

BY DREW MIDDLETON

These men are back home now, but when the honor guard of the 82d Airborne Division paraded before Brandenburg Gate, the Germans gaped in awe. They were brought up on force and have an appreciation for it. The author says our failure in Germany is largely due to eagerness to bring our boys home. That wrecked our occupation plans

A sober account of our stewardship in Germany since V-E Day shows that superficially we have denazified Germany. But, sadly enough, only superficially

RADIOED FROM GERMANY

IN JUNE the American Military Government began with high hopes to teach democracy and to enforce the demilitarization and denazification of Germany. Today, after months of intensive, if at times misguided, effort, the best marks that Germans and their teachers have been able to achieve are "Poor" in democracy, "Fair" in denazification and "Good" in demilitarization. Moreover, since in the long run Hans Schmidt and his wife cannot be considered rid of the Nazi virus and cleansed of German militarism until they accept, understand and practice democracy, the progress made by the American Military Government in denazification and demilitarization must be considered superficial.

In the American failure and in the associated failures by the three other occupying powers lies the reason why Germany today cannot be regarded as the starting point for world co-operation among powers which Eisenhower, Zhukov, Montgomery and De Tassigny envisaged early last June when they gathered in Berlin to proclaim the fall of the Third Reich and the inauguration of quadripartite military government. After six months of this partitioned country, one is forced to the reluctant conclusion that Germany remains a source of future European and world discord.*

There are two aspects of the German problem. First there is Germany as represented by the sum total of the Allied governments in four zones of occupation: American, British, Russian and French. The differences in political ideology, national character and strength have resulted in differences in each zone. What is emerging is a partitioned country with all the troublemaking propensities which partition implies.

In the British zone, for instance, British respect for property has undoubtedly hampered demilitarization. This aspect of the occupation is most advanced in the Soviet and French zones, but on the other hand, democracy as taught and practiced in the Russian zone is very different from democracy in the American and British zones.

One consideration affects the entire American attitude toward all Germany and the United States zone of occupation. This is simply that we have expected too much in too short a time. It is unreasonable to expect the American or any military government to change within a year the attitude of the most warlike and authoritarian people in Europe. It was this which was in the mind of Eisenhower, the most

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*See *Germany—Our Greatest Gamble—Collier's, July 7, 1945.*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

German soldiers en route home are hungry, ill and resentful. Often, their arrival home is followed by the killing of a wife who has been overfriendly with American soldiers. They don't care about democracy

German girls place an exorbitant value on a cigarette, or a bar of chocolate. And lonesome G.I.s laden with both are a sore spot to German fathers and husbands. Some soldiers have been assaulted on dark streets

farsighted and politically astute of the four Allied proconsuls, when he told me: "It will take twenty years to change the minds of the young men and young women in our zone."

Granted that hopes and expectations have been too high, it must be admitted that at the end of the first half year of military government, there is very little in the United States zone to encourage those who wish to see Germany purged of her ancient beliefs and ready to take a place in the Western European family. A great amount of valuable and constructive work has been done but the military government has from the start been limited, first, by differences of opinion within the military government itself of what should be done with Germany, and secondly, by redeployment.

Whether or not the differences between officials could be composed, redeployment insured that military government in Germany would take on the character of a short-term experiment rather than a long-term policy.

In the United States zone, this experiment is nearly over. Civil government by Germans, controlled and advised at the top level by American officials, is replacing military government by Americans. Apologists explain that the Germans are now "ready" to assume self-government again, but most observers in Germany are convinced that the program has been rushed by the pace of redeployment, and that the Germans are not ready.

Civil governments, which are assuming power in the United States zone, are composed in the main of elderly men, many of whom sat tight and said nothing during the Nazi regime, young Communists who were violent enemies of the Nazi regime, and a few, a very few, bureaucrats and nonpolitical Germans who see a chance to prosper under the new regime.

This is not the wide basis on which a democratic government should rest. But it is the broadest basis possible under present conditions, for the military government has not, in the time allotted, been able to instill democracy in the mass of people in the United States zone.

The Germans will vote in elections, but the mere machinery of balloting is no guarantee of democracy as it is understood in the United States. Elected officers will hold office but they will remain outside the main stream of German life. For the United States Military Government has imposed democracy upon the Germans from the top downward. It has had neither the time nor the resources to spread democracy from the bottom upward.

Strength of New Governments to Be Tested

The testing time for the governments which military government has organized and installed will come in late winter and early spring. The dwindling ranks of the conquerors can look forward to disorder and unrest in which it will be apparent that a considerable group of Germans are seeking a stronger and more rewarding political creed than those offered by the Communists and Social Democrats.

All signs point to the growth, during that period, of underground resistance, of the movements directed against both American occupation forces and those Germans, men and women, who have co-operated and fraternized with the conquerors.

The most dangerous group in Germany at the end of the first World War were the returned soldiers. History repeats itself. American Intelligence reports reflect an increasing number of outbursts of violence against American troops during the period when the German soldiers are returning to their homes. The immediate cause is the freedom with which the German women and girls have given themselves to their conquerors. Even those Germans who wish nothing but peace are alarmed at the trouble which they foresee as a result of this.

One evening a former *Wehrmacht* captain named Lackner, in whose apartment I was living, burst into my room. He wanted me to go and tell an American sergeant that he must stop living with a young German married woman in her apartment up the street.

"Her husband is on his way home from the British zone," said Lackner. "He is a hard, violent man. He was in my company. He will not see that Germany must have peace, he will surely try to kill your sergeant."

The feeling against the Americans in Germany hardened throughout the fall from something between obsequiousness and tolerance, to dislike. The Germans protested against searches of their homes; they bitterly attacked the preferential treatment given by the military government to Allied displaced persons and Jews; they complained that American troops drank too much, were ill-disciplined and sloppy. This winter, when shortages of food, housing and clothing will be aggravated by the bite of the central European winter, that dislike will turn to hate. When a people become united in hate against their conquerors, the balance of the people become the allies and protectors of any underground movement.

We have perhaps given too much weight to demilitarization and denazification as conditions which may foster the growth of a new Germany, primarily because these are the two aspects of military government which show tangible progress, progress which is weakened by our underlying inability to conquer the German mind and instill democracy within the people.

We have achieved demilitarization in a sense that what remained of the German army, navy and air force last May has been disbanded. In the United States zone this is complete. Less complete is the work of dismantling and destroying German industry and finance, whereon the German war effort was based.

Differences of opinion between American officials in the military government affected this last aspect of demilitarization to a great degree as well as the underlying fact that the American is a builder and does not approve of destruction of industries or concerns which, to him, represent efficiency and power. "It was certainly a wonderful setup," said an American officer discussing the great I.G. Farben plant at Hoechst, near Frankfort. "Seems sort of a shame to break it up. They really knew how to run things, these Germans."

The strength of this feeling among American officials has been somewhat discounted in arguments between the "hard" peace and "soft" peace factions. So, too, has the fact that those given the task of demilitarizing Germany are not those who faced the end product of that military power on the battlefield.

Other motives have impelled those who sought a "soft" peace for Germany. Many of them see no reason why an industrial organization which could, in the future, contribute to world trade should be dismantled further than destroying the primary armament industries; that is, the factories for producing aircraft, tanks, guns and the immediate tools of war.

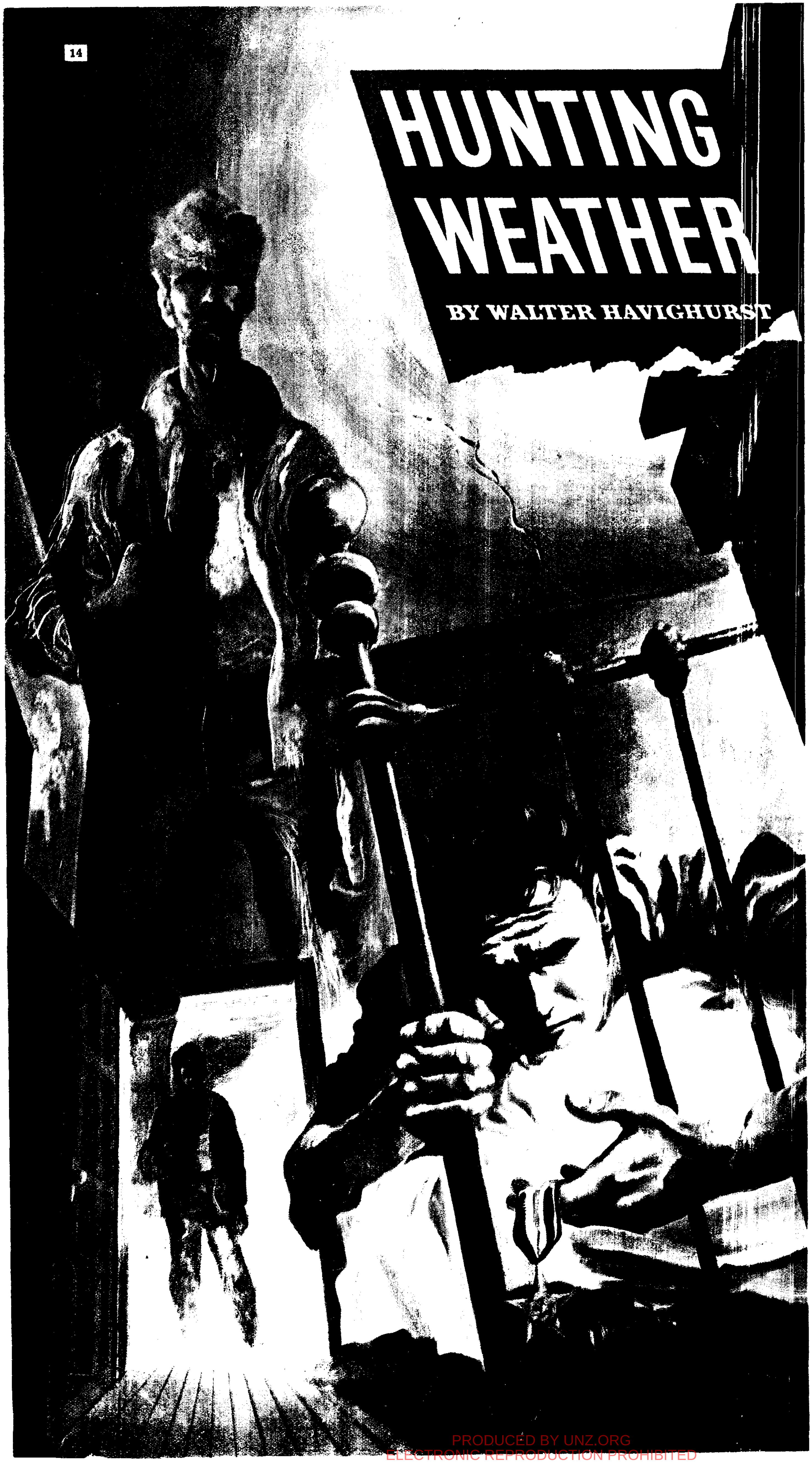
They argue, with some justice, that the United States zone of occupation and Germany as a whole cannot be transformed from one of the most highly industrialized nations in the world into one in which agriculture and a few light industries suffice to support a population of sixty or seventy million. This, they argue, would be a loss to Europe already weakened by war, and to the world.

However, the problem of demilitarization by the destruction of armaments works is *(Continued on page 62)*

HUNTING WEATHER

BY WALTER HAVIGHURST

Memory was gone, but pain and fear remained—and only the face of a redheaded boy could help Philip remember and live again



When he awoke he dug out the medallion on the silk ribbon and between him and the Silver Star came the image of two tired boys with the skin flaking off their faces

AS HE followed the cinder path between the deserted tennis courts and Sturdevant Hall, Philip Royce had a simple and pleasing thought: it felt like snow. He flipped his cigarette away and drew a long, deep breath. There was a cold softness in the air. From the campanile, the bells struck the three-quarters-hour and the sound hovered around him, mellow and strong. On the chill air the vibration of the deep note faded slowly. The sky was gray and still.

He imagined white flakes falling, falling out of that stillness. It gave him a childish pleasure, a pleasure out of keeping with his lined lean face and the zippered brief case under his arm. From Henderson Hall came a platoon of the dwindling naval unit, marching to the quadrangle. A sharp voice began counting cadence. Deliberately Philip slowed his step, out of time. That was a good feeling too.

He turned into the broad walk at the corner of the quad. A janitor was sweeping leaves and a few black lopsided walnuts from the steps of Carson Hall.

" 'Morning, Mr. Royce," he said. "Feels like snow."

Philip nodded, and the janitor leaned on his broom. "I guess you didn't see much snow, out there in the Pacific."

"No," Philip said, "we didn't."

It was surprising how many old, half-familiar things you rediscovered when you came back. How the girls went by loaded with books and papers and notebooks, with feathered arrows for archery and drawing boards for art class; and the boys went by empty-handed. How, between bells, knots of students gathered on the walks, their voices making a friendly web around them. How the light shafted through the tall library windows, warming the ranks of dictionaries and encyclopedias on the reference wall. Sometimes he found himself walking delicately, like a man in the dark, groping his way among the remembered things. Now it was just weather—a gray sky with a softness in the chilly air. "Hunting weather," he remembered suddenly, and it pleased him like a new whispered secret he had with himself. He was back, then, in the Wabash bottoms with a .22 cradled in his arms, watching the frozen brush, whipping the rifle to his shoulder as a rabbit streaked for cover. A low gray sky that could have hidden a whole fleet of Nicks or Zeros, but at that time you didn't look up with ears straining for the distant drone of motors. You called it hunting weather and thought about rabbit tracks stitched across a blank white field of snow.

METHUEN was in the office, his jaw clamped on his pipe, bent over some typed pages. As he looked up, the lamplight flashed in his glasses. "Good morning, Phil."

When Philip was settled opposite him at the double desk, Methuen pushed his manuscript away. "Tuesday," he said. "And I've got that damned course again."

"Which one?"

"The Meaning of the War. I wish you'd teach it, Phil. You've only got one course."

"That's all the doc would let me."

"But this is just your dish. You could do it easily, and do it so it counts. You could make it mean something."

The light played over his glasses but Philip knew the look beneath them. Wherever he met his colleagues he read the curiosity and envy in their eyes. He wondered why they couldn't see the envy he had for them, with their lives all one piece behind them—all one logical, familiar, understandable piece.

Methuen leaned in his chair and the swivel squealed thinly. "When we first talked about

(Continued on page 30)

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL

STALIN IS GRAY

BY HARRISON E. SALISBURY

The pervasive Russian propaganda machine is preparing the people for the day their Generalissimo will die. His most likely successor — although the Russians will tell you that no one man can take his place—is hardly known to U.S. newspaper readers

I WAS walking down the Kuznetsky Most in Moscow one fine spring morning nearly two years ago when I saw a crowd almost blocking the sidewalk.

At first I thought that the pet store must have a new shipment of canaries or goldfish, or possibly the map store had some new maps of the Eastern front. But when I got closer I found the throng was outside the art store and what attracted them was a new picture of Marshal Stalin.

For weeks the art store had displayed a painting of Stalin conferring with Voroshilov and several other generals in a log dugout by lamplight. It was typical of the Stalin portraits on display all over Russia—Stalin, mature but somehow with an air of youth, his hair and mustache black and gleaming. It wasn't a particularly good picture.

But this new portrait was different. It was a full figure of Stalin in military greatcoat against a background of snow and birches. I had seen the marshal a few months before and this was a good photographic likeness.

I stared at the picture, a bit puzzled at the crowd it had attracted, when my courier clutched my arm in excitement.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "Stalin is gray! Stalin has *gray* hair!"

Stalin had gray hair. I listened to the comments of the crowd around me. All were murmuring the same thing. I was still puzzled. After all, Stalin was in his sixties. Obviously he had had gray hair for some years. Why the excitement?

My courier explained: "Don't you realize that this is the first time that Stalin has been pictured with gray hair? This is very important. These people have not seen Stalin since the war and they have never seen him pictured with gray hair. Always before it has been black. That is why they have gathered to look at the picture. This means a change in the line."

"A change in the line" is the most exciting thing you can say in Moscow. "The reason why this is important," my courier went on, "is that for the first time, officially, Stalin is getting old."

"But," I sputtered, "the people know how old he is."

"Oh," she sighed, "you don't understand. Of course we know how old he is. But always the pictures have been the same—Stalin, black-haired and eagle-eyed. Now, today, this picture is shown. He has gray hair. It is now official from the government that Stalin is no longer young. Now the people will begin to think: 'Stalin is getting old. He will not be with us forever.' It is the first step to prepare us for the day when he will die. Until this morning the people had not thought of the fact that Stalin was getting old."

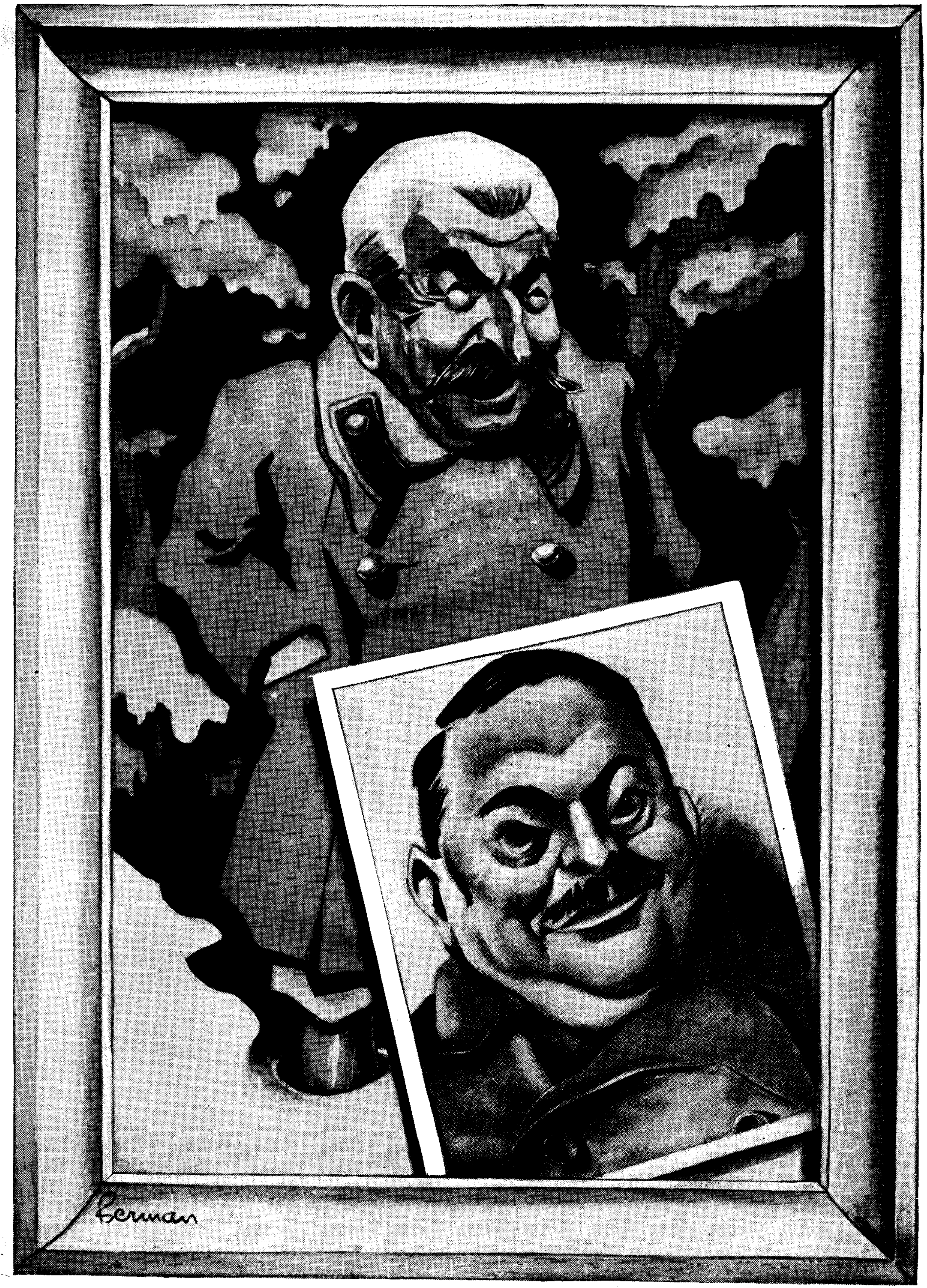
Actually, Stalin's age—he celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday December 21st—is a major factor in the complex fabric of the world's international relations. Stalin has represented Russia for so long, and the man, the symbol and the country are so closely identified in our minds, that when we think of Russia and Russian policy we think of Stalin.

We haven't given much thought to what will happen when Stalin dies. If you picked a dozen people at random and asked them what would happen in Russia if Stalin died, half of them probably would suggest that "they'd have a revolution." The other half would guess that Molotov would take his place.

Very few Americans know enough about the mechanics of Soviet government to form a very intelligent opinion on the subject. But there are thirteen men in Russia who know, thirteen of the most powerful men in the world. These men are Josef Stalin himself and his twelve associates of the Politburo of the Communist Party.

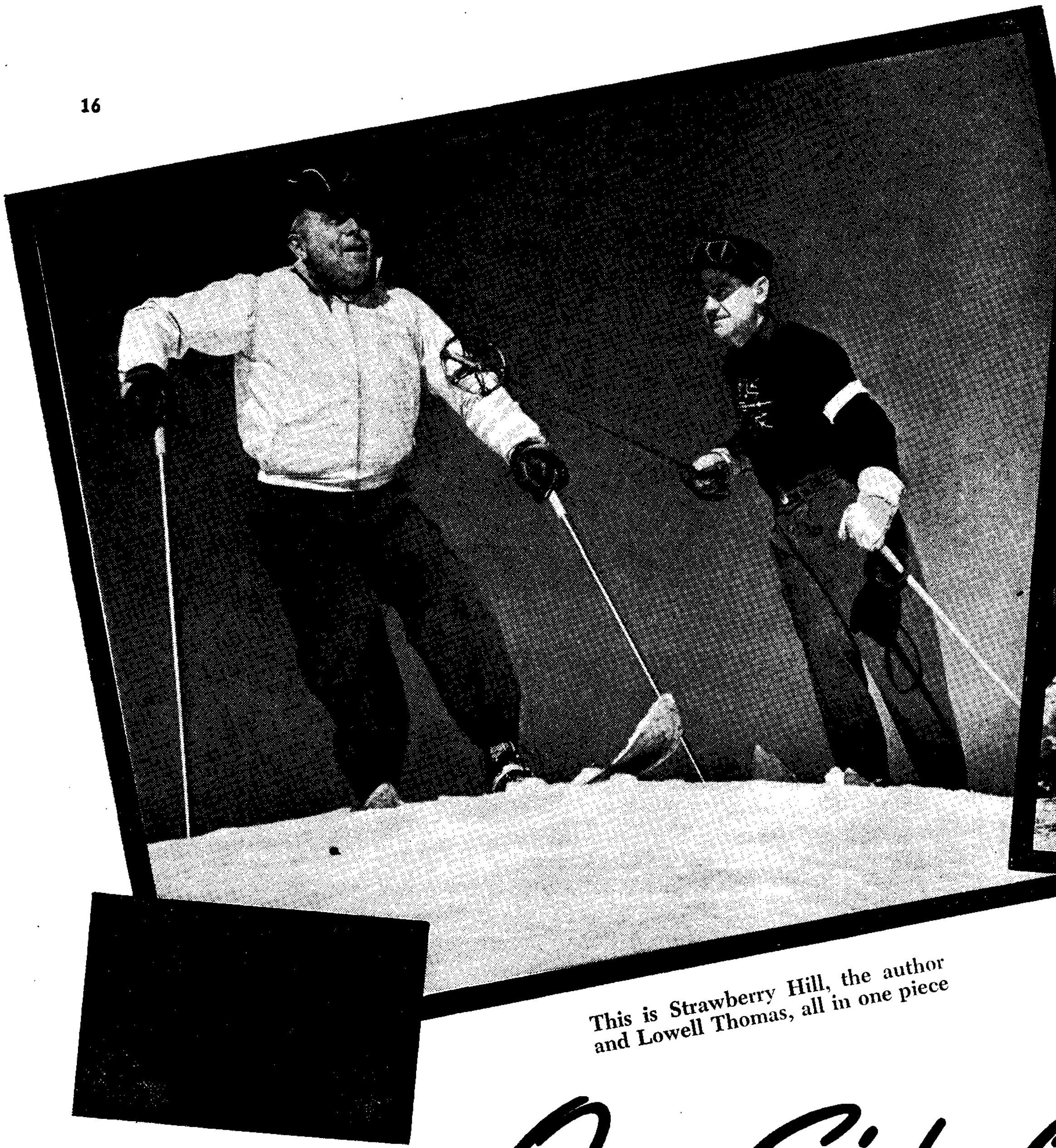
Those thirteen men undoubtedly have known since the start of the war exactly what would happen if Stalin should die. The Russians play the game of government the way a master plays chess. They try to figure out

(Continued on page 46)



Josef Stalin is 66 and the Soviet state is preparing his successor. Most likely candidate so far is Andrei Zhdanov, inset, hero of the siege of Leningrad

ILLUSTRATED BY SAM BERMAN



This is Strawberry Hill, the author and Lowell Thomas, all in one piece

Mr. Thomas is still in one piece, but look what happened to the author and an old steeple!

One Side Or A Leg Off!

BY TED SHANE

HIGH on the rugged sides of Mt. Mansfield in the Vermont Green Mountains, stands a majestic, twin-boled, 60-foot sycamore. In the summertime, birds flit about its leafy shade; and the climbers like to rest under it and drink in the breath-taking panorama, stretching to the White Mountains 120 miles away.

In winter, it's different. This venerable and harmless tree stands plunk in the middle of one of America's toughest ski trails, called Nose Dive. Here the skier, having finished a series of seven tricky turns, which he has had to manipulate carefully lest he be draped over some rocks, has come on a straightaway part of the trail and, such being his nature, has opened up. He is roaring along at a comfortable clip—between 40 and 69 mph, depending on his idiocy, when he suddenly finds himself whizzing over a big hump, face to face with the sycamore.

Since the slope ahead is a narrow 25 per cent grade and steep as a wall, the skier is faced with the problem (a) of skinning by the tree, leaving behind a minimum of his personal parts; or (b) of stopping himself. So he usually does the latter, by the simple expedient of running into the tree.

That is why this particular scenic point has been named Shambles Corner. From the first light fall of snow in November to the late days of glittering spring corn snow, the air here is filled with the sharp crackle of breaking bones, and the soft thud of concussion.

"Why," I have asked dozens of skiers, "don't they cut down the tree?"

Nobody seems to know. C. Minot (Minnie) Dole, head of the amazing National Ski Patrol, which makes it its duty to pick up for free the bodies and mop up the blood on trails, has agitated for years to have the tree replaced by firs. It's still to be done. Should it be, I hazard there'll be a cry of "Sissy!" from the skiers themselves. Fir trees to them are kid stuff to slam into, compared to a two-trunk sycamore.

Now it isn't my intention to make this nice old blood-stained tree take the rap for skiing. Shambles Corner is but one danger spot on the ski map. Let me make it clearer: Wherever a person stands on skis in this world, there you will find a danger point. One of Minnie Dole's best friends turned on his skis to toss a remark over his shoulder, fell and lay there with a spiral fracture of the leg, quite a nasty business. The odd thing was that he was standing still at the time on a perfectly flat bit of ground.

What I do wish to convey from the parable of the tree is that (a) skiing is the world's riskiest public participant sport; that (b) the better you ski, the more the risk: Amateurs get amateur breaks, experts more expert ones; that (c) you can lose your life skiing; that (d) no matter how safe it's made, skiing can never be made foolproof; and that (e) nothing can be done to discourage the skier from killing himself.

Ski apologists are fond of pointing out that skiing is no less dangerous than any other sport, including motoring. While the latter is an unfair comparison, because even war is safer than driving a car, the rest of the contention is sheer nonsense. Two million people constitute the ski population of this country, and while accident statistics are badly kept, or not kept at all, I will go out on a long limb and say that fully one third of them have suffered some sort of violent wrench—up to and including broken backs—or will do so yet.

Can this be said of baseball? Swimming? Tennis? Ping-pong? Golf? What other sport of general participation calls for the ambulance so frequently? Is there a doctor alongside the average tennis court, or in the golf clubhouses of America?

Anything Can Happen to a Skier

If a fine skier named Fred Brown hadn't skied up a tree hastily out at Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, not long ago, a moose would have gored him. That couldn't happen at a tennis match or a baseball game.

Now the average skier gets the ski fever—or should I say skizophrenia, the desire to split the personality violently—from an ad. It shows glorious snowcapped mountains backgrounding a slim, crouching figure dashing gracefully down a great white slope. Since the ad fails to show the same figure in a litter a few minutes later, or hanging from an apple tree, the average skier rushes to a department store and there, at great expense, he gets himself a full set of ski shrouds, poles and skis. Thus outfitted, he hastens to a distant ski slope, and begins his downfall.

Though he may be advised that it would be wise to take a few lessons, the chances are that the suggestion will be ignored. Week-end skiers just don't have the time for lessons; the trail looks easy, and the invigorating mountain air instills courage.

So up the mountain go Jack and Jill—and down they come a-tumblin'—with a busted tibia, ankle or coccyx—and into a cast, with attendant medical expenses and a loss of time at business. Jack and Jill have failed to understand that mountains are steep, treacherous, slippery things; that descending their funneled trails calls for technique that it takes experts sometimes two and three years to master; that skis are two slender hopes, with kinks, secrets and private desires of their own; that skiing also calls for top-notch condition, split-second timing, grace, co-ordination and good judgment. For instance, it's possible to meet eight different snow and weather conditions in one descent, each calling for a different tactic.

Not long ago two gals, who were crisscrossing paths on an open slope, arrived at the same crossing precisely at the same instant. One cracked her head open. More recently another gal fell, lay there laughing. A speed merchant booming down behind failed to see her, ran over her and left her in a mess. How can the novice know that avalanche, storm, frostbite and pneumonia, incurred while waiting for the ski ambulance to pick him up with his broken leg, can also spoil a week-end's fun? Or that he can be hurt going up, as when he fails to dislodge himself from the ski tow and finds himself tangled up in it at the end of the line? It happens every winter.

A few years ago, a friend who had broken a mere handful of ribs and wrenched a number of knees and shoulders, decided it would be a splendid thing for skiing if I turned into a human guinea pig on skis, learning the sport from the ground up, and incorporating the results in a ski book such as the world has never known. So, properly outfitted, I took a Christmas trip to Lake Placid where I wrote Chapter I: a routine introduction to skis and skiing, including a few thrills and a couple of minor falls.

For Chapter II, my pal hauled me up to Canada, and after a brief second lesson on the kindergarten slope, to the top of Mt. Tremblant, highest and loveliest spot in the Laurentian Mountains. We rode the tows to the end of the line, then climbed to the very tip of the trembling tor—merely to assure us a good start down.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

Mr. Shane has "snowplowed" in front of a racer. This has humorous aspects to morticians who watch from a distance

Shane is showing what happens when you come up over a hill and find a tree blocking your path

The master of exactly one ski maneuver—the snowplow—which is the amateur way of stopping (with luck), I began the descent of Tremblant, via the Thomas Fortune Ryan Trail, a ski racer favorite.

Every time I picked myself up, my friend assured me I was learning fast. We arrived at a vertical face on the mountain and I went into my first *Schuss*, that is, I bent my knees, clutched my ski poles, and prayed. Soon I was literally flying, slightly cockeyed from the great thrill of skiing: speed and no control. At the bottom of this wall, there was a rise. Mercifully it slowed me up. I hadn't fallen. I was ready for anything. I was a skier.

The next *Schuss* was different. Halfway down the slope I hit a bump. It frightened me. I wanted to stop. I did what 99 per cent of the dubs do: I used my one maneuver, the snowplow. To stop properly I should have had to "christie"—to turn. The snow was heavy, gluey; I was going too fast for the plow. My ski points crossed, decided to go in different directions. I went into an egg-beater tumble—an octopus of whirling legs, arms and skis. In the midst of it, I heard a distinct and unpleasant crack. It was my ankle.

It took three messengers to fetch the Ski Patrol and the toboggan—two hours later. I was exhausted and uncertain about my ankle, on which I had inched painfully for a mile on a cross trail through the cold fairyland of the mountain stratosphere. The Ski Patrol gave me brandy and bound me tightly on a toboggan. I was hauled by these four young men on skis down a trail known as the Flying Mile.

On the Trail of the Flying Mile

I was jerked off the trail, and a gray ghost going 60 mph shot by. This happened several times. My reindeer gaily told me that I was making the descent in the middle of a downhill ski race.

As I hobbled into the doctor's office, I was proud. All skiers are proud of broken bones, as a soldier is of the Purple Heart. But here again I was unnoticed. The doctor was busy with a badly broken leg, getting the victim ready to be flown quickly to Montreal for special treatment. I was but an amateur casualty. A gal with a bopped head was also ahead of me. The book bogged down after Chapter II.

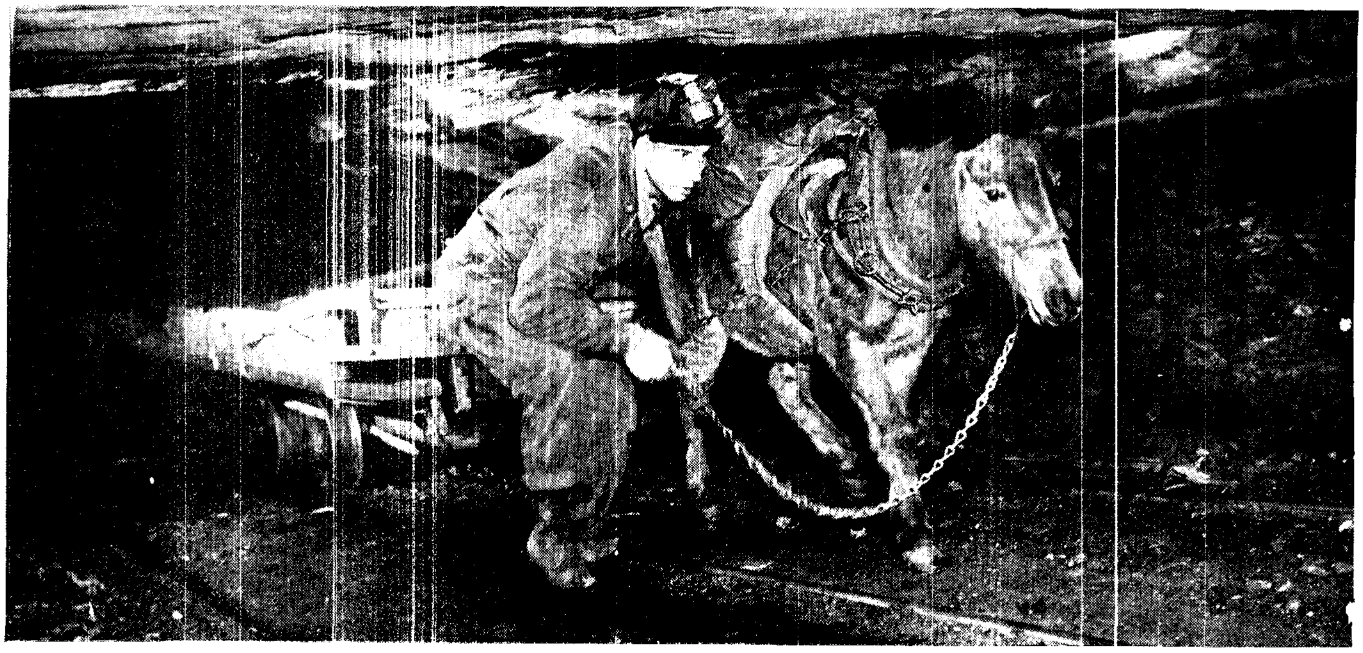
I was an amateur. The experts have a more melancholy record. A few years ago we were visited by Chile's Championship Ski Team. Accustomed to skiing on the open slopes of the Andes, which calls for wide, graceful sweeps and turns, the young sportsmen had to adapt themselves quickly to the tight, narrow funnels which Easterners ski. Within a few days after his arrival, the team captain wound himself around a tree in a practice session, breaking his front axle and crushing his fenders. *(Continued on page 61)*

When he left the hospital, Shane devised this they-can't-hurt-me-now rig

SLEEPING GIANT

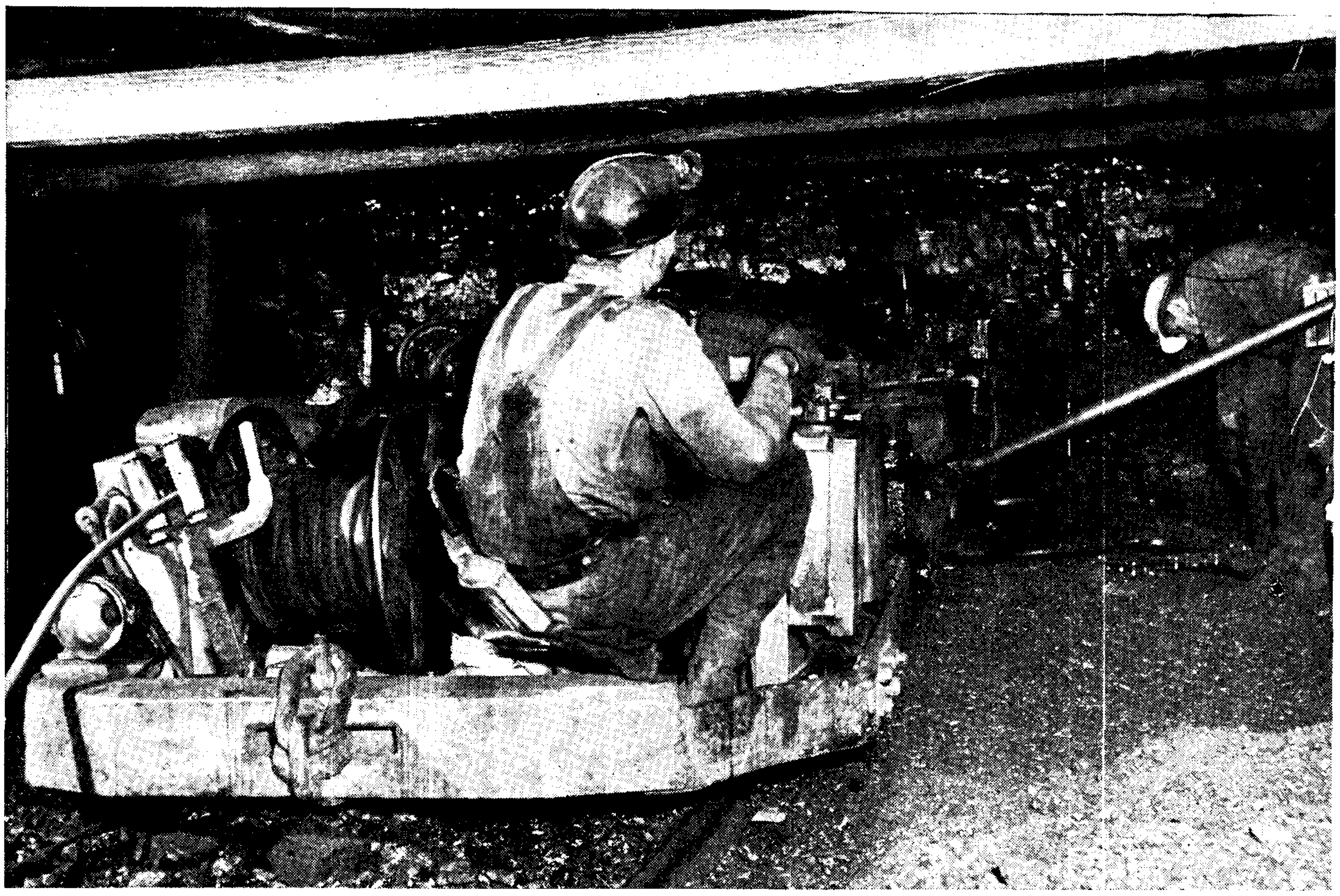
BY J. D. RATCLIFF

The coal industry is beginning to realize that it has the cheapest and most plentiful source of energy available today. Millions of dollars are being spent on research projects which may make possible coal-fired turbines and automobiles, magazine-fed stoves and community heating plants



CARL VON HOFFMAN

In the old days a miner broke the blasted coal apart with a pick, and a mule or a pony hauled it away. Such mines have almost ceased to exist. Today more than 90 per cent of the coal mines are mechanized, with well-organized hauling systems



CARL VON HOFFMAN

IT IS axiomatic that you can make anything from bituminous coal—except money. It can be converted into nylon stockings, vanilla flavoring, perfume, sulfa drugs—and 200,000 other products. Converting it into hard cash is something else again. Thus, in the banner year 1944, the U.S. coal industry did an excavation job twice the size of the Panama Canal. It produced a record 620 million tons of coal. Yet its profit before taxes was a scant $66,000,000. One company, General Motors, did seven times as well, also before taxes.

Coal is the problem child of American industry. In times of war there isn't enough. The western world faces its most drastic coal shortage in history. Shivering Europe has less than half the coal it needs; and American industry is going to find it difficult to get all the coal it can consume. An excellent case can be made for coal as the most desperately needed commodity in the world today.

The coal industry doesn't delude itself that this situation is going to last. World War I is still fresh in the minds of too many people. At that time coal soared to $20 a ton. Miners wore silk shirts, and threw them away when they were dirty. Mine operators spent money like Czarist princes on Riviera vacations.

Anyone who could wangle a lease from a bewildered hillbilly started digging for coal. Production soared and demand declined. The inevitable crash came in 1922 and coal prices steadily declined until the depression of the 1930s. You can't close a coal mine as you can a derelict hotel or apartment building. Expensive maintenance—timbering to hold the roof up, pumping to keep water out—must go on.

In the struggle to keep operating, mines shipped coal to such industrial centers as Detroit and Cleveland and hoped it would be sold while en route. If it weren't it would be dumped on the market at any price it would bring. Thousands of tons of this coal brought as little as 30 cents a ton. At one point things got so desperate that roads in the mine region of eastern Kentucky were paved with coal. It was cheaper than crushed rock.

Today, coal men aren't saying that this won't happen again. But there are many forces at work to prevent such a calamity. For one thing, coal prices can't dive as disastrously as they did in the twenties—for the simple reason that they haven't been permitted to rise so high. OPA held the lid tightly in place at about $3 a ton at the mine.

Furthermore, coal, the sleeping giant, is beginning to bestir himself. For the first time in history, the industry has launched an aggressive research program aimed at finding new mass markets. Belatedly, coal is beginning to fight back against the inroads made by petroleum and natural gas.

Some of the things already turned up by research men have dazzling possibilities. A gas turbine fired with coal—instead of the kerosene or Diesel oil which powers today's jet fighter planes—is on the horizon. When the bugs are worked out of it, the way will be open for coal-fired planes. Then the day of really cheap air transport will be at hand. The industry is similarly thinking of—and working on—a cheap process for making synthetic gasoline from coal.

The Sick Man of U.S. Industry

Such things have given rise to a general feeling of optimism that hasn't been felt for 25 years in the coal industry. Coal men are belatedly realizing that they have the cheapest, most plentiful source of energy available to modern man—and are doing something about it. We will see more of this presently, but first let's take a hard look at the sick man of U.S. industry.

The first coal seams in the United States were discovered by the French explorers, Joliet and Marquette in 1673. Early settlers paid no attention to the discovery. Wood was their fuel. Wood was plentiful in the sparsely populated country, whereas it was difficult to haul coal over rutted roads.

The first commercial mine opened in 1750 on the James River, near Richmond. It was operated by slave labor. It supplied a tiny trickle of fuel, the bulk of our coal coming from Wales. When the Revolutionary War cut off the supply of imported fuel, other American mines opened. Even at this stage coal wasn't used in home heating. Its principal use was in blacksmiths' forges.

The coal mining industry didn't get a real start until the 1830s—with the advent of cheap river and canal transport. Rail transport which came in the forties gave the industry a tremendous boost—providing both a market and a means of cheap haulage.

From there on it was a story of almost constant expansion. Take the year 1940 as a sample. That year the U.S. produced about a billion dollars worth of coal. In terms of size, coal was of about equal importance with banking and insurance. But it was dwarfed by the railroads, which did nearly four times as much business, and by agriculture which did seven times as much

There have always been too many coal mines—about 7,000 at the present time. For the better part they have been run by as rugged a set of individualists as could be found anywhere on earth. With them, it has been a case of root hog root, and to hell with the consequences. This situation has resulted in a condition of fierce competition not equaled in any other industry.

If one operator had a good customer willing to pay $2.50 a ton for coal, his neighboring operator saw nothing wrong with attempting to lure that customer away with an offer of coal at $2.25. The inevitable result was that the industry as a whole lost money between the years 1926-41.

Coal has never had a single large unit, a single dominating force. The country's biggest coal company, the giant Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Company, produces a scant 4 per cent of the industry's tonnage. Thus there has been no one to keep the wild men under control.

There is a general feeling that control of some sort is vitally necessary. About half of the industry feels that the federal government should take this responsibility, the other half that the police job should fall to the operators themselves.

Tough Talk at Labor Conferences

This is the production side of the picture. The labor side isn't much better. Coal has always had turbulent labor relations, marked by strikes, violence and even open warfare—which once resolved itself into trench fighting with machine gun emplacements and bombing planes. Labor negotiations fell into a pattern. Labor and management would meet. One side would open the session with a few well-chosen remarks about the ancestry of the men on the other side of the table. A few delicate allusions to thieves and robbers would be worked in. The other side would reciprocate in kind. This would go on for several days with no particular hard feelings

(Continued on page 37)

AMERICA'S RICHEST WOMAN

The richest woman in America, probably the world, follows faithfully in the footsteps of her mother, Hetty Green, most famous of female financiers

BY HELEN WORDEN

A WOMAN stood before the credit window of a New York department store. Obviously the credit man didn't consider her any too good a risk. Her black dress was dowdy; her black hat frumpish.

"If you had charge accounts in other stores, it might help," said the credit man.

"I always pay cash," she snapped. "And I never carry much money."

She explained that she had seen in a window an article she wanted. It cost more than the two dollars she had in her purse. Her voice trailed off as she poked through the bag and came up triumphantly with a green pasteboard card stamped, "New York City Police Department."

"How's this for identification?" she demanded.

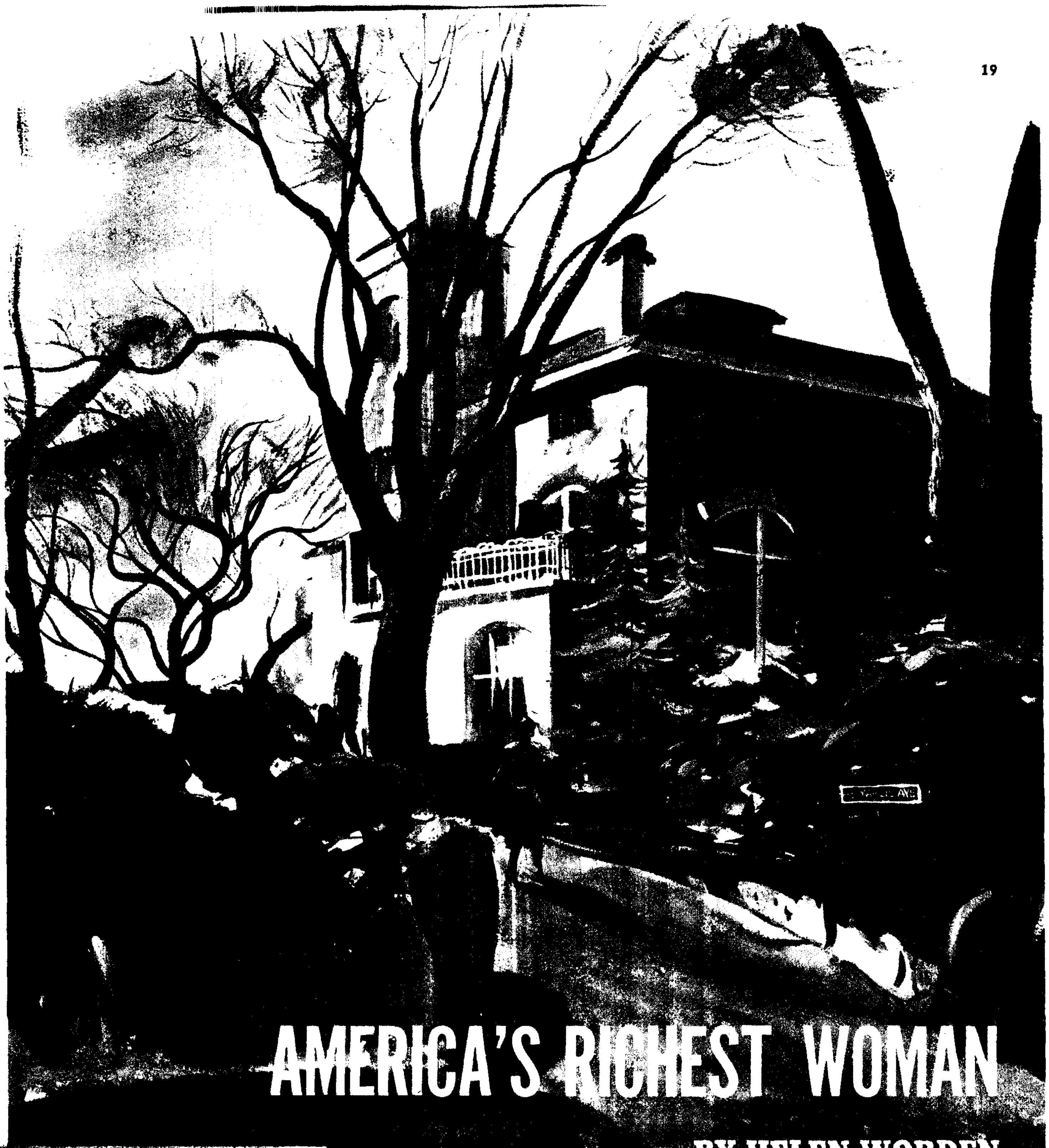
The credit man read it carefully. "H.S.A.H.G. Wilks. Height six feet one. Weight 198 pounds. Address 988 Fifth Ave. This card permits bearer to pass at own risk through fire and police lines."

He handed it back to her. "I don't know you, Mrs. Wilks, but I guess that will do."

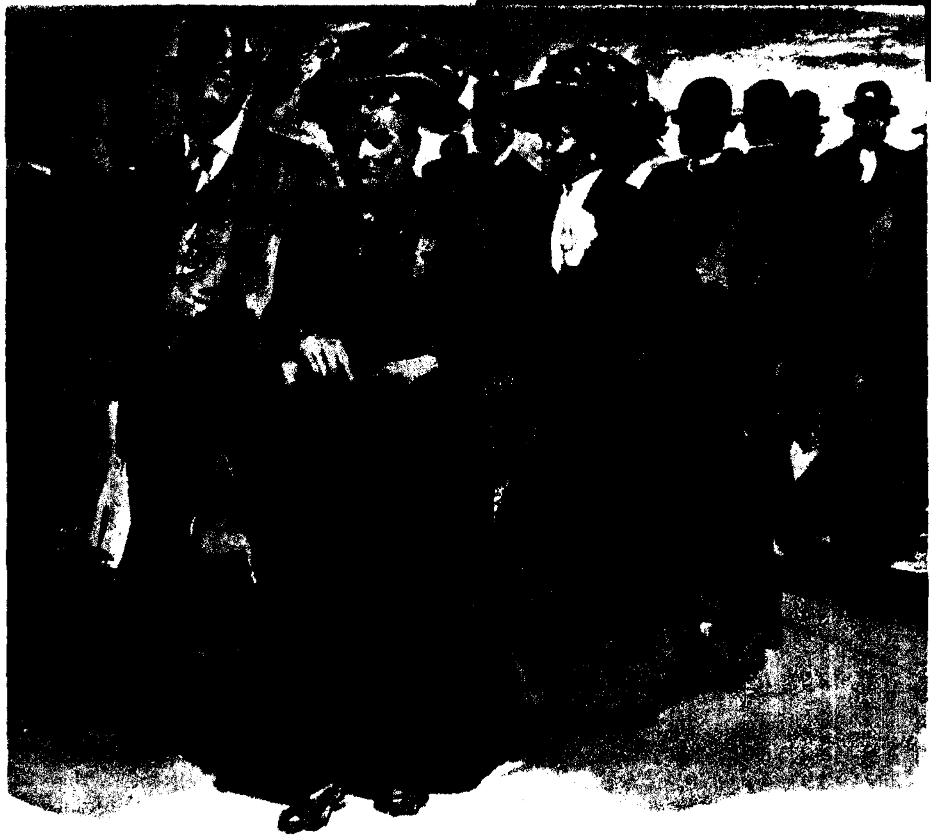
He approved the slip, little suspecting that he had granted credit to the richest woman in the United States, and probably in the world. Back of the honorary police card was a fortune of about $101,000,000. The holder of the card, Hetty Sylvia Ann Howland Green Wilks, was the daughter of Hetty Green, Wall Street tycoon of the nineties, who in her day was the world's richest woman.

A classified estimate of Mrs. Wilks's wealth runs something like this: New York City mortgages, $30,000,000 to $45,000,000; industrial securities and nontaxable municipal bonds, $40,000,000 to $60,000,000; farming and other tracts, including oil properties, $10,000,000; real estate in Miami Beach, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, South Dartmouth, Mass., Stamford and Greenwich, Conn., $10,000,000.

One of her most bizarre possessions was a $20,000,000 jewel collection, including a gold helmet ornamented with emerald peacock feathers; a diamond-studded chastity belt, and a box of unset gems. These are now being liquidated through New York jewelers, and many of the items have been purchased by a Bowery firm.



No. 48 Maple Avenue, one of the three homes owned by Mrs. Wilks in Greenwich, Conn. However, she spends most of her time in New York



On the right is Mrs. H.S.A.H.G. Wilks, richest woman in America. In the center is her mother, Hetty Green, and on the left her husband, Matthew Astor Wilks

This extraordinary collection of baubles was bequeathed to Mrs. Wilks by her brother, the fabulous, flamboyant Colonel E.H.R. Green, who died in 1936. She also inherited from him one of the most famous libraries of erotica in the United States, as well as his radio and stamp collections, a $1,500,000 estate at Star Island, Fla., a $5,000,000 estate, Round Hill, at South Dartmouth, near New Bedford, Mass., and $40,000,000, of which 70 per cent was in tax-exempt securities.

Mrs. Wilks enjoys as well a life interest in the estate of her husband, the late Matthew Astor Wilks. This estate owns, among other properties, the land where the New York Stock Exchange stands, appraised at $17,500,000. Her personal income from her husband's estate and her own is $5,000,000 a year. She is richer than the King of England. Before the war, George VI received, at the most, $4,500,000 annually. Today he gets much less, and a good portion is earmarked in advance for charity. On the other hand, a large proportion of Mrs. Wilks's income goes for taxes.

Comparatively speaking, Mrs. Wilks also has more money than the Aga Khan. His wealth is frozen in jewels and East Indian palaces. She can lay her hands on $10,000,000 cash within 24 hours. She has more money than Doris Duke and Barbara Hutton combined. Yet she lives under a self-imposed black-out from which little of her history comes through. She is no spend-as-you-go glamor girl. Wealth to her is a sacred trust, or so she says. And like most of her ancestors, she is strong-minded and does as she pleases.

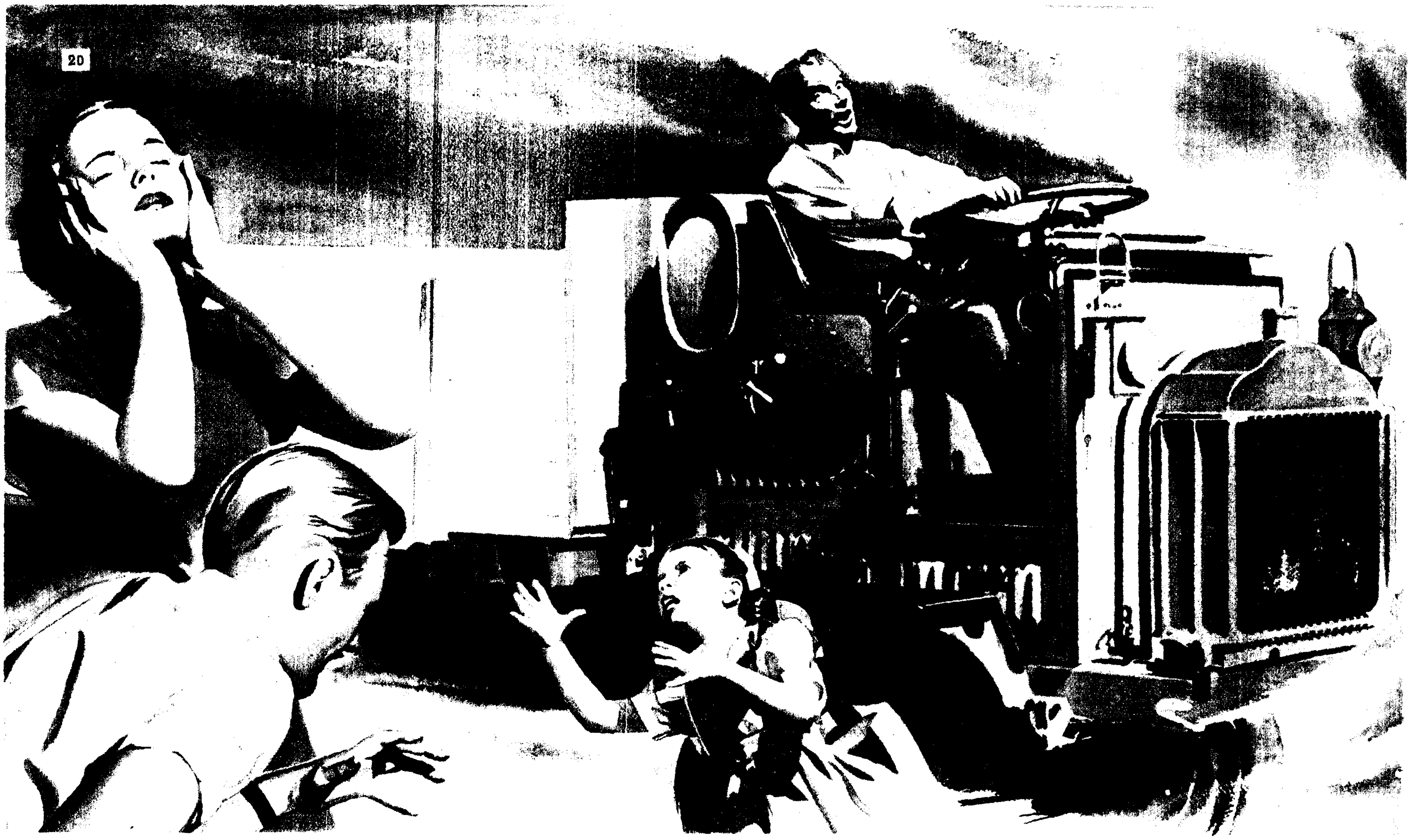
Those who know Mrs. Wilks best say she couldn't help but conform to her mother's pattern of penny-pinching frugality. It was bred in her. Her drab girlhood alternated between the Green home at Bellows Falls, Vermont, where she nursed an invalid father, and a dismal flat in Hoboken, New Jersey, where she waited on a miserly mother. In Bellows Falls, she went to bed with the chickens, for Hetty Green skimped on light bills. In the Hoboken flat she washed dishes and cooked what food there was. She also sewed. She and her mother made her wedding trousseau.

Years later, when asked if she had lived there with her mother, she replied, "Yes, if you call it living."

Mrs. Wilks and her mother rarely had company. Small wonder that she matured

(Continued on page 54)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY



Deborah's ball bounced away at an angle and she stepped off the curb. Jo screamed and closed her eyes as Sam went toward the crying child

MOUNTAIN TIME

BY BERNARD DE VOTO

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story:

Restlessness and rebellion had taken hold of Cyrus Kinsman, head surgical resident of Mercy Hospital. Searching always for a broader scientific safeguard for surgery, fighting against Dr. McAllister, head of Mercy, whose success stemmed solely from a brilliant technique, Cy swore he would renounce medicine if he could not attain what he believed McAllister lacked—integrity of the job. Hated by the resident doctors of Mercy, admired only by amiable Pete Estey, his understudy, and gray-haired Dorothy Sponberg, the hospital superintendent, Cy found himself looking desperately for companionship and reality in human values. These he found largely through his friendship with Josephine Willard whose love for the kind of life she had known in her home town, Custis, Colorado, where Cy also had been born, provided a strong link between them. But Josephine, too, was at odds with the world: married to vain, demanding Sam Willard whose preoccupation with a superficial concept of art for art's sake had led to a selfish disregard for their marriage, she was obviously upset by his open affair with blond Cassie Morton, and the sacrifice of his job for the sake of writing a novel. Josephine's concern for her daughter, Deborah, and her struggle to support her family endeared her to Cy; yet even this friendship which had provided a mutual source of stability was threatened by the complication of a growing attraction between them. . . .

II

CY'S patient with the crushed legs did not die. Nor did her baby. The juniors at Mercy came to wish fervently that she had died. For she set Dr. Kinsman sniffing up every avenue or bypath that might lead to an explanation, and the daily six-thirty staff meeting became chiefly a monologue about shock, blood, and Point *X*—the point that marks the limit of human endurance. The usual question is: Why did he die? But now it was: Why didn't she die? It seemed a good deal more important.

Well, why didn't she die? She had lost far more blood than was permissible. She had had crushing wounds, the kind that produce shock most quickly. By any calculation she had been well past *X*.

"There's something wrong," Cy kept insisting. "There's an unobserved element. I tell you, shock is an irreversible reaction."

He plunged into a prolonged search of Mercy's obstetrical records, and came out with a finding: Over the decades a number of women had not died in childbirth who certainly ought to have died. Accident victims mostly, but women with grave infections, too, and women who had emergency Caesareans in horrifying circumstances, and women who had attempted suicide by poison. He brought them together, grouped them as he could, and made a summary. "What do you make of this?" he asked McAllister the Great.

Mac read the report carefully but was not impressed. "Cy, hell's bells, you can go through a hospital's records and find any damn' thing you want to look for. With thousands of cases to pick from, you can prove that the Saints cure them or that they died because somebody put the evil eye on them. It's the good old game of laboratory medicine. You hide whatever rabbit you like in the hat. Then you go looking for it. So you bellow with delight when, lo, you've found it. I prefer the clinic."

"Still, Colonel, though knowledge may be a serious handicap to the surgeon, you don't think it's insuperable, do you?"

"Might be an interesting experiment. Try it sometime, Cy. But on your time off."

One case bothered him particularly, a woman with a burn covering two thirds of the body area. Her child had been stillborn but she herself had not died until the ninth day. She ought to have died within twelve hours but she hadn't. There was something wrong again; there was some unobserved element. But nobody had made any notes on her case, or any remarks. Square before their eyes a striking mystery—but they had not been interested. Suddenly Cy realized that what was troubling him was a note he had read in Wes Kinsman's record of game birds shot and bills unpaid.

"Saved Clara Mackay's baby," Old Doc Kinsman had written. "Clothes caught fire at the stove. Burned to hell and gone. Started labor. I done a Caesarean. Clara ought to of died on the table. Took her a week to die. Just like Jake Cool's wife in '99 that got kicked by a steer in her eighth month. Her kid died but she didn't. Just like Helga Halvorson that run a manure fork in her thigh and got blood poisoning. I saved her and the kid both. Shouldn't be. Sure as God's anger, her note was due; she didn't have no right to live."

Which was precisely what Wes Kinsman's son was saying in 1919; and Wes ended up, "Maybe there's something in the placenta."

Maybe there's something in the placenta! That might be more than a superstition from medicine's dark ages. Some things had been found in the placenta since Wes Kinsman's day and more might be there waiting to be found. Conceivably there was something in the placenta that acted as—well, as what? An antibody, maybe? Cy broached that idea at the six-thirty meeting but no one would buy. "Don't seem to make 'em immune to pyemia, Cy," Pete Estey pointed out.

Cy humbled himself to write a long letter to Ezra Bartlett at Harvard. Was there any indication that pregnancy increased either immunity or resistance? Was anything, or any set of circumstances, known to increase resistance to shock? Had the Harvard immunologists made any relevant observations? Had Dr. Bartlett any clues? It was an exceedingly careful letter, with the details of his case and from the records stated accurately and no suggestions made beyond the element of mystery. Two days later he got an answer.

My dear Kinsman:
That is not one question but many. I do not know. No one knows. Why do you not investigate?
Yours most cordially,
Ezra Bartlett

Cy damned the old man heartily. From Bartlett's point of view he appeared to be something crawly, something that had no right to ask questions of science. Bartlett was being a high priest—the hell with him. And yet Bartlett was right. If Cy wanted to know, he knew at least how to go about finding out. But he wouldn't— Retire the possible immunities of pregnancy to the inactive file.

The next morning Sandy McAllister, after spending an hour taking out an ovary, spent another twenty minutes taking out the appendix and then remarked that he was going to take a look at the gall bladder.

Now it was quite true that there had been gall-bladder indications. This was a Park Avenue patient and she had had the most scrupulous and exhaustive study beforehand. With Park Avenue, Mac was more than a genius; he was even willing to inquire. But this second operation was wholesale.

"Sir," Cy said, "wouldn't it be a good idea to take the afternoon off? We could leave our tools here and come back later."

"Suppose she dies of it in the meantime?"

Mac thrust in his hand and felt for the gall bladder. "Infected," he reported. "Full of stones."

"Yes, sir. Still, a couple of weeks—"

"Shut up, Cy. Close the incision. I'll go in higher up."

Mac left the table and phoned to the room where the woman's husband was waiting. He explained that he had found the gall bladder involved and asked permission to take it out. Very scrupulous behavior—and what could a husband say? There was nothing to say except, "You're in charge, Dr. McAllister."

Little Mac made his second incision and, working with a dexterity that no man in America—or maybe only one—could excel, took out the gall bladder. He had the most minute care, he was superbly adaptable and inventive. The job had beauty as pure as logic or music.

And it was in a dimension of its own. It was beauty quite empty of content. It was altogether unconcerned. The words he had never quite found before leaped to Cy's mind: Mac's skill has integrity, but he himself hasn't got a bit.

In the scrubroom Charlie Moss dropped his gown on the floor and looked almost ready to jump on it. "Three and a half hours! Are you sweating as much as I am?"

"Where's your appreciation?" Cy said. "You had a grandstand seat and nobody charged you a dime. The McAllister Wrecking and Excavating Company tore down a hill."

THE woman died that night, with Cy, Pete and Charlie trying everything in the book to bring her out of shock. Next day Mac was genuinely grieved. A fine woman, the wife of a fine man. A difficult case, and yet every indication had been favorable. In his office in Private Wing, he grew philosophical.

"There's never any way of knowing. You saw several hundred in France get well after a lot more had been done to 'em. Yes, and after they'd been lying around for three or four days at that. Remember that French soldier with a hundred and thirty-seven perforations? He had been rained on for two days. We worked on him all afternoon. He's begetting peasants this minute. Every case is different. You never know."

"Sure, Point *X*. You know what I think, Colonel? I think it's a cagey idea, and maybe part of our job, to stop before we get to *X*."

Mac was affable. "No doubt, Cy. And just how do we determine where *X* is?"

Cy could objectively admire his own restraint. Ever since they left the floor yesterday he had been seething with the anger which he had never felt until this year—and he wasn't letting go. "The trustees put a clock in the operating room," he said. "God doesn't forbid us to glance at it."

Mac bellowed, clearly on the verge of a tantrum, but the fuse never reached powder—he ended by guffawing. "I like 'em fresh, by the Lord, I do!" He stood up, "Get next to yourself, Kinsman. There was a brawl in Ward A two days ago—you must not permit brawls at Mercy. Dorothy Sponberg reports that young Steele is hard to find when he's wanted—that's your responsibility. Someone has been stealing food from the kitchen—find out and stop it. One of the orderlies was drunk on duty—I must never hear of such a thing again. The police had to call twice for a wagon last Tuesday—I will not permit it. Do your job better than you've been doing it or you'll run into trouble. Furthermore, I want my ovariotomies written up."

"Yes, Colonel," Cy said. "Including this last one?"

The case had brought him perilously close to a showdown, though perhaps it was only a showdown with himself. It was not merely that he had recovered from an admiration and not merely that he had come to dread ignorance and resent futility. Nor was it merely that he had ceased to respect a perfection of skill that lacked responsibility or that the rituals and hierarchies of his profession had come to disgust him. He could take all that easily, being the detached mind. But something not yet to be analyzed or understood had opened a gulf at his feet, a gulf so deep that he could not see to the bottom. He had to have less, or a great deal more, than he had—or else he had gone irretrievably wrong long ago. Medicine had to be otherwise than he had found it—or else the foundations of the world were broken up. He was looking down into darkness, his toes at the very edge of the abyss.

There came a job on the pancreas. Nobody could make anything of it. Except Cy.

He summed it up at the six-thirty meeting: "She comes in here with a sackful of candy bars. She tells you that she keeps sirup by her bed and has to swallow some several times a night. Every few hours during the day she gets weak, dizzy and scared. So she goes into a drugstore and eats a candy bar or drinks a malted milk. So she's okay for the next few hours—no weakness, no giddiness, no devil. Only one of the routine tests indicates anything, but that one hits you in the eye. It shows a blood sugar of 35 milligrams per cent."

Eighteen M.D.s listened attentively, for when Cy neglected to be irritating he was a good teacher. "Dr. Kinsman has advised you to stick by the tests. Thirty-five milligrams per cent! About nineteen cents on the dollar. Well, class?"

Nobody said anything. Cy went superior on them. "In your various institutions of learning you heard about diabetic coma. Scared the pants off you when you went clanging out with your first wagon. This appears to be the exact opposite of diabetic coma. I won't say anyone knows a hell of a lot about the pancreas. I have never been able to think with my fingers, but I say we'll find a tumor in the tail of the pancreas. Everything is accounted for if you say the islands of Langerhans are running wild."

There was a rapt silence. It was ended by Steele, heavily incredulous. "Did you say 'we'll find,' Master?"

"Certainly. I'm going to take out most of the pancreas—a big hunk anyway."

They were diversely shocked or stimulated, except Steele: "You and who else?"

"Pete and Vince."

"Excuse me, but have you looked at a pancreas lately?"

"I think I can recognize one."

"Know how to sew one up?"

"Drop in tomorrow morning and I'll show you."

A LOT of them contrived to be on hand the next morning, and Dorothy Sponberg had assigned the case to Room E. It was, except for the amphitheater, the largest operating room at Mercy, with a steep bank of about thirty seats along one wall. The Old Man operated here on Saturdays, so that he could lecture to his fourth-year students. And Pete said, "Someone must have sent out cards."

Looking up, Cy saw that there were eight or ten surgical eminences in the seats. Finally, gowned and masked, Little Mac came in, a full hour earlier than he had ever arrived before. He nodded and took up a position just back of Pete.

Well, Steele learned how you sew a deeply buried, soft and spongy organ that threatens not to be sewn. And Cy soared on splendid wings, for you might make all the low remarks you wished to about the Kinsman Effect but this was a perfect job. Then he assisted Little Mac through a cyst and an ulcer and gathered his gang for the tour of the wards. Mac fairly galloped today; if any of the poor needed wisdom, it was just too bad. Then he bore Cy away to his office.

"About that pancreas, Cy."

"I thought it was obvious."

"The diagnosis? Oh, unmistakable. Did you know the operation had never been done in New York?"

"I gathered as much when I looked through the literature last night."

"I know of only three cases," Mac said.

"I found five in about two hours."

This seemed to be Mac's day for pensiveness—and what a figure of the eminent surgeon! Cheviot so sweetly and expensively brown, starched striped blue cuffs, fragile gold watch chain. And the bearing of Napoleon.

"What do you intend to do when your year is up?"

Cy met his gaze. "Why, if you put it that way—I expect to go on learning things. To go on being resident at Mercy."

"Suppose the trustees don't renew your appointment?"

Well, Cy thought, if they mean to have a war, let it begin here. "Pete Estey is a first-rate man," he said. "Good thing to give him his chance as soon as possible."

The chief of surgery smoked his cigarette with delicate grace, reflectively, as if absorbed in some reminiscence. "I've been president of the American Medical Association. I'll be president of the College of Surgeons three years from now. There's no big city in the United States where the keymen aren't friends of mine. There's hardly a Class A hospital. A lot of them are my men."

"It's a sound product, the McAllister man."

"I've turned out God's plenty," Mac agreed. "I don't know that I ever turned one out who would have done that pancreas on his own. Who would have done it without seeing any reason why he shouldn't. I staff the hospitals, I fill the chairs—"

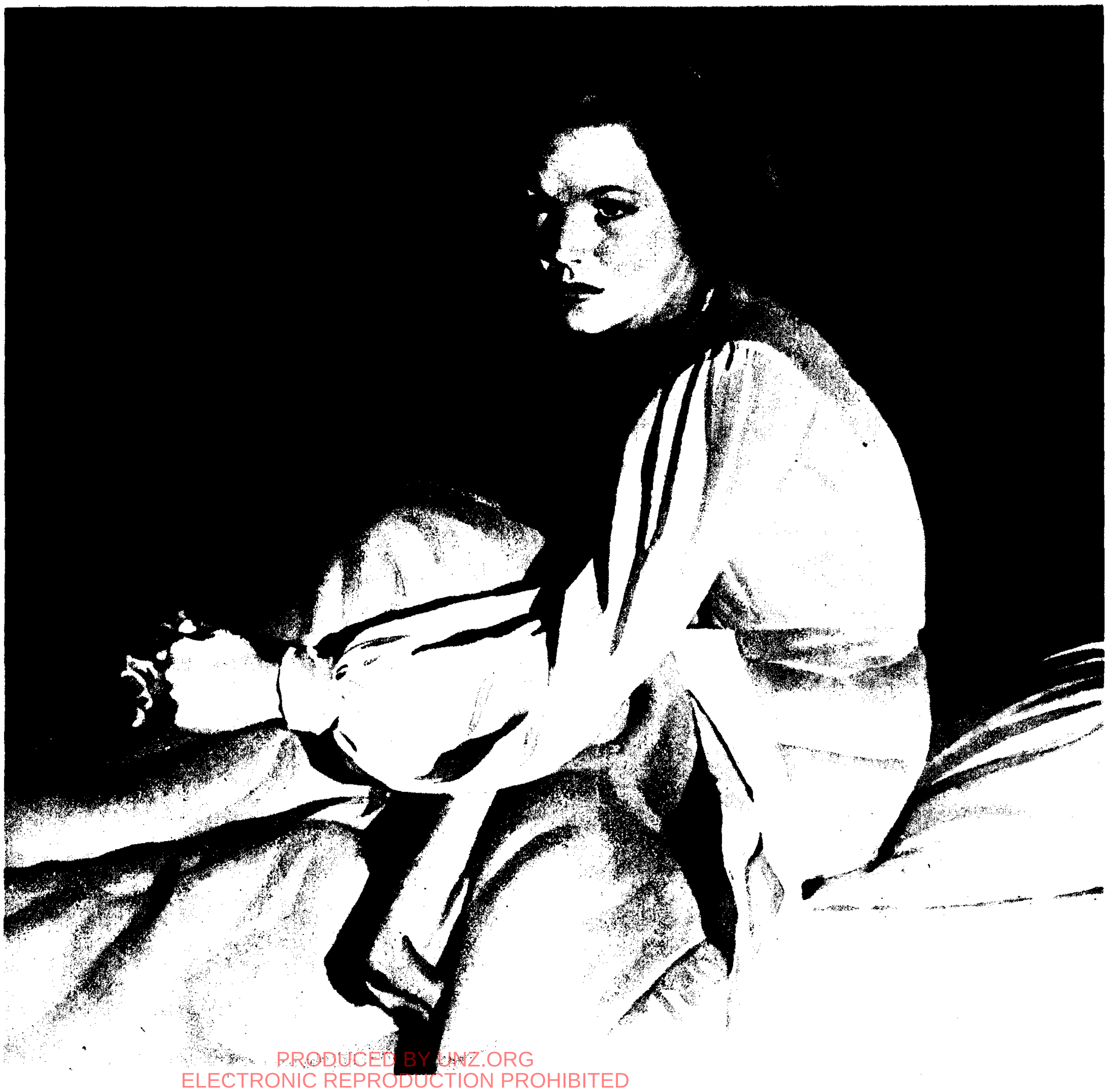
"Yes, you certainly are a gee whizz, Dr. McAllister."

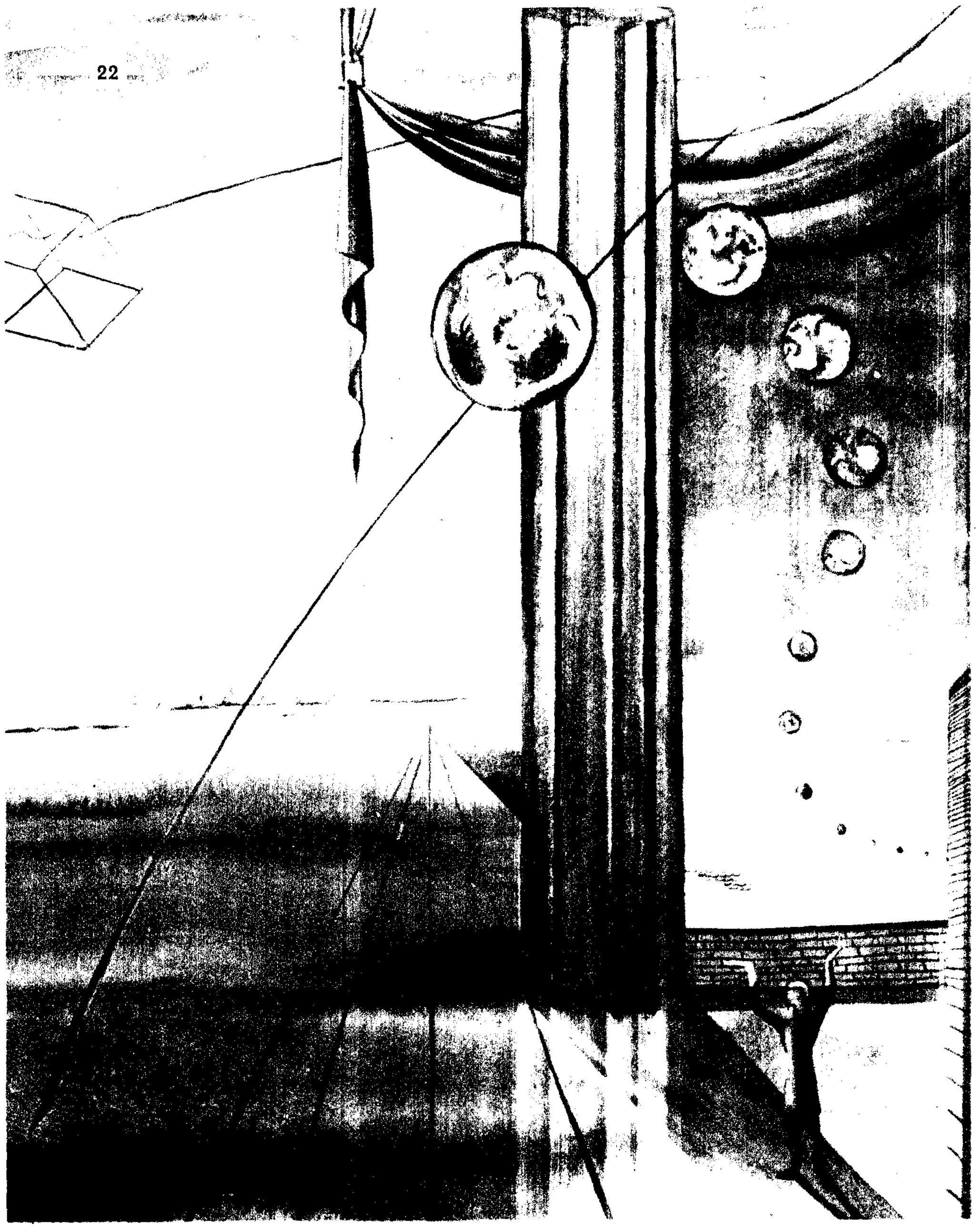
"There are some big hospital appointments. Lots of medical school chairs are pretty desirable. It's a good life—fine people, public distinction, chance to make plenty of money. I like your hands, Cy."

Here the Old Man stood up, very erect, six

(Continued on page 72)

No, Jo thought, as she sat huddled up in bed. There's only one fault and it's mine. If this marriage has failed—I'm responsible





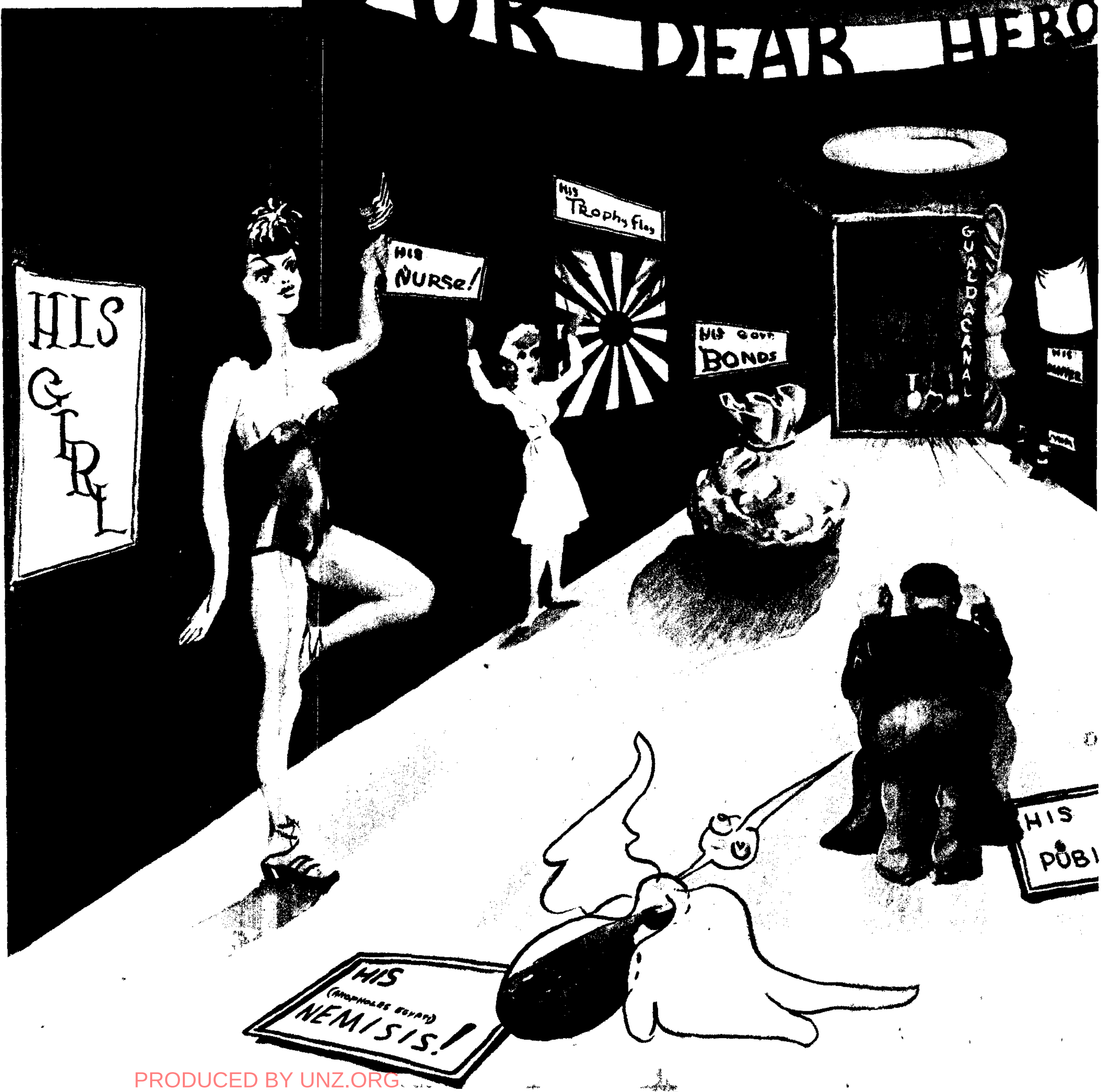
This is Mike's painting. He was a Marine, 26. In civil life, he worked hard and was always afraid of failure. Then he got into the fabric design business and his successes got bigger and bigger. Then he went to war and soon found himself in a hospital listening to doctors talk of "frustration." The fluted column represents the war. The soaring kite was Mike's career. The growing worlds are his successes. The drapes are his lifework. The lined pathway represents his goal. The little bricks are the petty military regulations which chafed Mike. He's home now

WORLD OF DREAMS

BY JIM BISHOP

[illegible] A DOWN

Mr. Ashdown never uses an easel, paints off his broad lap. Here he pretends *to sketch his wife, Mary. She doesn't like the gown, thinks it is "daring"*


OUR DEAR HERO
HIS GIRL
HIS NURSE!
HIS Trophy Flag
HIS GOVT. BONDS
GUADALCANAL
HIS
HIS PUBI
HIS (ANOPHOLES EGYPTI) NEMISIS!

THERE is no terrain less inspiring to the artist than the brown, treeless plains outside Fort Worth, Texas. Especially to a dynamic young fellow like Ray Jay Ashdown. He sat in the malaria ward of the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital with a big box of colored sticks and some drawing paper. He stared out the window and kept mispronouncing "darn" as though it had an "m."

He couldn't even paint the windstorm that was going on because there was nothing out there that could bend before wind. Not a bush, nor a clump of mesquite.

He asked for hospital duty. He had come back from Guadalcanal with a malaria bug but now he felt well, and the doctors gave him a job as "inmate nurse." He was assigned to the psychiatric ward and, in practically no time at all, he was fed up with making beds and carrying trays of food and remembering diets and sitting around waiting for the next windstorm.

So he found himself spending more and more time talking to patients who were on the mend. Having studied psychology at Ohio State, he felt a natural curiosity about the whys and the wherefores of minds in conflict. He found that the men, pretty generally, liked him and were willing to tell him of things that they were reluctant to discuss with others. They liked him too because he was an ordinary Joe—a Marine Corps buck private.

Private Ashdown asked the doctors if it would be all right to try to paint the former fears of fifteen patients. The doctors thought it over and said, "Go ahead." There was no holding Ashdown after that. He wanted not only to bring to life the phobias of the various types of cases, but, even more ambitious, he wanted to work in the colors the sick men dreamed of.

His method was to sit with a bathrobed patient for several days, just talking. The patient would tell of his home, his folks, how he grew up, his fears, the attitudes of his parents, his girl, his job, and go right on into a detailed account of life in service and end with a terse account of the particular episode which landed him in the hospital. One Marine had a brother killed beside him and kept his emotions under lock and key until one day a second lieutenant told the man that his rifle wasn't clean. The lieutenant was smashed across the face with the butt of the rifle and the Marine was sent home to the Fort Worth hospital.

There were others: men afraid of the dark, alcoholics, paranoiacs who blamed everything on their wives, youngsters reduced to long silences and battle-toughened veterans who reached a day when a shellburst finally sent them screaming to the rear. The great, heartening fact is that eighty per cent of the men Ashdown worked with are now home, completely recovered. Of the remaining twenty per cent, about half show improvement. The majority of crack-ups occurred among men who were neurotic before they went into service, and who needed only a single, dramatic episode to bring the neurosis to full flower. Almost all of these, when removed from the scene of war, recover fairly rapidly and, in the normal life at home, are normal citizens.

Conflict in Color

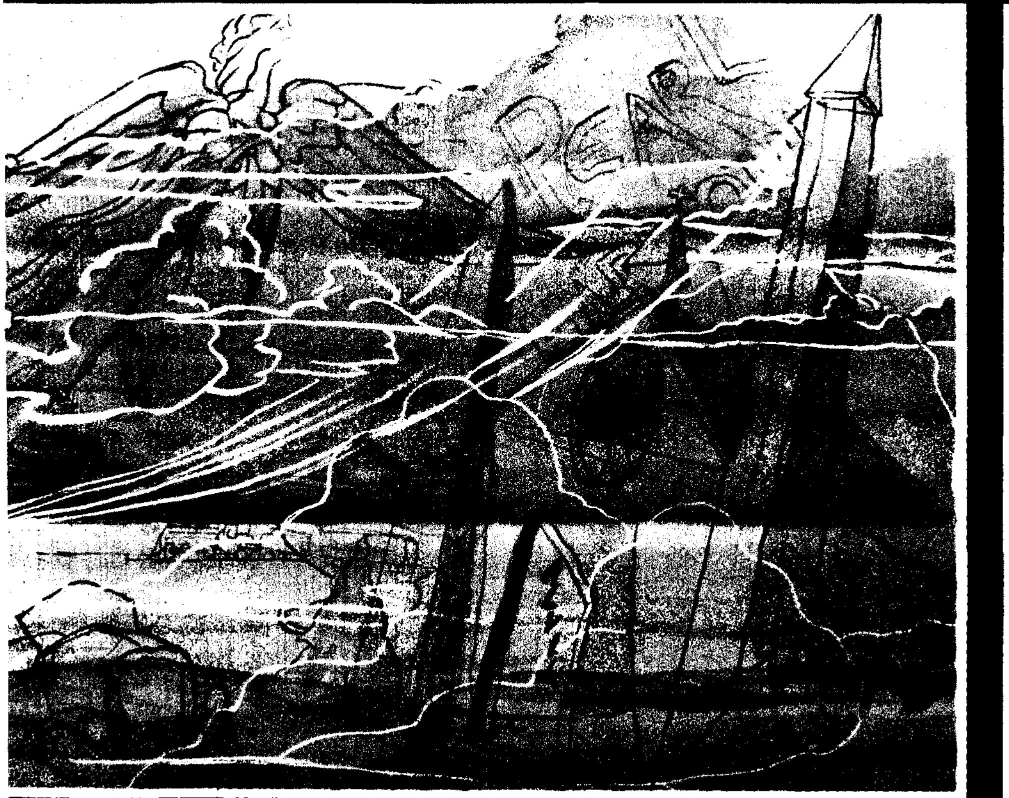
Once Ashdown had gotten the confidence of his man, and listened to a full recital of the case history, he spilled his box of colored sticks on the floor and asked the patient to pick up those which most nearly represented his dream state. In each case, those selected have been used in the painting. Very often, the patient would watch the painting come to life, and sometimes he would smile and nod, and often, he would say exultantly: "That's it! That's it! Now ya got it, Ray!"

Now, like most of the patients, the artist is out of service. He is 30, and his first official act as a civilian was to marry the girl he left behind. They settled in New York, and the bridegroom began to do a book of paintings called New York to Me. It will be a sort of provincial-eye view of the town. He finished a few paintings and took them under his arm to the galleries. But the galleries weren't interested in his work on New York. They wanted to see these psychiatric paintings. Ashdown tried to explain that he knows nothing of psychiatry and would now like to forget the hospital and the paintings. Result: This month there will be a showing of his psychiatric paintings at the Barzansky Galleries in New York.

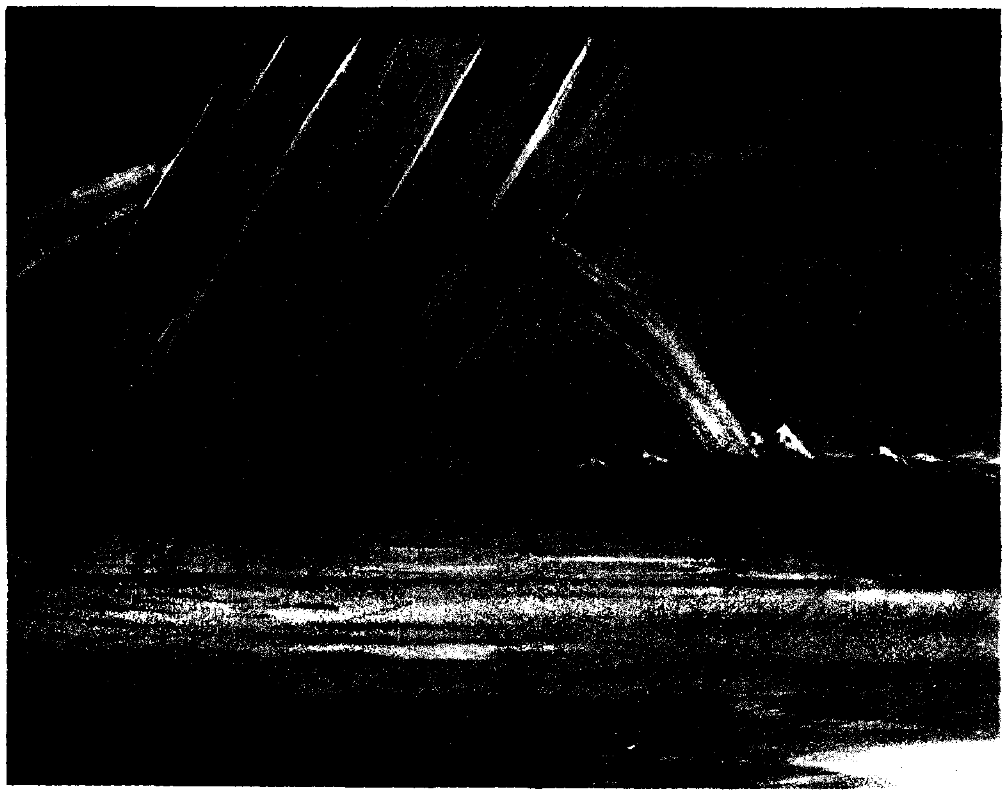
Mr. Ashdown's painted ideas of New York concern such subjects as a buxom lass leaning out of a tenement back window; a mangy cat foraging in a refuse barrel; a bleak view of a brick areaway; pigeons fluttering around an old lady in Central Park—that sort of thing.

The art gallery people look at them and say: "Yes, fine. But now if you could show that the pigeons are misguided introverts and the cat is really working off an Oedipus complex . . ."

Ashdown isn't quite ready for his personal breakdown. ★★★



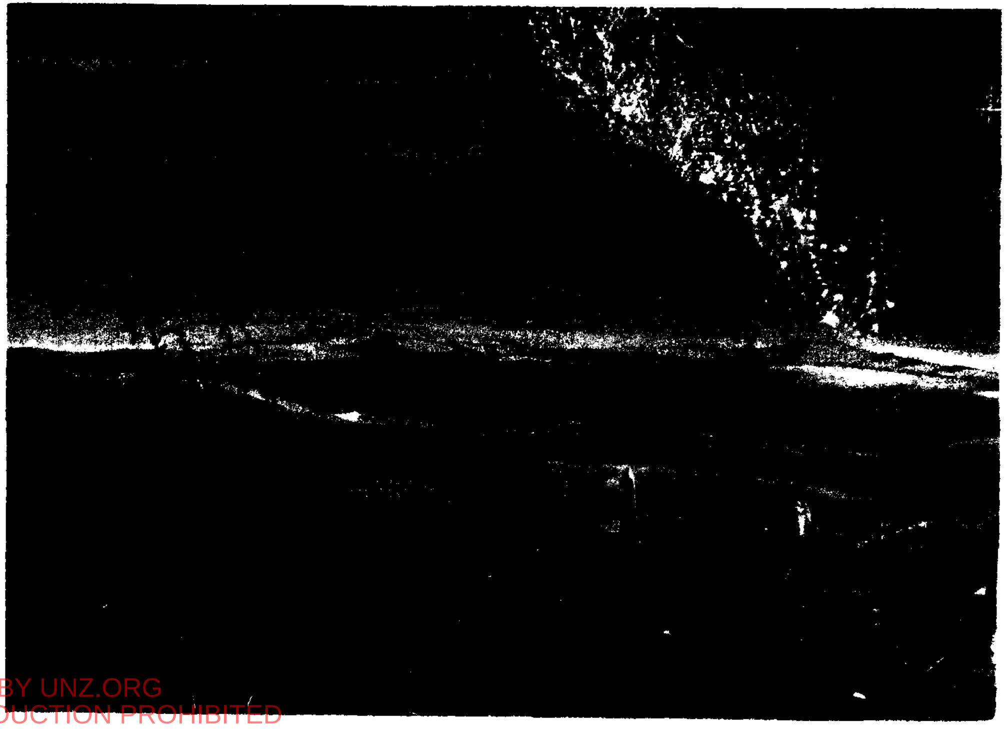
"Dear Alvin" is a schizophrenic who dreads to hear doors slam. He joined the Navy because he wanted to wear a sailor suit. He never got one. He was sworn in, re-examined, and shipped to a hospital. All buildings, to him, look like churches. His earliest conscious memory is Pearl Harbor. He vaguely recalls that when his dad left home, the door was slammed. When his mother left, the door was slammed. When the Navy put him in an ambulance, someone slammed the door. He wants to ride a bike and Daddy's jeep. He has a weakness for ice cream and thinks all nurses are real angels. He's improving



Above is Joe's painting. He is 21, a chubby sailor. His trouble is that everything he looks at is beautiful. The desert isn't hot and monotonous. It's cool and verdant. There are rainbows everywhere and Joe pities people who struggle and sweat their way through life. Joe is getting well

Nobody liked Chester. He was a Marine, 20. Chester felt that anyone he approved was entitled to love him. His girl, his nurse, his family, were all puppets on strings. His mother still has his first diaper. The only thing that was ever permitted to hurt Chester was the mosquito which carries malaria. Note the halo light over his portrait. Now he's adored at home

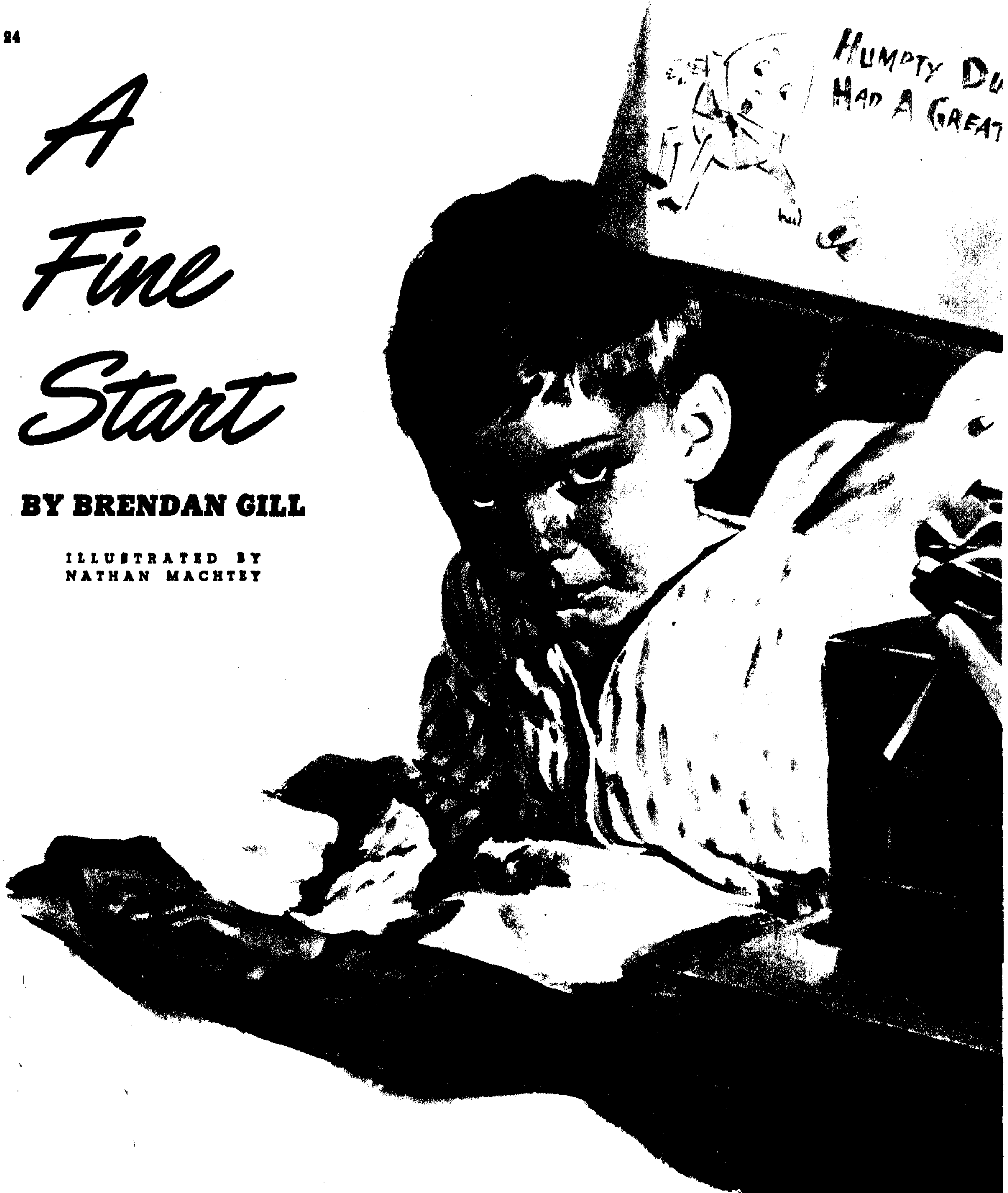
The doctors call Tommy a kleptomaniac. The other patients call him a pest. He steals everything from shoelaces to statues. His great boast is that he once stole an "Eyetalian" statue from a cemetery. He took a truck with rigging and went into the cemetery at night and loaded the statue. Flushed with success, he stole a few marble angels. Tommy's therapy is re-education



A Fine Start

BY BRENDAN GILL

ILLUSTRATED BY
NATHAN MACHTEY



The little body remained aggressive and erect. "I want Mummy," Mike said. His father, who had never struck him before, slapped his face. Mike, knowing no other reply to what was beyond understanding, burst into tears

The situation in Randall's stricken house called for a woman's touch. But though Ellen was still a child she understood her father's need

ELLEN met her father at the kitchen door. "I'm late," he said. "I'm sorry."

"That's all right." She let him pass ahead of her into the kitchen, which was warm and bright and smelled of recently cooked food. "The other children wanted to stay up and see you, but I made them go to bed. I promised that you and—that you'd kiss them good night."

Randall nodded, grateful to Ellen for having asked no questions, for having shown no surprise at his coming home alone. "I meant to be back to get supper," he said, "but the old car is falling apart. I had to nurse her all the way."

"Supper was easy," she explained. "The children were so good. Lucy set the table, or tried to, and Mike helped me make toast."

He sat down at the kitchen table. He wanted to lean forward, resting his forehead against his hands, but with an effort he leaned back and smiled. "Poor baby!" he said. "Let me give you a kiss."

Ellen smiled his smile back at him, her dark eyes meeting his dark eyes. She crossed the room to him and he kissed her cheek.

"What about homework?" he asked. "You haven't been able to do your homework, have you?"

"I was just going to start. I got plenty of time."

"But first year high," Randall said. "First year high is tough."

"I don't like the Latin," Ellen said seriously. "I like the English a lot, George Eliot and all those people, but I don't like the Latin. I don't see any point to it."

"I used to say the same thing. My dad would deliver a ponderous sermon on how it trained the mind, but I didn't believe him. 'Having sent Labienus ahead to find a site for a camp, Caesar proceeded'—isn't that the way it goes?"

Ellen sat down on his knee. He saw that she was afraid of what he would have to tell her and that she wanted the pretext of their reproach of Caesar to go on and on. "Yes," she said. "Oh, yes! And the soldiers are always having to go on forced marches. There's a word *expedita* that means they're traveling light. And they keep getting farther and farther from home. Don't they ever get back to see their families?"

"Not that I remember," he told her. "It seems to me that they have to fight Vercingetorix instead."

"But *what about their children? They don't* ever get to see their children. That's as bad as being dead."

"As bad as being dead," Randall repeated. He wondered if fear had deepened the color of his eyes as it had Ellen's. The accepted family tradition was that he and she were alike in everything. He took one of her brown, smooth hands in his and said, "Listen, baby—"

Ellen jumped to her feet. For a moment, he felt his fear and numb tiredness building into anger, but then she said, "Daddy, I'm sorry! I forgot about your supper. It's practically ready."

"I don't want any supper. I'm not hungry."

"Of course you're hungry. You have to be. You and Mummy—you left so early."

"I had lunch at the place, at Doctor Geer's." He could not afford to let her imagine anything less than the best she was able to imagine, so he said, "We had a fine lunch —chicken and peas and apple pie." He closed his mind to the memory of the dining room at Geer's—the too-yellow walls and too-colorful chintzes that were intended to create an effect of homely cheerfulness, but which only heightened his sense of the room's being a device, a machine, for mending people. "It was very pleasant," he said. "Just like a private house. Mother and I were surprised.

Ellen took a long time finding a cup and saucer on the cabinet above the stove. She inspected the cup, then wiped its shining surface with a towel. Randall thought: She knows everything I'm going to say, she's the ancientist, wisest child who ever lived. "Doctor Geer suggested that we might let Mother stay on for a while there," he said. "He told me we could forward whatever she needed by mail. And Mother and I talked it over and we agreed that, all things considered— things like saying goodby to the other children, like having the neighbors come in to help her pack—"

A WISP of smoke worked its way through the oven door. Ellen opened the oven and the room was filled with the smell of burning toast. "Daddy!" she said. "Look what I've done!"

"I like it black," Randall said. "You know I like it black."

"I'll have to scrape it," Ellen said, "because there's no more bread in the house. Mummy forgot to order any."

"She always forgets bread," Randall said. "She'd remember to order stuffed olives and anchovy if the world were coming to an end, but she always forgets bread."

"She's not like us," Ellen said, speaking a familiar part as if she were no longer certain what the words meant. "All you and I ever think about is feeling full."

"Remember the time we had the picnic in Taconic and all Mother packed in the hamper were watercress sandwiches?"

"And we stopped at the diner in Millbrook on our way home and ate hamburgers and spaghetti and pie à la mode? And Lucy and Mike got sick in the car?"

"And, sick kids or no, Mother laughed all the way home?"

"Whenever Mummy laughs, I have to laugh," Ellen said. She scraped hard at the toast, buttered it, spread it with jam, and set it in front of Randall. Then she poured a cup of coffee for him. She said, "You can have milk if the coffee's going to keep you awake."

It won't be coffee that will keep me awake, Randall thought. Then he thought: For God's sake, don't go stagey now; not yet, not in front of Ellen. "Don't you worry about me," he said. "I'll sleep like a log."

Ellen arranged potatoes, carrots and a slice of cold meat loaf on a plate and presented it to Randall. "The same as I gave the children," she said. "Don't you think I did well?"

"You did wonders, darling."

"I'm not really boasting. After all, I burned your toast."

"You're a good cook, almost as good a cook as I am."

"You!" They liked to tease each other by denying each other any skills. "You can't even boil water."

"I can learn," Randall said. "I'm going to learn."

The fact of his having answered her seriously put *an end to their teasing. When he* had finished his meal, Ellen said, "Maybe you'd better go up and see the children. Mike should be asleep, but Lucy swore she'd stay up till you and Mummy came home."

Randall climbed the steep old stairs to the second floor. Ellen followed him, a shepherd sure of how well she had bedded down her sheep. Entering Lucy's room, they found the light on the table beside her bed shining full in her closed eyes. She had drawn the blankets around her, and the ringlets of yellow

(Continued on page 44)

Whoa, Dobbin!

If this Dobbin were a real horse, we'd like to pull him to a stop in front of your house on a wintry afternoon.

We can't quite arrange that . . . so we would like to suggest that you make a delectable, heart-warming Four Roses Hot Toddy for yourself.

But be sure you make it with Four Roses—for this whiskey has a superb and glorious flavor all its own. That's because it is a distinctive combination of specially distilled *straight* whiskies.

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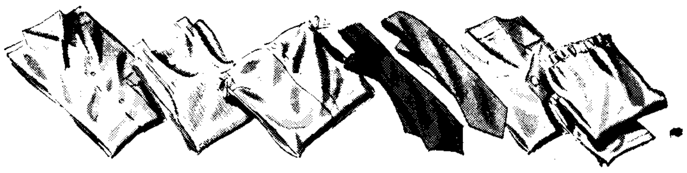


Wilson Wear includes: Faultless Pajamas • Shirts • Skipper Sportswear • T-Shirts
Knit Underwear • Super Shorts • Wilcrest Ties • Buffer Socks • Sweaters

A jazz trumpet virtuoso for fifty years, Bunk Johnson knows he's good. "Me and Louis Armstrong," he says, "are the only man that succeed on this horn"

OLD MAN JIVER

BY JAMES DUGAN

At sixty-six, Bunk Johnson, for fifty years one of the great trumpet players of the jazz age, has finally been "discovered"

THE latest item in jazz discoveries is a thin gent named Bunk Johnson who started to shave four years ago. A few months ago Bunk blew into New York from New Orleans carrying a trumpet held together by tire tape. On this dented machine he magically plays a repertoire drawn from the hit songs of 50 years ago, as well as more recent works like Ice Cream! Ice Cream! We All Scream for Ice Cream!

When the patrons have pulled up their bobby sox and rushed forward to congratulate the artist he is usually found reassembling his collapsible instrument and shaking the moisture out of it. All he will say is, "Me and Louis Armstrong are the only man that succeed on this horn."

William Gary "Bunk" Johnson is a rather bewildering discovery. He is sixty-six years old. He is also the father of jazz trumpet playing. The way he played a half century ago is the way Louis Armstrong, 20 years his junior, has been playing all these years. Bunk is a spare, erect, gray-haired figure with a stomach as tight as a drum, who got himself discovered on the golden anniversary of his career in music.

The Johnson family of Louisiana doesn't run on the same timetable as the rest of the human race. "I'm halfway through my life," says Bunk. "The Lord say I'm going to live my other 66 years. My grandma, Rose Jefferson, live to be 114 years of age. My mamma, Theresa Johnson, passed a hundred. Grandma Rose had eleven boys and eleven girls. My mamma had seven and seven. I got six and six. My papa skin me by two so far. But I can't tell yet." Bunk scratches the gray shoots on his chin and hints that when he comes of age much can be expected of him. "I only start shavin' when I was sixty-two," he explains.

Bunk has been an All-American trumpet player for fifty years, as well as a discoverer and teacher of three generations of jazz greats including King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Tommy Ladnier, and Sidney Bechet. During the thirty years since the Original Dixielanders arrived at Reisenweber's Café on Columbus Circle, Bunk's native stuff has been arriving at regular intervals in the music of his pupils. Now the original has arrived in person.

Bunk hasn't been hiding. William Russell, the man who discovered him this time, had been hearing about Bunk for years. Sidney Bechet, the clarinetist, talked about Bunk's playing in the Eagle Brass Band before World War I. Miff Mole heard him play in Missouri in 1931. Baby Dodds, the Chicago drummer, talked about Bunk. Louis Armstrong, if you stirred deep into his big memories, would say, "Bunk Johnson! That's the man they ought to talk about!" Wherever Bill Russell went on his extensive travels there was an old-timer whose eyes lighted up when he talked about Bunk.

The Secret of the Jazz Trumpet

Bunk plays the fundamental New Orleans trumpet style, which King Oliver and Louis Armstrong have made famous. It is simple, clear and melodious, not at all like the tortured growling and screaming off-key stuff that passes for trumpet virtuosity today. Bunk always plays with the orchestra, leading and driving the band. He plays around the beat, hesitating and getting behind the pulse. The secret of the jazz trumpet is this continuing suspense, in which the listener unconsciously anticipates the coming note. Bunk uses no mutes. His tone is not forced. It is plain, poetic trumpet playing, without stunt solos. You have to listen to Bunk, not overhear him. His inventiveness is legendary among the old-timers.

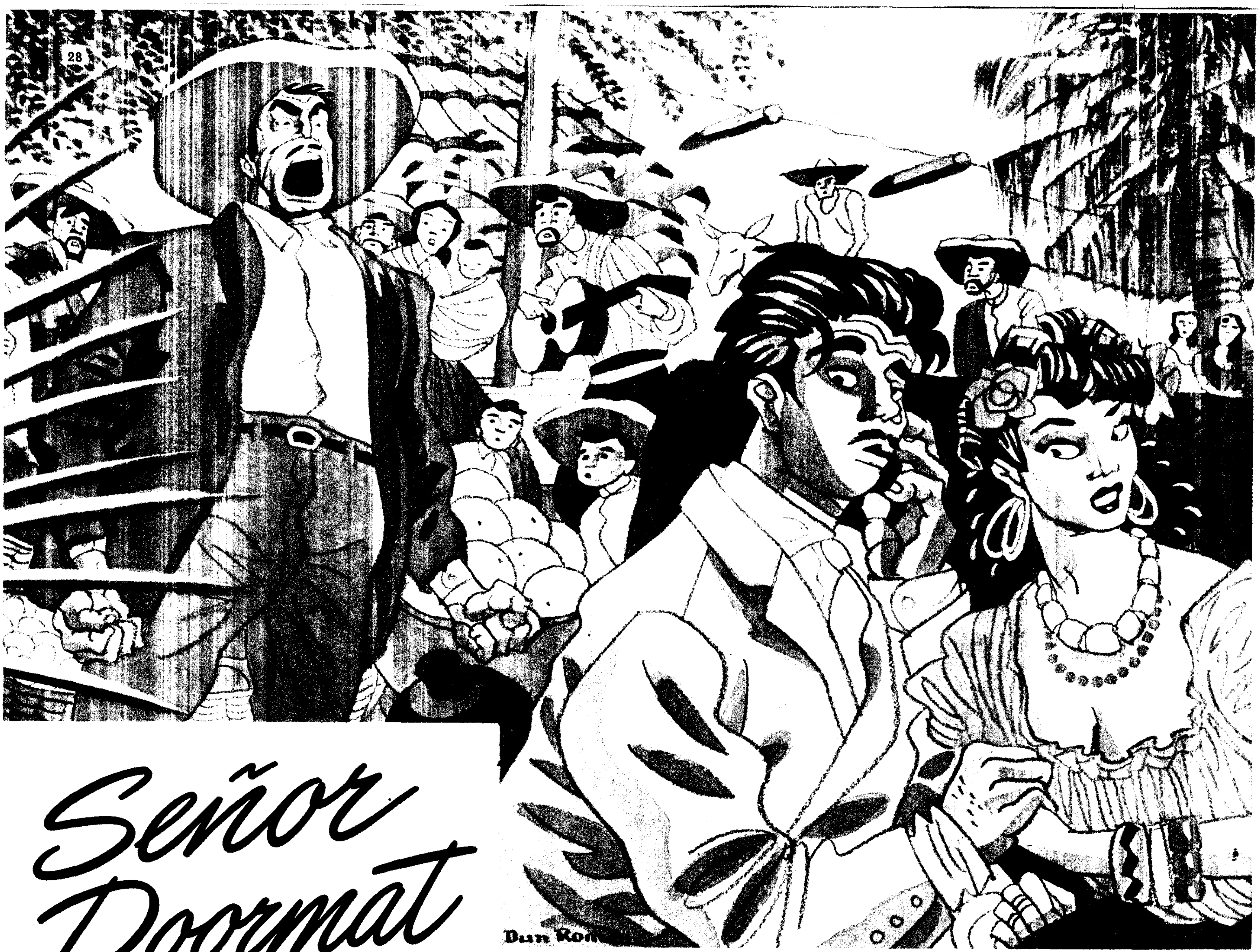
Bunk's band averages nearly 50 years of age. Nathan "Jim" Robinson, fifty-three, the trombone player, is a former shipyard worker, who learned his instrument in an Army band in France in 1918. George Lewis, forty-five, clarinet, is a New Orleans stevedore. Lawrence Marrero, forty-five, the little banjo player, is a pants presser and furniture mover. Warren "Baby" Dodds, forty-six, is the model of many famous jazz drummers, including Gene Krupa, George Wettling and Dave Tough.

The bass player is a gray-haired "Slow Drag" who is fifty-seven years old. A roofer and slater by trade, Slow Drag learned his rhythm in "Rootin' Tootin'" bands—street serenaders who played on homemade instruments. His real name is Alcide Louis Pavageau. The baby of the band is a piano-pounding moppet named Alvin Purnell, who is only thirty-four. Purnell is an ex-newsboy who has been playing the piano in New Orleans tonks the last few years.

The preposterous scene when these seven gaffers mount the stand resembles a blue-ribbon jury going into the box. Dressed in street clothes the dignified gray-haired men take their places. Bunk, in a tasteful brown tweed and high-top shoes, does some last-minute spot welding on his eccentric instrument. His lean left hand with its three gold rings fixes a white handkerchief in place

(Continued on page 51)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY EUROPEAN



Señor Doormat

"Well, what of Señor Emilio?" Consuela said. "Señorita," I cried, "do you mean —can you mean—" But my question was never finished. Suddenly I heard a roar behind me, the roar of a lion. Señor Emilio was advancing toward me

BY MAX SHULMAN

Events leading up to the romantic triumph of a peculiarly irresistible dope

MY NAME, if I may be permitted, is José Garcia. One afternoon several years ago I was standing in front of the Sleep-Tight Mattress Works in the city of San Antonio while my colleague, Señor Emilio Herrer, was striking me about the head and body with blows of great strength and ferocity. Señor Emilio and I, it should be explained, were both employees of the Sleep-Tight Mattress Works. He was in the coil and ticking department, and I worked on the shipping platform where I carried stacks of mattresses into boxcars. The reason Señor Emilio was committing violence upon my person was that I had sent a nosegay of violets to Señorita Consuela Ramirez who was widely considered to be Señor Emilio's girl.

At least once a week Señor Emilio gave me beatings for the same offense, but I could not bring myself to cease sending gifts to Señorita Consuela. She was an angelic creature, delicately formed and favored with all womanly graces. She was, moreover, of superior intellect, having attended high school with distinction. She was now employed in the invoice and due-bill department of the Sleep-Tight Mattress Works.

Although I was well aware that my suit could not prevail against the attentions of Señor Emilio, a veritable lion of a man, nonetheless I found it a source of satisfaction to send small tokens to Señorita Consuela—amulets, jars of pomade, flowers, souvenir pillows. She, in her turn, favored me with a smile whenever she passed me.

On the day of which I speak, Señor Emilio was beating me with more than usual vigor. What ferocity! What dexterity! Bang—a right hand on top of my head. Bang—a left hand against my ribs. Bang—right. Bang—left.

How graceful his movements! How savage his blows! How inexorable his wrath! The man was a lion. Truly a lion.

For my part, I avoided such blows as I could, but at the end of a half hour I grew tired and Señor Emilio took my measure and dealt me a punch, such a wondrous punch that I lay prone on the turf.

This episode took place, as I said, in front of the Sleep-Tight Mattress Works. Across the street stood the Elite Billiard Parlor, the property of Señor Flapjaw McKrasna. Señor Flapjaw had been sitting outside his billiard parlor watching Señor Emilio pound me into insensibility, and when Señor Emilio went back inside to the coil and ticking department, Señor Flapjaw crossed the street and helped me to my feet.

"Thank you," I said. *"Gracias."*

"You lasted longer than usual today," said Señor Flapjaw. "Emilio used to get you inside of five minutes."

"The man is a lion," I said. "Truly a lion. Such grace! Such musculature!"

"Why don't you ever hit him back, José?" asked Señor Flapjaw.

"It would offend my sense of proportion," I replied. "One does not strike a lion."

"Nuts," said Señor Flapjaw. "He's just a big, flatfooted slugger. I think you could lick him."

"You are very kind," I said, "but of course it is not true."

"Look, José," Señor Flapjaw said, "I know a thing or two about the fight game. I didn't always run a one-horse pool hall. I managed some good fighters in my day, and I'm telling you that you've got all the makings. You're a natural, José. I've been watching you for a long time and I've never seen such footwork. A few months training, a few warm-up fights, and you'd be ready for the big time."

In spite of my split lips I laughed.

"Don't laugh," he said. "I mean it. Let me handle you and I'll make you a champ."

"How droll," I said. "Señor, if you wish to return to the managing of fighters, you should approach Señor Emilio. The man is a lion. Such a carriage! Such force! Such fluidity! Such—"

"Never mind Emilio," interrupted Señor Flapjaw. "I'm talking to you. What do you say, kid? Will you let me handle you?"

"Thank you, Señor," I said, "but I must decline. It would be inutile. I am fundamentally a man of peace, and my interest lies in the moving of mattresses into boxcars."

"José," said Señor Flapjaw, "how much do you make a week at the mattress factory?"

"Fifteen dollars," I said, "but I have only been there for five years."

"Fifteen dollars a week!" sneered Señor Flapjaw. "Why, some fighters make as much as fifteen dollars a day."

"That is a salary of much dimension," I said.

"And you get to travel all over the country, live in fine hotels, see all kinds of things."

"That of the traveling does not interest me," I said. "I could not be happy at any distance from Señorita Consuela Ramirez."

"Consuela?" questioned Señor Flapjaw. "She's Emilio's girl, isn't she?"

"She is widely considered so," I admitted. "But it is a gratification to me to send her little presents. She smiles at me whenever she passes me, an occurrence that is repeated several times daily."

"And you never talk to her?" asked Señor Flapjaw.

"Señor," I said with dignity, "she is Señor Emilio's girl."

"But you send her presents?"

"It is agreeable to me," I said.

Señor Flapjaw scratched his flap jaw. "If you were a fighter, José," he said, "you would have more money and you could send Consuela better presents."

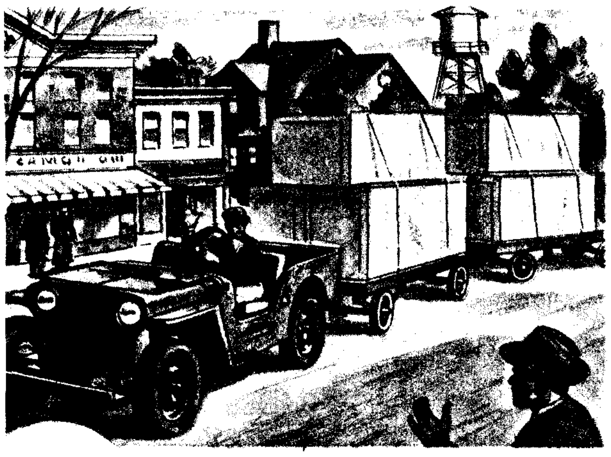
"Yes," I said, "that is true. I could perhaps even buy her those andirons of cunning workmanship that I have admired in the window of the Bon Ton Furniture Store."

(Continued on page 57)

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

Across America, Around the World,

THE 'JEEP' DOES MORE JOBS FOR MORE PEOPLE

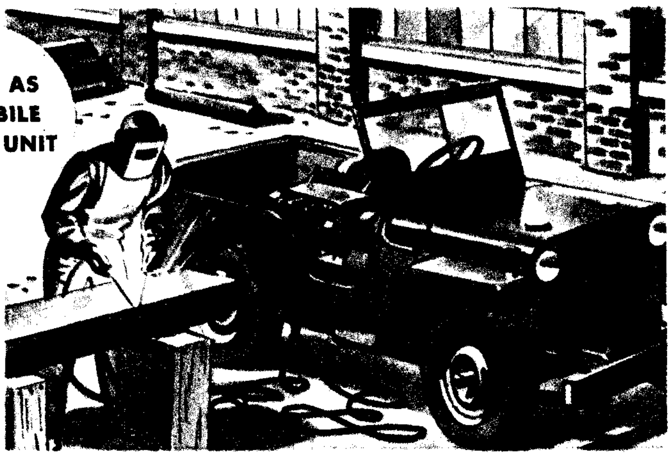


USE IT AS A TRUCK

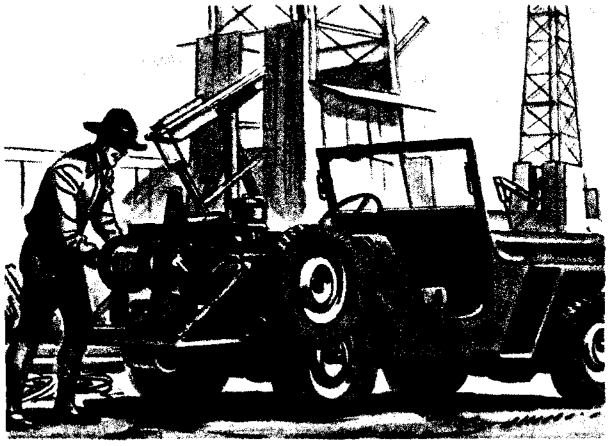
ILLINOIS—with 6 speeds forward, the "Jeep" tows heavy trailers in plants or on the road.

USE IT AS A MOBILE POWER UNIT

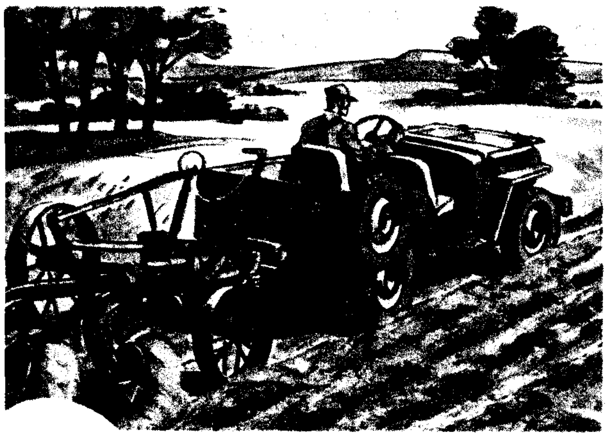
OHIO—With its power take-off, the "Jeep" delivers power for paint sprays, saws, feed mills.



MINNESOTA—The "Jeep" power take-off runs a generator for arc-welding far from power lines.



TEXAS—The "Jeep" delivers tools or parts to the job, on or off the road, in any weather.



USE IT AS A RACTOR

IOWA—The "Jeep", with 4 wheels *pulling* operates plows, harrows and other implements.

CHINA—Willys' 4-in-1 "Jeep" will work at varied hard jobs in every part of the world.

Willys' 4-IN-1 'Jeep'

PERFORMS FOUR FUNCTIONS FOR ONE INVESTMENT

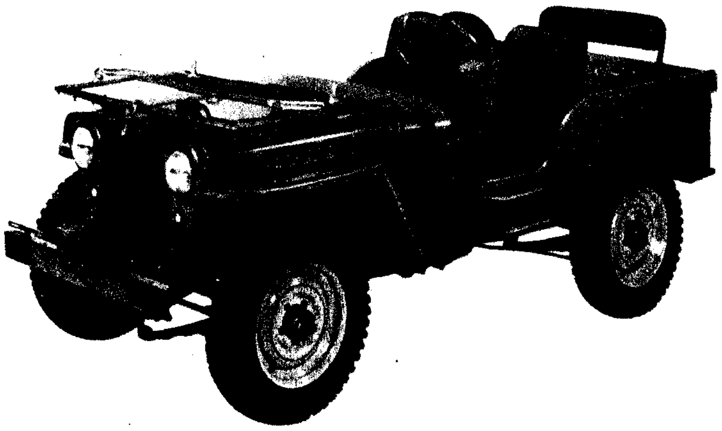
In teeming cities . . . on farms . . . in rock quarry, desert, pampas and jungle . . . there's *one* vehicle known and wanted everywhere. That's why, around the world, you hear the advice: **GET A 'JEEP'**.

Industry has learned to use this famed vehicle as an industrial tractor, towing supply trailers in the plant, speeding materials to and from the production line. Oil companies and utilities use it to transport men, their tools and the power to operate them, roads or no roads. That's why industry says: **GET A 'JEEP'**.

Farmers get more work hours and more year-'round usefulness from their one investment in the 'Jeep'. To pull plows and harrows; to power hammer-mills, ensilage cutters and silo fillers; or to bring supplies from town . . . this *one* vehicle does 'em all. That's why farmers say: **GET A 'JEEP'**.

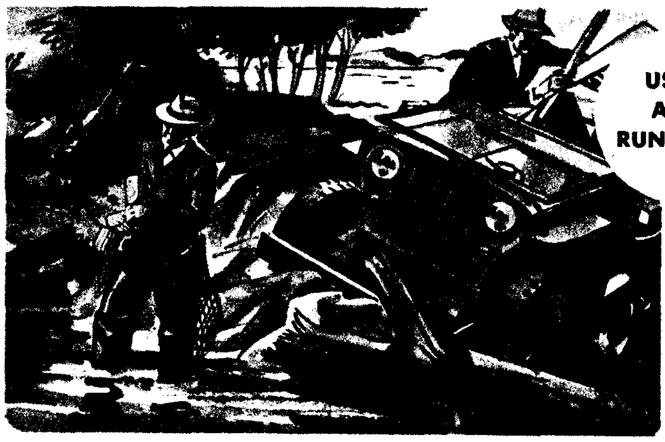
Remember, when there's work to do, *hard* work, see your Willys dealer and **GET A 'JEEP'**!

Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo 1, Ohio

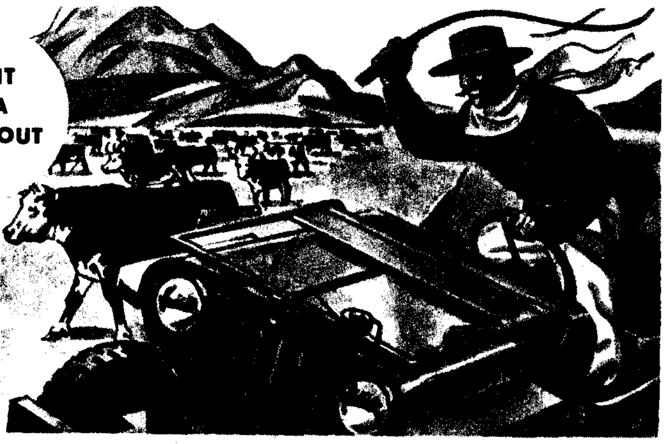


GET A 'Jeep'

POWERED BY THE WORLD FAMOUS *Willys* 'JEEP' ENGINE


USE IT AS A RUNABOUT

COLORADO—The 4-wheel-drive "Jeep" gets sportsmen to spots no ordinary car could reach.

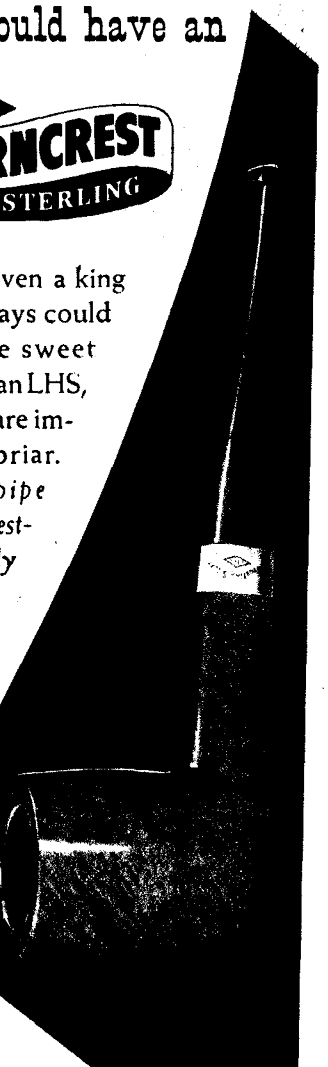


ARGENTINA—The sure-footed "Jeep" can be used to speed cross country, pick up strays or run fence lines.

pipe-smoking in
king frederick's day...

King Frederick's club
—only pipe-smokers
were admitted.
From an old print.

...but then not even a
king could have an



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Hunting Weather

Continued from page 14

this course it sounded real. Make history mean something. Show how it has brought us where we are. I wrote up a fancy syllabus—economic, political, ideological—it looked like a real course. But now half the class is returned soldiers, from Germany, Italy, India, the Philippines. When I see those boys looking at me, my outline goes empty."

Philip said, "It's not empty to them."

Methuen leaned into the lamplight. "You know, Phil, those boys make me feel uncomfortable. It's nothing in them, you understand. They're all right. It's in me. I feel—inadequate. I don't even like the way they answer roll call—'Here, sir.' It makes me feel like returning a salute."

"That's a habit they'll soon get over. Then we'll complain because they haven't any respect for their betters."

"I don't feel like their betters," Methuen said quickly. "That's the trouble. I feel unrelated to them, as if I didn't talk their language."

"Army language," Philip said, "is practically no language at all."

"You know what I mean. And you ought to be teaching that course. You know what it's about." He stared moodily at his manuscript. "While I sat in this office marking papers you won the Silver Star."

Philip's lighted match stopped halfway to his cigarette. There it was again.

"Phil—I wish you'd tell me a little about that sometime. It's the sort of thing that belongs in the course—and all I've got is foreign trade, population pressures and the failures of diplomacy."

PHILIP hardly heard him, for the weary, familiar struggle was starting in his mind again. The Silver Star, buried under his socks in the second drawer of his chest in his bedroom at the Campus Club. It wasn't so much that he couldn't tell Methuen, or anybody else about it. It was that he couldn't even tell himself. He didn't know. When there's a blacked-out place in your life you are cut off—even from yourself. You're on a road with a bridge washed out behind you. You can't get back.

The bell rang and suddenly the halls were noisy. Methuen knocked his pipe out, bundled his notes together, looked at his watch in the idle habit he had, and muttered something about "meaning of the war." When he was gone Philip opened his brief case and took out his notes on Tom Paine. The students were settled when he entered the classroom.

There were three new class cards on his desk, even though it was several weeks since the winter trimester had begun. He called the roll, adding the new names: Anderson, Koski, Cassiday. As he spoke the last name, something stirred in his memory, and the voice that answered, "Here, sir," stirred it deeper. His eyes were drawn to the last row, the end seat. A red-haired boy with fair, pink skin and pale blue lighted eyes. Thin, he had the hospital look. But there was a straightness, a tautness in him. His head was lifted and his eyes were on Philip Royce with an incredulous surprise.

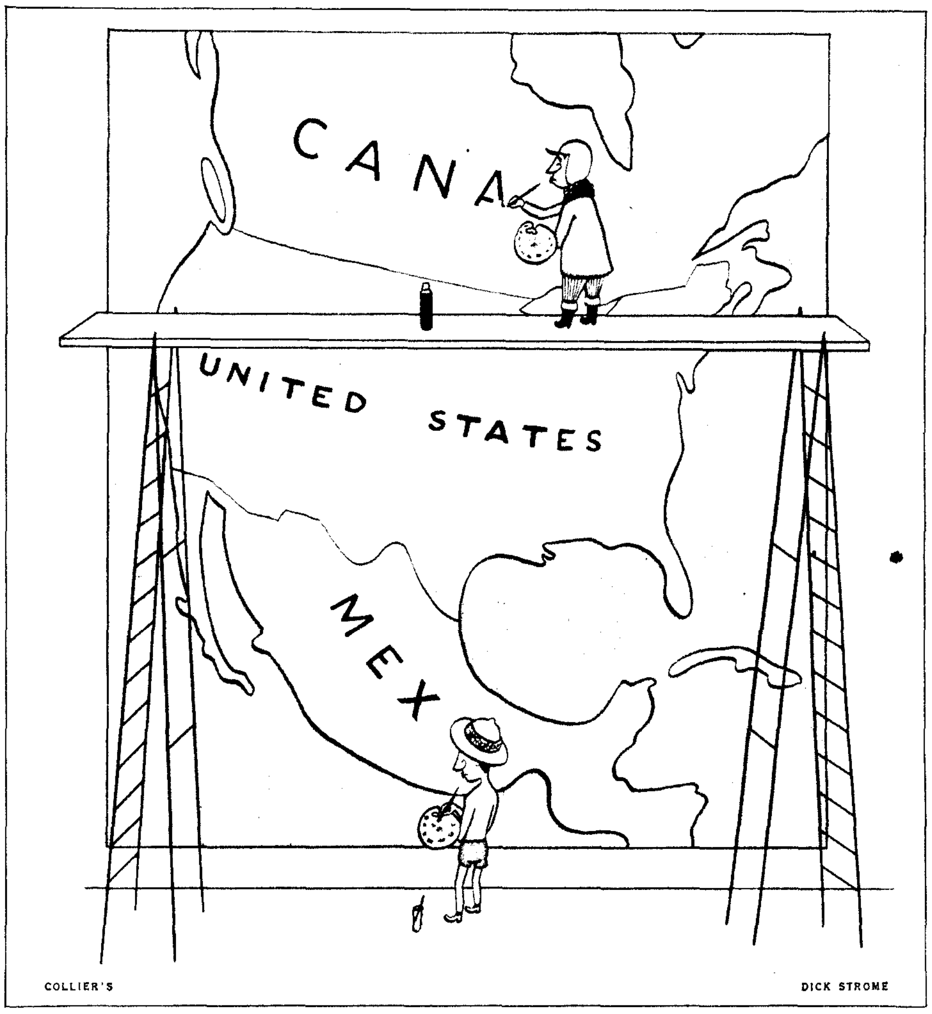
In the back of Philip's mind names went racing: *Camp Belden, Fort Douglas, Sacramento, Martinez, Vallejo—where was it? Cassiday, Cassiday, where does he belong?*

He was pacing behind the desk then, talking to a history class about the stormy petrel of the American Revolution. Stout, stubborn Tom Paine—not a summer soldier and a sunshine patriot, but a man who took the hard way all his life. He didn't want it easy.

Something in his own voice startled him, and his eyes went back to the red-haired boy sitting straight in the corner chair.

He went on with the lecture. Tom Paine was through with schooling before his fourteenth birthday. Then he went to work in his father's shop. In England he would have remained a poor and purposeless man, hammering corset stays in a dim little room off London's Cheapside. But he packed his tin trunk, boarded a tall ship and watched the shores of England fade behind him. And in America he became a voice, hammering on men's minds. He roused the divided colonists to concerted action. At the end of the first year of war, after a series of military disasters, he asserted that tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered. "These," he said, "are the times that try men's souls."

The lecture went on, but Philip Royce could not forget the red-haired boy against the wall, and in his mind another voice was asking: *Ponape, Guam, Leyte, Saipan—where was it? Why is he familiar? Where does he fit in?* Now he had the disturbing impression of two red-haired boys. A picture began to come back out of darkness, fatigue and chaos. He saw two of them walking with the same quick step, standing with the same straightness, alike as wooden soldiers. He tried to shake that confused image away, but the two boys would not become one. He saw them at the end of a file of replacements reporting at company headquarters on a beach of trampled sand—two slight, red-headed boys saluting rigidly. Their skin was fiery, the worst kind of skin out there. It never tanned or toughened under the equator's sun; it burned and peeled and burned again. It flaked off white and left a tender pink skin, like a baby's, for the sun to torture.



SOMEWHERE in his memory they stood up plainly, two boys, or one boy duplicated, with the rifles jutting from their packs and the skin flaked and scaling from their faces. . . .

"At that time," his voice was saying, "no one in the west end of London knew of Tom Paine's existence. But a few years later, in 1776, he had become a fiery colonial across the sea, and even the Pall Mall Tories knew his name and his principles. That year they wore hobnails in the heels of their boots; on the left heel the nails made a letter T, on the right heel a letter P. With every indignant, stiff-legged step they declared they were treading on the vile principles of Tom Paine."

While Philip Royce talked, his memory was forming and reforming, like a kaleidoscope. In the convalescent hospital at Sierra Springs, the visiting psychologist had told them, all sitting in their drab bathrobes in a semicircle where the sun streamed through the windows: "There are doors you close and walk away from. You learn to keep a stream of thought free from a stream of memory. You learn not to mingle things that don't belong together." He had a little pointed beard and pinch-nose glasses. As he talked the roar of falling water was around his words. Outside the windows you could see the blue slopes of Mammoth Mountain and the high granite ledges patched with snow. Some way that urgent, rushing water contradicted all he said. There are streams too strong to govern, there are doors that burst open though you've carefully closed them.

AND now, out of one of those doors had come a red-haired boy sitting in the last row of a history class in an Indiana college. He belonged somewhere in the swirling darkness of memory. He belonged to Tinian or Rota Beach or Ponape, somewhere in a fierce sun on a gritty shore, with coral scratches on his hands and volcanic ash grimed in his uniform.

For Royce the blackness of fatigue, the ache of sleeplessness, the numbness of unrelenting danger swept up again, like the smoke screen that moved across the valley where the Jap emplacements thundered. And two red-headed boys were there. He was still seeing double.

"It made a difference," he said, "for a man to come across the Atlantic. He breathed a new air here. He became a new man. Tom Paine never lost a cockney tongue—he called a lady a lydy and a shilling a bob. But his mind became American."

Across the quad the campanile bells began to chime the hour. The class was in motion. The three new boys lined up at the desk with their textbook procurement forms. "It takes your signature, sir, to get the textbook."

Philip entered the title and signed his name. "To catch up with the class," he said, "you'll have to read the first five chapters."

Cassiday was the last one. "Thank you, Lieutenant," he said.

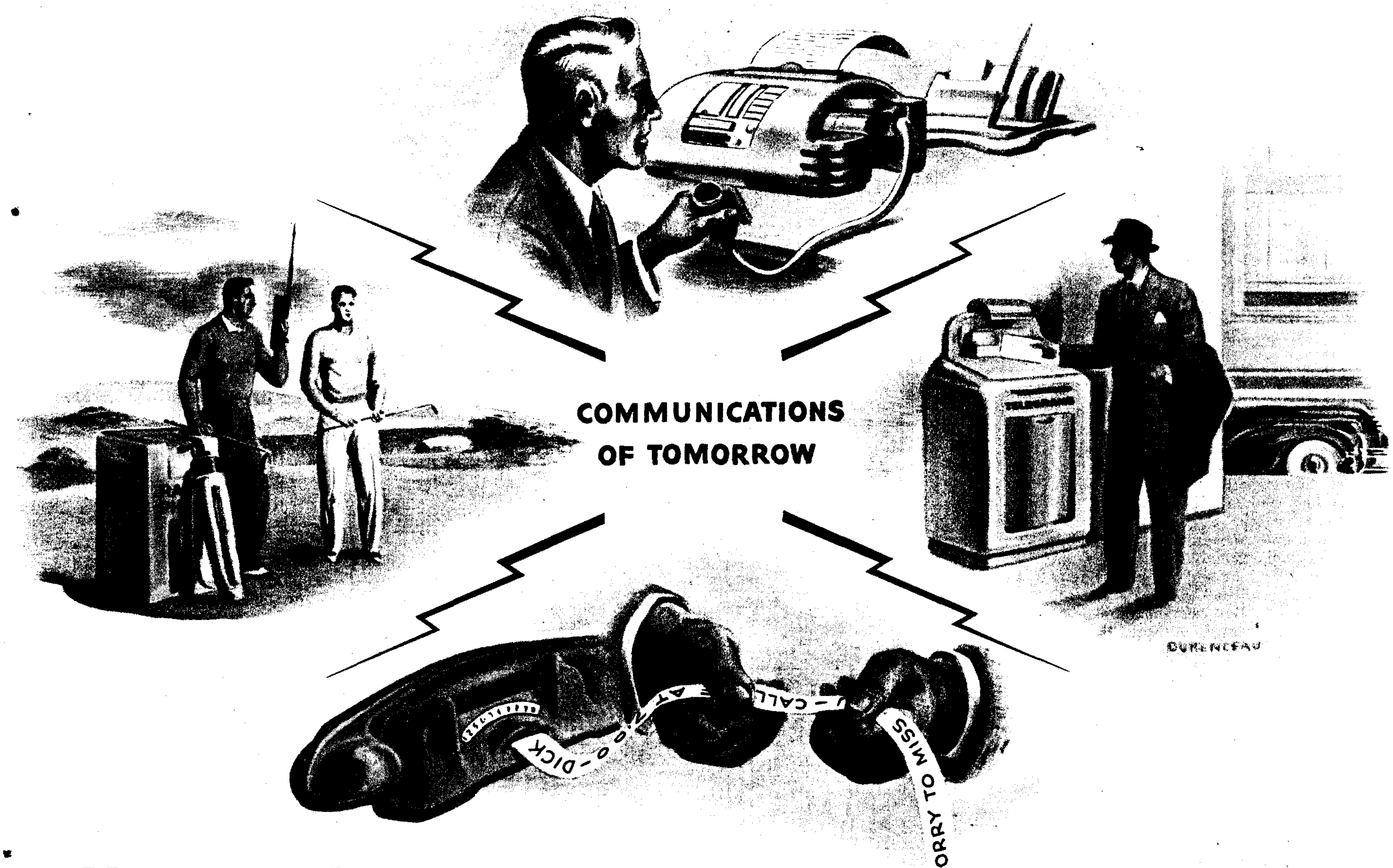
"Not any more," Philip said quickly. "Not here."

"I couldn't believe it when you walked in, sir. Of course I knew the prof's name. But I never thought of you."

"Probably didn't remember my name," Philip said.

The boy looked startled. "Oh, yes, I did, sir. How could I forget?"

The smoke screen came down again, and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CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND .... OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

once more there were two redheaded boys before him.

"I never thought you'd be a prof—out there."

"When did you leave—out there?" Philip asked.

"You mean—the island?"

"Yes."

"I left that month. March, it was. Then I was in Arizona seven months."

"Hospital?"

"Yes, sir. Cerro Gordo."

Philip saw the blue eyes on him. He put out a hand. "I'm glad you're here."

"Thank you, Lieutenant. Pardon me—thank you, sir."

IN THE office, Methuen was lighting his pipe. "More new soldiers," he said. "You have any, Phil?"

"Yes. I had three."

"I had five. They all want to know the meaning of the war."

"That's natural," Philip said.

After lunch he took the nap the doctor had ordered. He went to sleep easily, but two hours later he was awake, unrested, troubled. He got up, dug underneath the socks in his second drawer and stared at the medallion on the wide silk ribbon. Between him and the Silver Star came the image of two slight, tired, straight-standing boys with the skin flaking off their faces . . .

Outside, the sky was gray and close; Philip's breath smoked thinly in the chilly air. "Hunting weather," he told himself, trying to think of a white still fall of snow across the Wabash bottoms. But what he thought of was a trampled sea beach where the bulldozers were lunging at the shattered sand. As he passed the Music Hall the sound of practice scales on a piano came to him—a crashing bass chord followed by a frantic run up the steep treble ranges. It repeated, over and over. He hurried on up the walk to University Hall. Inside, he found himself asking for James Cassiday's service record.

It didn't tell him much. Date and place of birth, date of military induction, date of discharge, date of arrival at the University, date of his room assignment in Crosby Hall. Outside, in the early dusk, lights were coming on in the windows across the quadrangle.

THAT evening, with his pipe and his slippers and his books beside him, he couldn't study. Something kept edging in. "Learn to keep the stream of thought free from the stream of memory," the specialist had said, his voice half drowned in the roar of water down a mountainside. There was a pent-up stream, far off but rushing, rushing. It grew nearer, stronger, louder. Now it was not a stream of water but a stream of sound. He heard a crashing thunder and the hard, high drone of motors climbing. Then it came back, as it had done so often in the hospital. The starless, smoke-wreathed night, the sullen cannonading from the ridge, the tired cursing in the dark. The C. O. loomed up like a shadow and his voice was ragged. "Yes, sir," Philip Royce said. He called his men. "We're going to locate that emplacement. I want volunteers."

It broke off there. In the light of his study lamp, with his books beside him, his hands were shaking, his face streamed with sweat. He kept groping after it—a little more, a little further. But the memory was gone, the bridge between past and present still washed out.

He put on his shoes and got his overcoat. Night was the hardest time. Already he had tramped out many miles in the dark streets of that Indiana town. But this time he couldn't walk himself quiet. He saw the light in Frank Methuen's study. He turned in.

"I was about to call you," Methuen said. "Ethel's gone to a recital. I thought we might have a game of chess."

They set up the table near the glowing fireplace and laid the pieces out.

"You've kept your game up?" Philip asked.

"No. I haven't played at all. It seemed a waste, some way. That's a bad thing about war, makes you feel guilty every time you unclench. But of course you couldn't unclench." His eyes were lifted and there was that gnawing envy in his voice.

They had jumped the knights into a clear field and run the bishops obliquely out beside them.

"We were unclenched most of the time," Philip said. But beneath the table his hand was now clenched white. He was groping again, but he couldn't get through the blacked-out place.

"Your move," Methuen said.

The black queen threw a threat across the board. Philip advanced a rook. In another move the queen outflanked him.

"Check," Methuen said.

Philip brought up a pawn. A black knight vaulted over.

"Check," he said again.

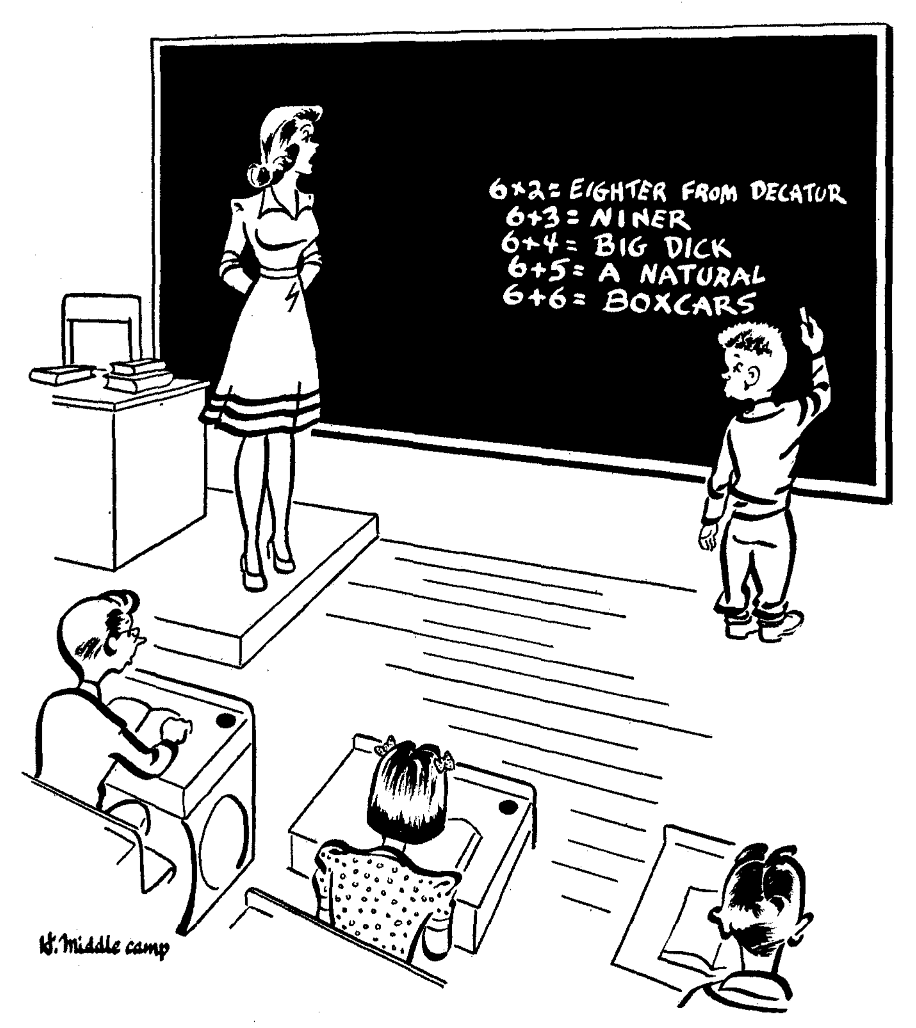
The white king retreated. A black rook skirted the board.

"Check."

Philip stared at the board and what he saw was the angry red spurting from a smoke-wreathed ridge and the sea muttering in darkness where the hulks of landing craft lay twisted on the shore.

"It's checkmate," he said.

Methuen swept up the pieces. "Another game, Phil?"



"Er, Wilbur—about this Uncle Louie who's been helping you with your arithmetic . . . !"

COLLIER'S HERB MIDDLECAMP

"No. I'm not much opposition for you."

"You're plenty. Next time you'll probably—"

"Thanks, anyway," Philip said.

Outside, the sky was dark, but for a moment in a rift of cloud a filmy half-moon showed. Then the clouds came together and the sky was close again. Night after night, out there, the moon rose out of the water, the big, bright tropic moon, and you hated it like an enemy. He saw it now, climbing up a cloudless sky, streaming down like a searchlight where they wormed among the shell holes. At least it wasn't two moons in his memory.

HE HADN'T thought of Cassiday till then. Or perhaps he had—for at that moment he found himself at the steps of Crosby Hall. He didn't think now, as he went inside. He found the number on the directory and climbed to the second floor.

"Who goes there?" the boy said.

He pushed the door open. Cassiday was alone; the chair across the desk was empty, with a shirt thrown across it. Cassiday looked up from his book. In the light from the study lamp his hair was carrot-colored, his skin was pink like sunburn.

He jumped up. "Pardon me, sir. I thought it was Tony, being funny."

"Quite all right," Philip said.

The boy tossed the shirt into an open closet door. He pulled the chair out. "Will you sit down, sir?"

"Thanks." Philip sat wide-legged, twirling his hat on his finger. "I was just going by. Thought I'd tell you about the make-up work in history."

"I'm starting it now," Cassiday said. "The first five chapters."

"Yes. But there's an outline you can use. It will save you time. You'll find it easy to catch up that way."

The blue eyes looked at him. "I don't want it easy."

THE hat fell from Philip's finger. A crashing sound was in his ears and the whine of shells was around him. Sweat broke out on his face again and his hands were shaking. He got up and went to the window. He stared down at the walk where students were passing under the leafless trees. A snatch of song came up: *You're the one I care for, You're the one and therefore*— But he was seeing the red spurt on the broken ridge and pulling his men down in the raw slit trench they had opened. He was hearing his own voice on the other side of the world in a smoke-wreathed, starless night. "I want two men to go back to the artillery post. Give them a bearing on that hill. All right, you two. You two Cassidays."

At the window of Crosby Hall, looking down at the dark campus, Philip Royce had a sense of delivery, of freedom, life's being in one piece again. His hands were quiet now. He could remember without fighting for it. It was all there, fixed and finished in its place—how those twin brothers saluted like a single man and disappeared over the rough ground in the dark. But this time they didn't stay together. In five minutes one of them was back dragging a leg, breathing through his teeth. "I couldn't make it, sir."

"No wonder," the sergeant grunted, bending over him. "His leg is broken."

"Fell in a shell hole," the boy said.

A blast shook the air and the hard sand pelted them. "Keep your heads down," Philip said hoarsely.

They waited, they watched, they listened. Another shell struck, close. In the lull that followed, Philip saw a shadow moving on the ground. He rubbed his twitching, sleep-starved eyes and looked again. His whispered order passed along the trench. The grenades were poised, drawn, ready. They exploded in a ragged salvo. The flashes showed forms crumpling on the sand.

"Got 'em!" the sergeant exulted. "Got 'em!"

But the shells were dropping closer. Through the darkness came a whine, a whistling. "Down! Down!" Philip said.

It must have struck dead center where they crouched. When Philip Royce came to, the whole side of the trench was blown away. From the dark forms of his men there was no sound, no movement. Then at his feet he heard a grunt of pain. He bent down. Shielding its light he sprayed his flash upon a shock of red hair and a pink face with the skin scaling from it. Before the light snapped off he saw the red stain soaking up his side.

"My brother," Cassiday said. "Where's my brother?"

"He went back to the artillery post."

"It didn't get him?"

"No. It didn't get him."

Philip unbuckled his canteen. He lifted the boy's shoulder and tilted the water into his mouth. The boy tried to raise himself. An anguished breath shot through his teeth. Philip said, "Take it easy, son."

The shoulders gave way and the boy slumped down. "I—never wanted it—easy."

Then Philip Royce was alone in a blasted trench with the still shapes around him. Numbly he told himself, "I'm not disabled. I can go back. They'll send a new detail."

He was out of the trench when habit made him miss the bulge against his belt. He slid back into its blackness. He groped for his canteen. The boy's quiet hand was on it, and Philip seemed to hear the whispered voice again. "I—never wanted it—easy."

Crouched there, he heard a slow scraping in the darkness. He raised his head to the trench rim. His tired eyes sharpened on a moving shadow. Silently he bent among the sprawled figures in the trench. One man was left to fight for all of them. He found their grenades, one by one. When he raised his head again there was a row of creeping shadows. He waited till the shadows came nearer. . . .

NEXT morning, when the ridge emplacement had been silenced, they found him alone in the shattered slit trench among the quiet figures of his men. Beyond the trench the pitted ground was strewn with other shapes. He had one grenade left. He almost hurled it at his relief before his tired mind told him. . . .

From the campus walk the song came up: *You're the one and therefore*—

Philip Royce turned to the red-haired boy at the desk. "Like to take a walk? Let's go to the Inn and have a sandwich."

The dark was cold and soft on their faces.

"Good to feel winter again," Philip said.

"Yes," the boy said. "Funny how things turn out, isn't it? I never supposed you were a prof—out there."

"I'm not, really. Only an instructor. I was just starting before the war. So I'm just starting now."

A group of boys shouldered past them. "Hi, Jim," one of them said.

Cassiday said, "That's my roommate, Tony Miller. He's been in Italy." He drew a long breath. "I always thought I'd be in college with my brother. Now I've got to do everything twice as well, do it double."

"I remember, you did everything together."

"Nearly everything."

As they passed an arc light Philip lifted his coat sleeve. "Look. It's snowing."

The boy raised his face to the soft white falling. They walked a block in silence. "I just thought what we used to call it," Cassiday said finally.

"What?"

"Hunting weather."

THE END

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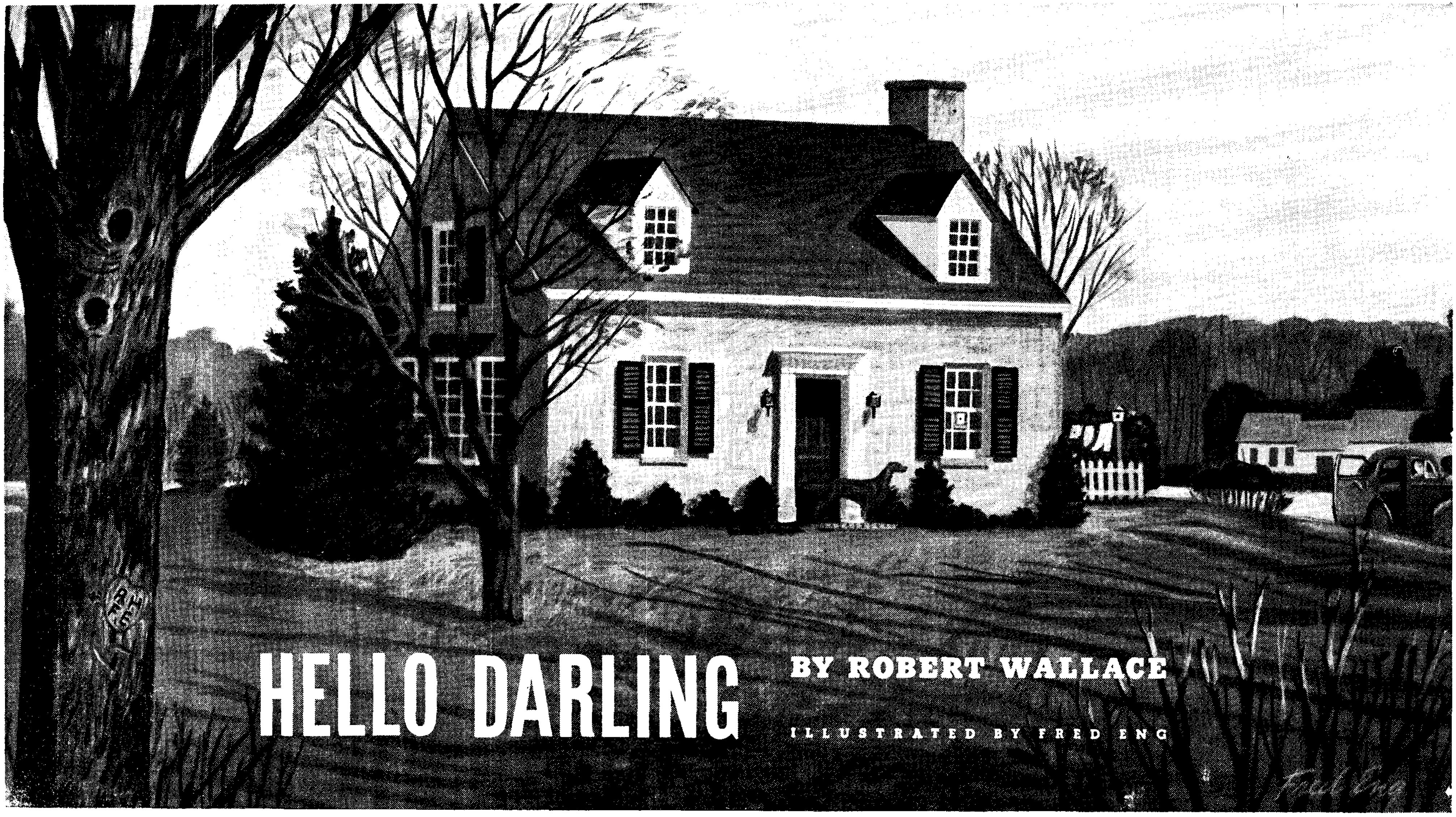


HELLO DARLING

BY ROBERT WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED ENG

Jim put his head out the window and whistled. "Here, Levi," he said. "Nice dog." But the setter only wagged his tail briefly and remained where he was

HE WAS wondering whether he should kiss her. Maybe later he'd wish he hadn't. "Three years is a long time," he'd say, just like any fool. Or how about the casual touch? "Good afternoon, Mrs. Kiernan. I am Mr. Kiernan."

The train was laboring through the Alleghenies, whistling morosely in the murky dark. Rain smashed against the windows of the car, and Jim twisted in his seat, trying to stretch his legs straight. St. Louis in eight more hours. Hinsdale is two hours from St. Louis. Suppose she isn't at the station? Or maybe she'll be there in a crowd of people and you won't recognize her. That's possible. She can't always be wearing a green dress, the way you remember. Maybe she'll have her hair cut short. "Mr. Kiernan, I'd like you to meet Mrs. Kiernan. She's the girl you met in April and married in May, a hundred years ago."

When he left he hadn't figured on this. He had married Emmy after a month of advanced training at Hinsdale Field and had gone overseas soon after that. Then there were only the letters that didn't say if she had changed, and the wallet-sized picture of her in his pocket. No matter how often he looked at it, it was exactly the same: a wide-eyed, smiling girl with long, dark hair—no closer and no more real to him than a face casually glimpsed in a magazine, yet something he loved, or supposed dutifully that he ought to love. . . .

The train picked up speed. In the dimly lit car, a few drowsy voices whispered, and Jim could hear the sound of restless footsteps in the aisle. He leaned back in his seat and tried to go to sleep. . . .

SHE was waiting for him on the platform. She walked toward him quietly. He hesitated, stopped struggling with his luggage and went to meet her. This, he thought, was the great moment. But all he felt was strain, an almost intolerable embarrassment. He wondered if she felt it too, if she could see it in him. Then suddenly he heard his own voice, far-off and strange, saying a conventional "Darling." His arms were around her and he heard her catch her breath sharply. She sighed, but he couldn't tell whether the sigh was real or only a stage gesture. Strain and embarrassment still separated them. He dropped his arms, feeling no warmth.

She carried one of his suitcases to the car. As she walked beside him, he saw that she was a little taller than he remembered and that her dark hair had glints of copper in it. She held his hand tightly, not talking much, looking up at his face.

"Three years is a long time," he said, quickly remembering that he had planned to say something else. He grinned. "That's what any fool would say."

"Maybe," said Emmy. "Not just any fool, though. My particular fool."

Jim thought she hit that "my" a little too hard. He glanced sharply at her, suddenly afraid that she was going to be possessive. But she was only smiling, not glowing at him, or squeezing his hand any harder.

"How's Levi?" he said. Levi was an Irish setter he had gotten for her the day he left.

"Levi," said Emmy, "is large enough to saddle." The setter was in the car. He licked Jim's hand once, wagged his tail a little and turned away.

"Friendly animal," Jim said.

"Give him time. He hasn't seen many men."

Jim turned the car around and headed east on Main Street. "Where to?"

"Home, maybe?" she said.

"Not yet," he said quickly. "I mean—well, you know, Emmy—your father will ask me how many missions I flew, and your mother will try to make me promise never to set foot in a plane again, and your brother. . . ."

She didn't answer. This is just fine, Jim thought wryly. This is nice and sweet and casual. He tried to remember what he had planned to say on the train, but the feeling of strangeness and tension blocked his thoughts.

He said: "I'd like to drive out and see the field."

She grinned. "The pasture, you mean? The war's over, Jim." She said it very simply.

"Well, I'd just like to see it. You know—nostalgia. Anything about it being bought for the commercial lines?"

"I don't know. Hope so."

They drove out of town along a road that had once been familiar but now seemed full of new curves and ruts. Jim was silent, but Emmy said, "You remember the house, Jim? Our house?"

He smiled. That would be the house they had dreamed about buying some day, on the hillside overlooking the field. They had driven out to look at it often during the month they had had together, and Jim had thought of putting a "Sold" sign in the window to keep people away. "Sure," he said.

"It's been taken."

"What?"

"Sold. Somebody bought it last year."

He knew he should not be surprised, yet he could hardly believe it. "That's great," he said bitterly, sick with disappointment. "I suppose I had no right to count on its being available, still I'd hoped. . . ."

"I know," she said softly. Her voice was very calm.

"Why didn't you write me?" he asked more sharply than he meant. "Perhaps I could have done something, tried anyway."

She didn't answer him. When he looked at her, he saw her head was lowered and she seemed to be studying her hands.

"No," he said slowly, feeling suddenly remorseful. "You're right—we couldn't have done a thing." He shook his head, ashamed of his excitement, yet he couldn't understand how she could seem so calm and matter of fact about their losing something that had once been the most important thing in the world to them both.

HE STOPPED the car on the hillside. The house they had been discussing was only a hundred feet ahead of them beside the road. Laundry was drying on a clothesline in back, and there was a little pile of unburned paper in the wire incinerator at the side. The place was being lived in. For a moment, Jim had a sudden impulse to pick up a stone and throw it, to hear the clatter of splintered glass and to see the surprised faces of strange people in the doorway. Then he thought, Lord, what's wrong? Lose a little sleep and you act like an idiot. Emmy's all right, you're all right. Only a little time . . .

The dog whined. Emmy opened the car door and the animal leaped out, running toward the lawn.

"Emmy," Jim said. "Emmy . . ."

"I know, Jim. Believe me, you aren't alone. It's the same for both of us." Her tone was still sensible, still very calm and sweet.

He felt so miserable that he was surprised at the evenness of his own voice. "Emmy," he said. "We've got a lot to work out together, you and I. It may be harder than we think. . . ."

He turned toward her. She was looking at him indulgently. Then she said: "Jim, you know I love you."

He looked away. "You know I love you," she had said. "Let's get out of here," he said, his voice grating.

He started the car. "Wait a minute," she said. "Levi."

Jim put his head out the window and whistled, then saw the setter on the porch of the house. "Here, Levi," he said. "Nice dog." The setter cocked his head, wagged his tail briefly and remained where he was.

"Jim," Emmy said, "Levi doesn't . . . I guess I'll have to tell you. . . ."

But he would not let her finish. Suddenly the tension he felt turned to anger, and he got out of the car abruptly and began to walk toward the dog. "Levi!" he called. "Come on, you dope." The dog wagged his tail again, then turned toward the door behind him and scratched it with a large red paw.

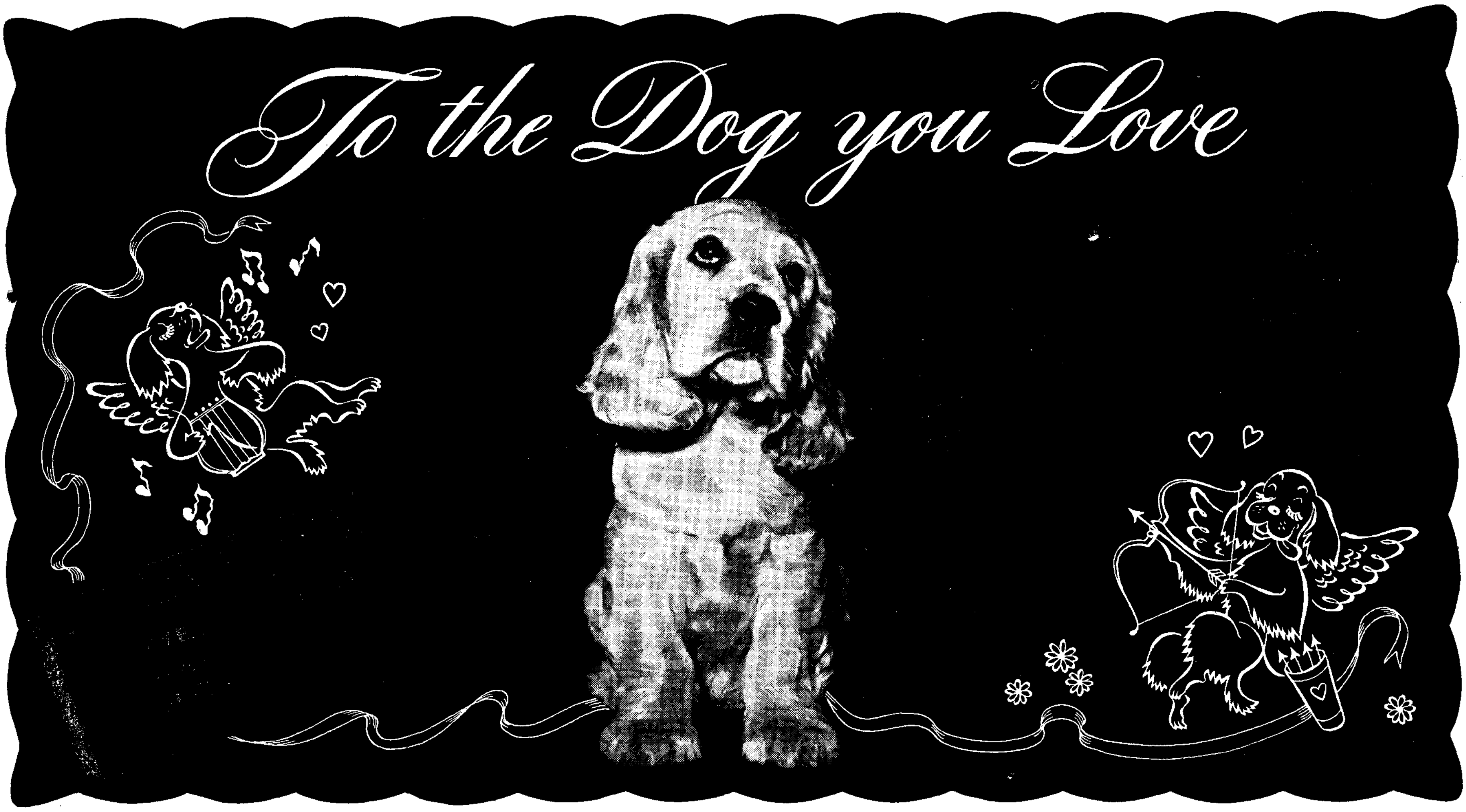
Jim walked up the steps, put his hand on the animal's collar and began pulling him from the door. With a reluctant whine the setter braced himself, his claws scraping against the wood. Suddenly Jim stopped moving. The setter whined again, but Jim, staring at the door, his eyes widening, failed to hear him. He did not turn away until he heard Emmy's footsteps on the gravel walk behind him.

She was smiling, a deep warm smile that brought a sudden wild pulse beat to his temples. He could feel the tension and the sharp, insistent doubt falling away, as though he were coming swiftly down from a great height into warm, heavy air. Three years slipped away from his mind.

"Jim," Emmy said, laughing a little now with relief and happiness. "Oh, Jim, I so wanted it to be a surprise, and then when you got so upset . . . I thought you'd never come up here . . ." Her smile was a wonderful thing to see. He stood looking down at her for a moment, then quickly picked her up, walked to the door and pushed it open with his shoulder. The dog bounded inside, home.

As he went through the doorway Jim's eyes paused again on the brass knocker, bright from recent polishing. "James Kiernan," it said. Emmy leaned her head against his shoulder, waiting for him to notice her, waiting for a soldier's kiss.

a short short story complete on this page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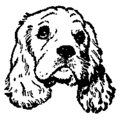

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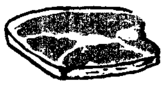

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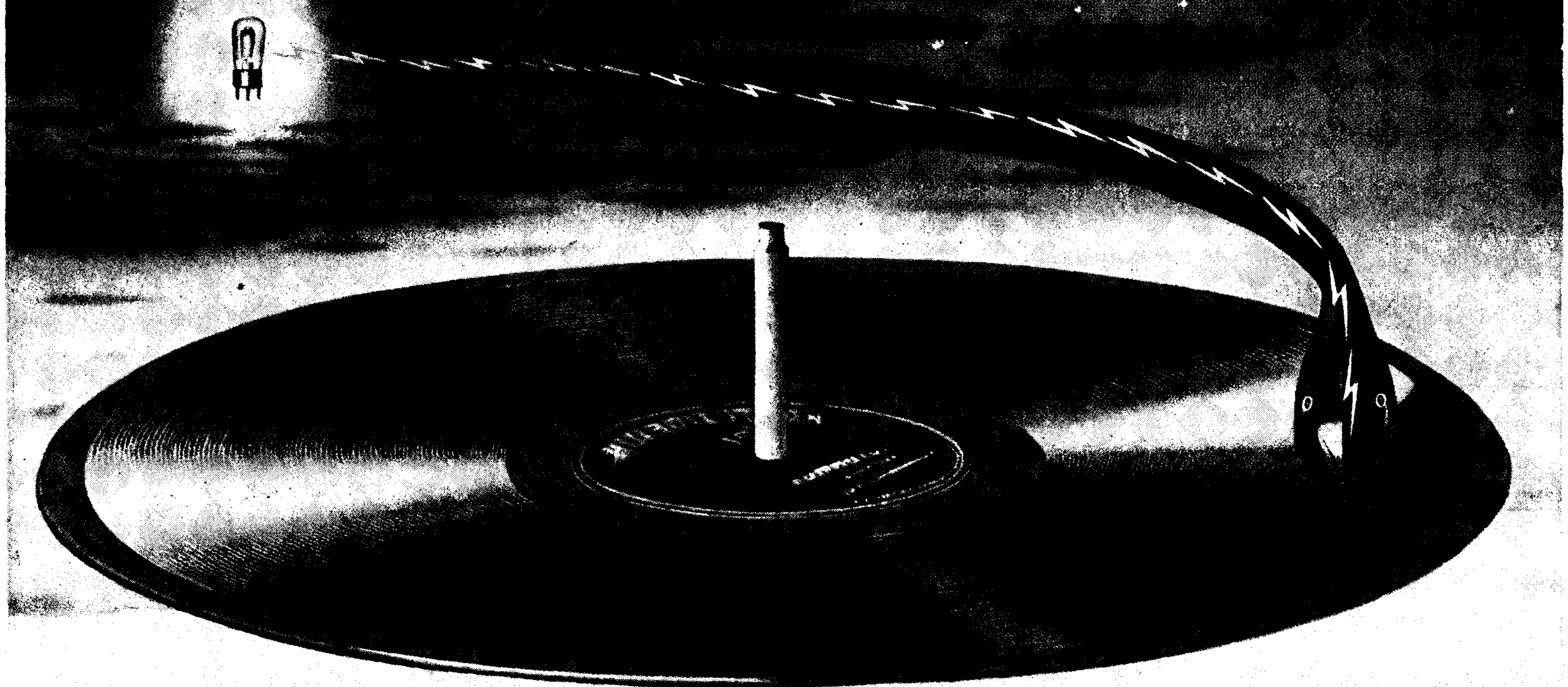

A Sensational New Way to Play Records!

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THE COBRA:

- ★ Utterly new! No other tone arm rides so lightly (⅔ of an ounce) in the groove! Records last hundreds of plays longer.
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- ★ Smoothly, gently changes records in 3½ seconds.
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YOU GET ALSO:

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Now for the first time—you can enjoy records *in your home* with the same quality, fidelity and clarity of tone demanded by broadcasting stations! The Cobra tone arm so completely revolutionizes all former methods of record reproduction that broadcasting studios all over America are using it. And only Zenith has it!

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Another outstanding feature of the new Zenith radio-phonograph is the Silent-Speed Record Changer which changes records smoothly and quietly in 3½ seconds. There are no "gadgets" or complicated regulators to fuss with—and this changer plays 10 and 12 inch records intermixed, automatically!

See these revolutionary new Zenith features at your nearest radio dealer's today. Ask to hear a record played on any phonograph in the store—then listen to the difference when the same record is played on a new Zenith radio-phonograph with the Cobra tone arm. You'll be amazed!

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30 YEARS OF "KNOW-HOW" AND LEADERSHIP IN RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY

Sleeping Giant

Continued from page 18

on anyone's part. It was as standardized as a vaudeville routine. Eventually, both sides would get to the business at hand, sign a contract and things would remain more or less peaceful for another two years.

There have been other factors on the unfavorable side of the ledger. Industry, ever striving to stretch its dollars further, has managed to get more work out of a ton of coal. Where railroads used 175 pounds of coal in 1917 to pull 1,000 tons of freight one mile, they get the same results today with 115 pounds.

It is the same story on an even more dramatic scale with the electrical industry. It used to take 3.5 pounds of coal to make a kilowatt hour of electricity. Today, the figure is 1.4 pounds. Some very efficient generating plants get a kilowatt hour of electricity out of as little as three quarters of a pound of coal. Since utilities and railroads are two of the coal industry's top customers, these economies have resulted in sharply decreased demand.

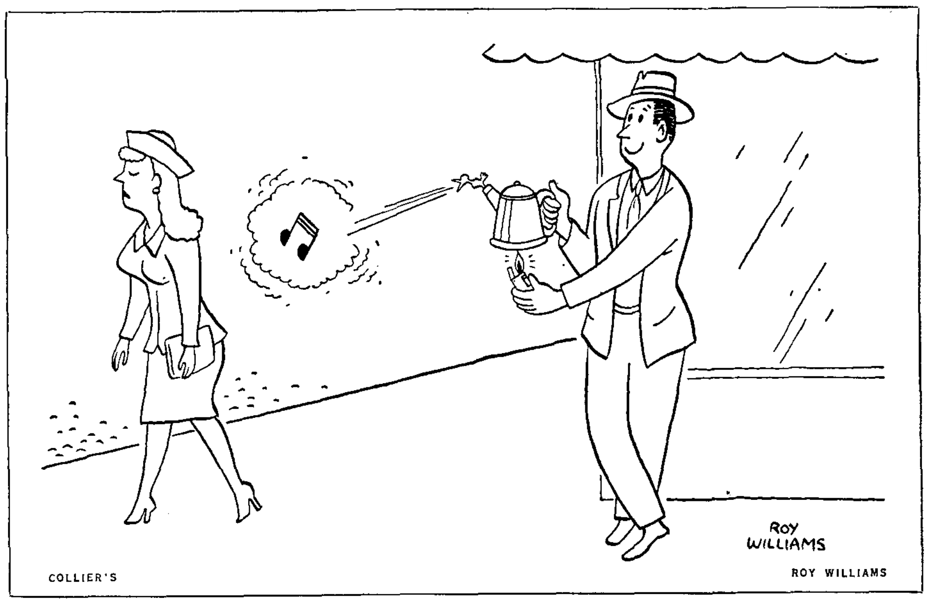
In another big field of coal consumption—home heating—there have been similar difficulties. Coal used to have a near monopoly here. Oil has taken 10 per cent of this market, and natural gas has made further inroads.

Old Methods Simple But Risky

The coal operator, faced with declining demand and cutthroat competition, has, up to now, had but one answer—more efficient production. Contrast the coal mine of legend with the modern mine of today. In the mine of legend all work was done by hand. The miner made his own explosive shots to blast the coal out of the seam. He rolled black powder into a long paper cartridge. He crimped a percussion on a piece of fuse with his teeth—and occasionally blew the top of his head off in the process.

When the coal had been blasted he broke it apart with a pick and loaded it by hand. A mule, or a pony, hauled it away.

Such mines have almost ceased to exist. To one degree or another, over 90 per cent of the industry is mechanized today. To see what this means take a trip into one of Island Creek Coal Company's mines at Holden, West Virginia. This company, which produces about 600 railroad cars of coal a day, is one of the most efficient in the industry. It is 100 per cent mechanized. Its underground haulage system is as efficiently organized as any railroad. Electric locomotives haul 50-car trains. Many of Island Creek's mines have block signals.



COLLIER'S ROY WILLIAMS

At the face of the coal, giant cutting machines take seven-inch bites out of the bottom of the seam. This permits the coal to break up after it is dynamited. Then the loading machines move in. They load a 5-ton mine car in less than a minute. It takes a man several hours to do the same job.

As a result of mechanization, production per man at Island Creek has nearly tripled. In the industry as a whole, it is up 40 per cent and will climb further as more mechanical equipment is available. Every operator is committed to mechanization.

Mechanization has had another effect on the industry. The coal miner of a generation ago was likely to be an immigrant who got off the boat at Ellis Island, went directly to the coal fields and stayed there. Operating today's highly complex machinery demands a higher type labor. In the main he is a native white. At Island Creek, for example, 75 per cent of the miners are native white, 10 per cent Negroes, 15 per cent foreign born.

Today's coal miner demands, and gets, the highest wages paid by industry. According to the latest Department of Commerce figures, the coal miner makes $52 a week, vs. $33 for the textile worker and $44 for the auto worker.

A third of the nation's coal miners live in company houses, paying an average of $3 a room a month. There is a growing tendency in the mine industry to break up grimy mining towns. Before good roads came along such towns were necessary. Men had to be near their work. This is no longer true. A large portion of miners are buying their own homes, usually small farms several miles from the mines. Many mine companies are selling off their houses at $600-$800 each, deciding that they had better stick to the coal business and keep out of the real-estate business.

Probably the most significant thing happening in the coal industry today is the fact that it has finally awakened to the value of research. Not long ago, Dr. Karl Compton, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, drew up a revealing table. He grouped industries according to percentage of gross income spent for research and compared these figures to prices of stocks on the New York Stock Exchange. There was a striking correlation. Chemical industries spent most on research and had the highest-priced stocks. Next came the electrical industry. At the bottom were lumber, railroads, and coal.

There are several research funds now at work on coal. The industry itself has organized Bituminous Coal Research, Inc., which is spending $2,500,000 on a 5-year research program. It obtains these funds by taxing members one-quarter cent for each ton of coal mined. Only a third of the industry is participating at the present time and the tax per ton is admittedly minute. But it is a start.

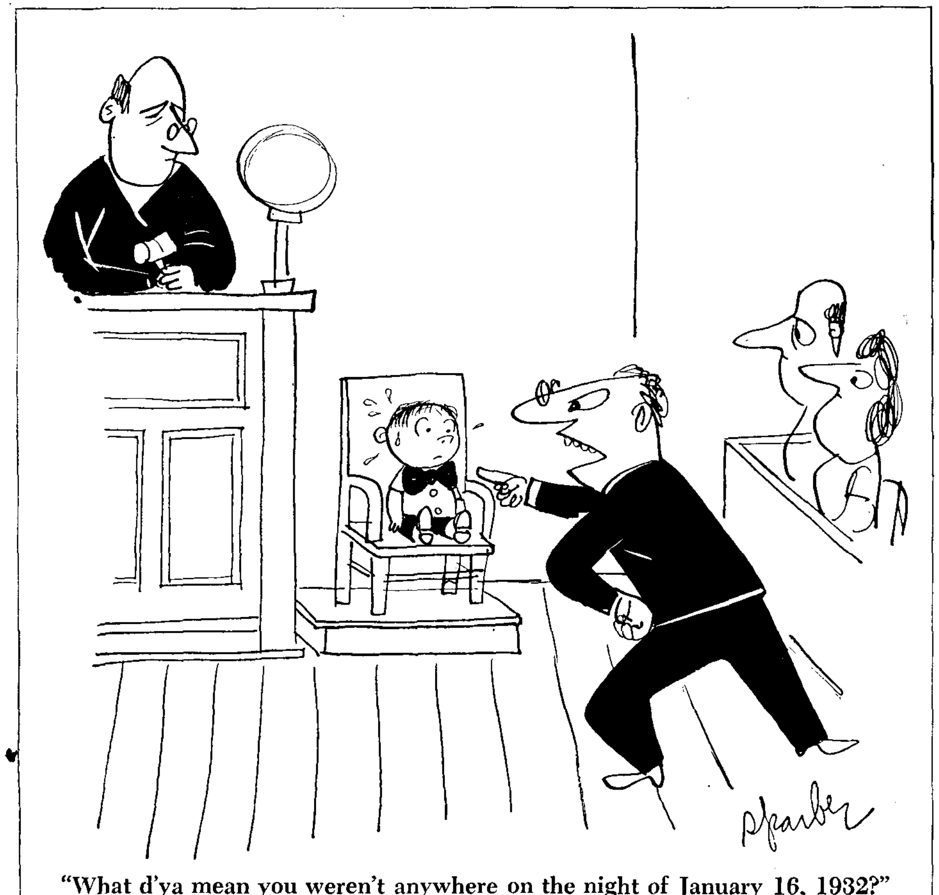
Railroads and coal companies are spending an additional million on locomotive research, and the federal government has allotted $30,000,000 to research in methods of producing gasoline from coal.

An Efficient Smokeless Furnace

A number of significant things have already come from this work. Bituminous Coal Research men working at Battelle Memorial Institute in Columbus, Ohio, have concentrated on problems of home heating. They have devised a new smokeless furnace which gets 50 per cent more heat from a ton of coal than today's equipment. It is about twice the size of the milk can used by farmers and can heat an 8-room house. It puts coal *under* the fire instead of on top of it—hence there is no smoke.

The research men are now working on plans for district heating units—a single smokeless furnace which would provide heat for dozens of homes in an area. It would make high-pressure steam and this steam would be piped to individual houses. Each house would have a meter and would pay only for the heat used. A similar idea is already being used in many cities, but the research men think they can devise a compact, inexpensive plant which would find application in suburban real estate developments. This would entirely do away with the furnace and put coal in an even better competitive position than oil.

Plans are also under way for a coal air



"What d'ya mean you weren't anywhere on the night of January 16, 1932?"

COLLIER'S HOWARD SPARBER

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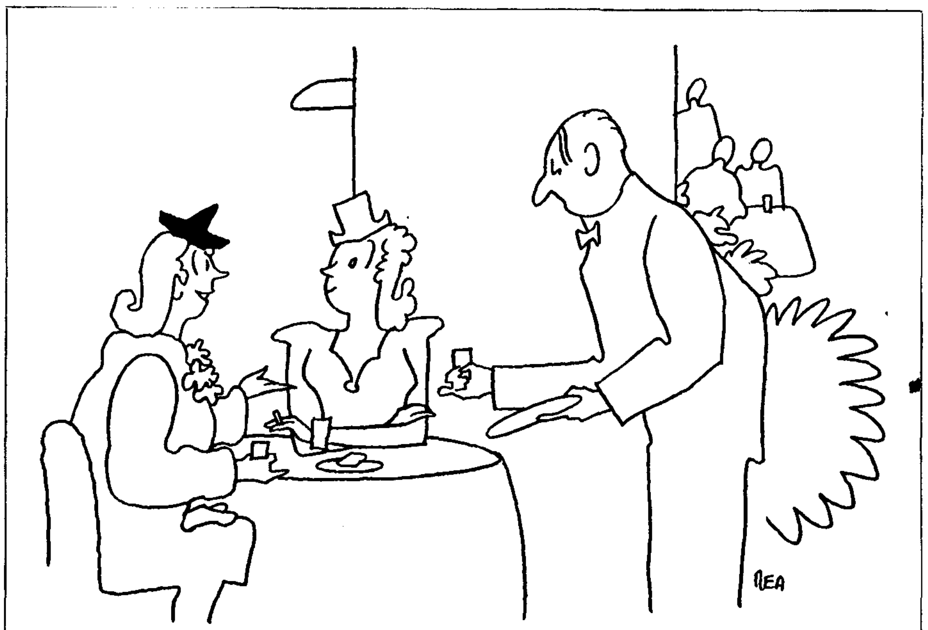


"One thing about Mr. Hedges—he's the kind a girl can trust. He always settles out of court"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

conditioner. This idea is particularly attractive to the coal industry because it would flatten out peaks of demand. It would provide a summer market for coal, at a time when demand is at a minimum.

The cookstove is another research project at Battelle. In all essential characteristics the coal stove is the same stove used by the Romans. In stove designs, gas and oil people left coal far behind. They were dealing with dangerously explosive fuels which had to be perfectly controlled for safe home use. That meant good engineering, heavy research expenditure. They spent the money, and got an excellent product. Now coal is on the move. Researchers are developing a new smokeless range which is magazine fed. It is perfectly clean and perfectly controlled. With all the new equipment, coal men hope to regain a large part of the home market which has been lost to oil.

Most communities are sensitive about the smoke nuisance from switch engines in railroad yards, and from harbor tugs. Many of them have passed ordinances prohibiting such pollution of the air. In consequence railroads are changing over to Diesel switchers and tugs to oil-burning boilers. This has been costly to coal. Research men now have an inexpensive answer to the problem. It is the over-fire air jet. This simple device costs $150 installed on a locomotive. It shoots blasts of air in a locomotive firebox, makes a turbulent mixture of gases which result in complete burning of coal without smoke. Hundreds of locomotives now have them and others will be installed as quickly as they are available. Railroads like them because they save the price of new locomotives. Coal men are enthusiastic because they save a market that might have been lost.

Pulverized Coal and High-Octane

The most enticing development yet turned up by research men is the coal-fired gas turbine. This turbine is not turned by steam like turbines in most powerhouses. It derives its motor power from a tornado of hot gases made by burning a stream of pulverized coal. Its action depends on heat alone. And here is a significant point. There is a strikingly small difference between the amount of heat generated by a pound of coal and a pound of 100-octane gasoline. In other words, use of pulverized coal in a turbine is entirely feasible.

There are several problems involved, but research men think they can whip them. One is the problem of ash which tends to pit turbine blades. Another is to deliver only enough coal to keep temperatures perfectly controlled. If the turbine gets too hot it burns up.

Both these problems are on the way to solution. A coal-fired turbine is already in experimental operation at Johns Hopkins University. When the bugs are plucked out of it, it may very well revolutionize all transportation. The coal-fired freight plane is a distinct possibility; and so is the coal-fired automobile. The coal yard of today may well be the filling station of tomorrow. Such a turbine would vastly simplify production of electric power and operation of railroad locomotives.

Yet another coal development with fanciful possibilities is being investigated by the Russians. To make the manufactured gas used in most city cookstoves, alternated blasts of air and steam are shot over a bed of incandescent coal. The air, steam and coal combine to make two inflammable gases: hydrogen and carbon monoxide.

The Russians are experimenting with the idea of setting underground coal seams on fire, pumping air and steam down one shaft and drawing inflammable gases out of a second shaft. If the idea proves to be commercially feasible it may do away with the need for mining.

It also offers a possible means of reclaiming coal from seams that are too thin to be mined by present methods. But it will probably be a long time before this goes further than an experimental stage.

When Petroleum Is All Used Up

As our supply of petroleum dwindles—the visible supply is now down to 14 years—we will inevitably turn to coal to supply the deficit. We have an almost inexhaustible supply of coal—at least a 3,000-year reserve. About 99 per cent of our visible energy supply is coal.

Very soon now we will probably turn to coal as a source of gasoline, kerosene, Diesel oil and other liquid fuels. Chemists have found how to convert natural gas into gasoline and the same process applies to coal. Both Britain and Germany are making gasoline from coal—at a cost of about 18 cents a gallon. American engineers think they can radically cut this price. Some go so far as to say that they can make gasoline from coal at a price which will compete with gasoline from petroleum. This means 6 cents a gallon. When this is done, any fears of a gasoline shortage anywhere in the foreseeable future will disappear.

It is possibilities of this type that are causing a general feeling of optimism in the coal industry. The coal man may be gratified by the accomplishments of the research chemist—the man who converts coal into nylon, novocain, dyes. But such uses would hardly take the output of a single large mine. The coal man is keeping his eyes on really big users. He is interested in synthetic rubber made from coal, and in synthetic gasoline. He wants to see a cheap and efficient stoker which would put coal in a better competitive position with oil in home heating; and the coal turbine which might revolutionize all transport.

Right now he feels that he has a pretty good chance of seeing some of these things come true.

THE END

All in a Moment

Continued from page 11

when Daddy yelled, "Home early, kids."

I could hear Mom's muffled "Oh, *Dad,*" and then Daddy called out, "Extension granted. Not *too* early," in his deep smiling voice, and a funny warm feeling washed over me, and I ran back and kissed them both.

Pat had his father's car, and it was a beautiful April night, and I was shiveringly happy. All the remembered smells were back again, moist new leaves and the good rich earth. I sat with my hand through Pat's arm, which is how all the kids do who are going steady—it gives you kind of a sophisticated feeling—and I said to him, "Oh, Pat, I'm happy."

He said, "Joanie—" a little breathlessly, and that was all. I knew what he meant.

It was a good dance. They had Tam Powell and the Tam O' Shanters, who play terrific music, and there were a million stags, including some of the college kids. Johnny Taft, who's a junior at Cornell, cut in on me a lot, but not as much as Hunter Nash who was flunked out of Princeton and is a very lush guy. Not tall, but built like a prize fighter, with a blond crew cut and eyes the color of a cherry Coke. A gorgeous thing. He uses kind of a semibroad "a" and when he looks at you his eyes are half closed, and when he looked at *me,* it was a home run with the bases full. Now and then Pat would reappear, and of course I was glad to see him, but I mean to say when you've got guys like Hunter Nash pursuing you—

"Oh, hello, Pat," I'd toss at him. His cheek smelled like plain soap, and his line of talk, after *Hunter's,* was unspectacular.

"Having fun, Harvey?" he'd say. It's considered cute in our crowd to call your date, male or female, by his or her last name.

Once Hunter said to me, "Who's the king-size redhead?" And I laughed and said, "Oh, one of the preschool crowd." Just as if I wasn't wearing his school ring that very second, all taped up with adhesive plaster to make it fit.

DURING the intermission, Hunter and I got some punch in paper cups, and it was sort of warm inside so we took it outdoors; and then it was cold, so we got in his car. I'm no dope, you understand. I know all about parked cars at dances, but I had a theory that a *nice* girl was as safe in a parked car as in Grand Central Station. It was a sweet, sweet thought!

I sat in my corner, sipping my punch, and Hunter started groping in the glove compartment. He said, "Here, baby, let me fix that drink for you," and he poured something into it out of a bottle. It burned my mouth, but I got it down, not wanting to appear naïve.

"You're wasting your time in the bush leagues, angel," he told me. "You know you're awfully beautiful?"

"That's what they tell me," I lied. The best Pat Slattery had ever done was "Whee. Lookit you."

He laughed, kind of warm and low. "I could like you," he said. After a while he slid his arm along the back of the seat and looked down at me with those fantastic eyes of his, and I knew he was going to try to kiss me. I wasn't alarmed or anything. I mean, gosh, they all try. All you have to do is turn your head and say, "You're way ahead of me, Joe."

"Look, Hunter—" I began, and I turned my head, but this time it was different. He hurt my cheek twisting my face around, and then he kissed me. A long, rough kiss. "You're a big girl now," he murmured, and I've never felt so—so unclean or so furious in all my life.

SOMEHOW I got the car door open, and I ran across the driveway back to the club. I was rushing, trying to get to the powder room before anyone saw me, and of course I bumped smack into Pat. He looked at me, a slow, questioning look, and then I was in the little girls' room staring at myself in the mirror. Jeepers, I looked awful. The green velvet ribbon had slipped back on my hair, and my mouth was a horrible red blur. Move over, Mildred Jackson, I thought bitterly—Mildred being a shady gal in our class—and I began scrubbing my face with soap and water. When I came out, Pat was waiting.

"Get your coat, Joanie," he said quietly, and I did, and then we were in the car driving down the river road, and I was crying.

"Hey, don't do that, Joanie," he said. "We'll get some coffee and a hamburger and—ah, don't cry." He was so darned sweet, it hurt my throat. I wanted to say something, but I didn't know what to say. We stopped at Joe's, and it was very quiet. Too early for the kids from the dance. We sat in a booth in the back and ordered, and then Pat put a coin in the juke box. It was something fast with no vocal, and he beat it out with his head, looking at me now and then and not saying anything. We ate our hamburgers and drank the coffee, and then I said, "Gee, Slattery—"

He said, "That guy Nash—"

"Pat, I'm a jerk," I told him. He put out his hand and covered mine with it, and I saw how clean his fingernails were, and then I looked up and saw those good honest blue eyes, and that's when it happened. Just as the first record ended and the second one began. When you know a good guy when you see one, that's growing up, isn't it?

Pat said, "I'd like to kick Nash's teeth in, giving you a drink."

"I didn't have to take it," I answered.

"You're just a kid." And he said it so, well, tenderly, that it squeezed my heart.

After a while, we went out to the car, and somehow, everything was different. I wasn't taking mental notes on what he did and said to relay to Midge, or thinking up new quips with which to murder him. I was just very relaxed and contented. We drove up to Webb's Hill and got out of the car, and the whole town was at our feet like a toy village.

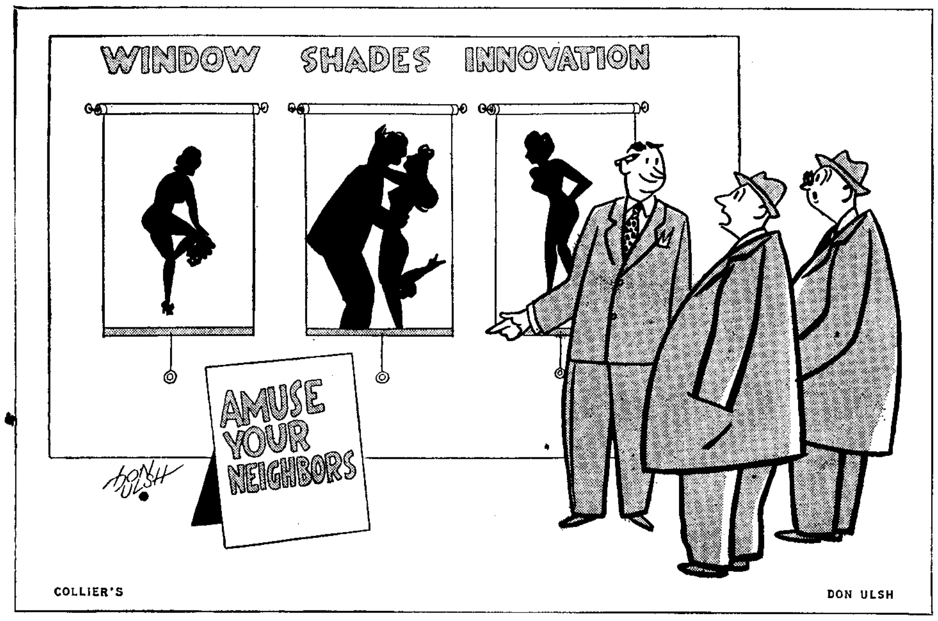
"It's nice up here," I said.

"Yeah," Pat answered. "You can—kind of get your breath."

"Do you come here very much?" I asked.

"It's a good place to hunt," he said. "And think, and stuff."

"Pat, what sort of things do you think



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about?" I realized then that we were playing it straight. We hadn't wisecracked at all for hours, and do you know—it was nice? We were sitting on the grass, our arms around our knees, and Pat said, "I think about how little time there is, and not wanting to waste any of it, and how important it is to be happy. I try to figure out where I want to live and what I want to do. I don't just want to drift into a job because it's convenient or settle down here because I was born here. I'd like to find the place where I belong." He laughed a little. "I guess you think I'm nuts."

"No, I don't, Pat," I said softly. "I know *exactly what you mean.* I've always felt that way about marriage. That—it was kind of cheating to marry someone from your home town. You should meet on an ocean liner or in China or—"

"Yeah," he said. "I know." He turned and looked at me, a serious, grown-up, searching look, and I said, in a choked voice that didn't sound like me at all, "Oh, Pat." And then he kissed me. He smelled so clean, and his mouth was cool and hard and gentle, and I guess I'll never forget that kiss. We talked a lot afterwards, and I heard myself telling him stuff I'd never even told Midge, and he held onto my hand, but he didn't kiss me any more. I wanted him to so terribly, and yet I was glad he didn't. And that night there was no such thing as time.

"Pat," I said suddenly, remembering at last. "Is it late?" And it was four o'clock. *Four o'clock.* I'd never been out later than two in my life. "Oh, Pat," I said. "I'm scared." He took me by the shoulders and said, quietly and a little fiercely, "Look, I don't care if we both get hell for being late. I've never had a better time." I wanted to call him "darling" then or touch his cheek, do something to let him know how wonderful it had been, but strangely, I was shy. All I said was, "Slats, neither have I," and somehow I wasn't frightened any more. Going home, my arm was through his, but I didn't feel sophisticated at all. Just sort of humble and warm and possessive. And I was thinking, "Oh, Daddy, just tonight—don't bellow. I'll never come in late again." And then we were home. We walked up the path slowly, and when we came to the forsythia bush, Pat stopped and broke off a twig.

"When I was a kid," he said, "I used to *think* these bushes were cheese popcorn trees." I smiled at him, and a little awkwardly he tried to put the flowers in my hair. "I like your face," he whispered, and he kissed me again, and then we started toward the house.

"They're up," I told him. "Oh, Lord, Pat—they're standing by the living-room window." We stood on the front porch a minute trying to think what we could tell them. The dance was late. The car had broken down.

"Do we have to lie about it?" Pat blazed at last.

Looking at him standing there so straight and tall and not a bit scared, I said, "Of course we don't." I gave him the key, and after a second or two we were blinking at each other in the bright hall, waiting for them to pounce. And nothing happened. We tiptoed into the living room, and—impossibly, unbelievably—there was no one there. I went back to the front door with Pat, and he held my hand tight, tight, so that his big school ring hurt my fingers, and then he said, "Good night," and he was gone.

I went upstairs, and there wasn't a sound anywhere. By the time I had crept into bed, I'd begun to think I'd imagined seeing them there at the window. I lay very still remembering Webb's Hill and how Pat had looked in the starlight, and after a while I heard Mom's and Daddy's voices. I honestly wasn't eavesdropping, but it's very hard not to hear when both of our doors are open.

"I'm so glad they didn't see us," Mother said. "Tom, weren't they sweet?"

Daddy said, "Gosh, it takes you back. Remember the night I brought you in so late and your old man said, 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself, young fellow?' "

"And you stuck out your chin and said, 'No, sir.' Darling, I was so scared—and so proud." I heard them laughing quietly. At least Mom was quiet. Daddy was giving his high-noon chortle which is fairly loud.

"Shh," Mom said. "You'll wake her up."

AFTER a while Daddy said, "I know that kids lose track of time when they're seventeen, but she'll have to get a watch or something."

"She won't do it again," Mom told him in her gentle voice. "There's just one night like that in all your lifetime." And I wondered how she knew, and I promised her there in the dark that I wouldn't let her down.

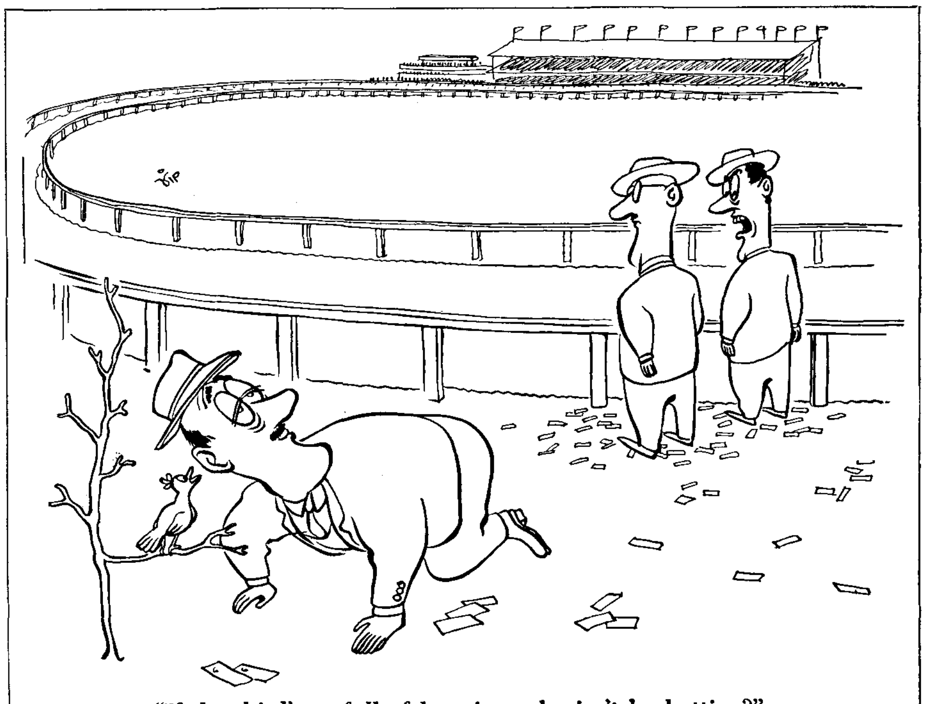
"Tom," she whispered, "I still have the flower you put in my hair that night."

Daddy's voice sounded all rough and gravelly when he said, "Oh, my darling." And after that I couldn't listen any more because for some wacky reason I was crying, and I had to put my head under the pillow. But they'll never fool me again with their matter-of-fact talk. "Put on your rubbers, for heaven's sake, Dad," and "Get your mother off that darn'-fool diet." That's their way of saying, "Take care of yourself, my darling. Don't ever get sick or die or anything. I love you." I *know.*

All of this happened a week ago, and of course Mom has never mentioned that *she* knows, and I can't let on that *I* know, and sometimes I wonder who is kidding whom. Like the time I said to her, "That Pat Slattery is a very peculiar boy," and she gave me a knowing little smile, and I gave it right back to her.

The thing is, when you've really got it, you can't talk about it. And it's too bad, isn't it, because I bet I could learn an awful lot from my mom.

THE END



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Harry Burnett, the puppet king, gets an assist from Forman Brown, who handles music. The blockheaded hero yanked a clump of hair from the heroine. There's ham in the hero

Betty Ebert and Dorothy Neumann, offstage, help shift scenery. Dorothy, who works with tongue-in-teeth, designs costumes, directs the revue and—well, you can see

TWO-FACED THEATER

BY INGA ARVAD

IT DOESN'T really matter much which way you face. Either you enjoy the puppet show, or you turn your seat over and face the opposite way to see the sophisticated stage revue. "Turnabout" is the brain child of the three B's—Burnett, Brown and Brandon. Twenty-some odd years ago, the boys, then students at the University of Michigan, got together and toured America with a puppet show. They became known as the "Yale Puppeteers."

It was fun, but there was hardly bread and butter in that idea. While touring in the heart of Texas they were riding a streetcar, and suddenly hit on the thought that if they had reversible seats in a theater, they could build two stages and provide two very different shows.

Five years ago the three B's built a tiny theater on La Cienega Boulevard. It seats 160, and has a stage at either end.

This theater with its two stages, its trolley-car seats, its brilliant puppet show and revue, is sold out six weeks in advance. About 200,000 persons have enjoyed its performances. Calls from as far away as New York, ordering seats months in advance, come in during the day. Its fame has spread.

Albert Einstein chuckled through a performance. So did Greer Garson and Joe Cotten and Rudy Vallee, Shirley Temple, Ingrid Bergman, Marlene Dietrich and Frank Sinatra, and they have shown their appreciation by signing the terra-cotta walls with their names in white chalk.

It was more difficult to find the seats than the stars. Before the first performance, someone found discarded trolley-car seats at $3 apiece. The actors for the first part of the performance could be made, or let's say "created," by Harry Burnett who is a genius with puppets, and, while the theater was still under construction, Elsa Lanchester walked into the rubble one bright morning and said, "I want to be in your show." She has been there ever since. Not because it pays her well. But because it affords her more fun than the grind before the movie cameras.

Everyone who works in this theater pitches in at whatever work is at hand. You can find one of the three B's either selling tickets, moving scenery, playing in the revue, manipulating puppets, writing a new song or serving coffee to the audience on the patio. The latter is a ritual during intermission. And the same goes for Miss Lanchester, Lotte Gosslar, Dorothy Neumann, Betty Ebert and the rest. Scenery is moved by them, lights are operated by stars, everything is on a co-operative basis.

By and large, however, Harry Burnett specializes in puppets, Forman Brown does the music and lyrics, and Richard Brandon handles all business and management.

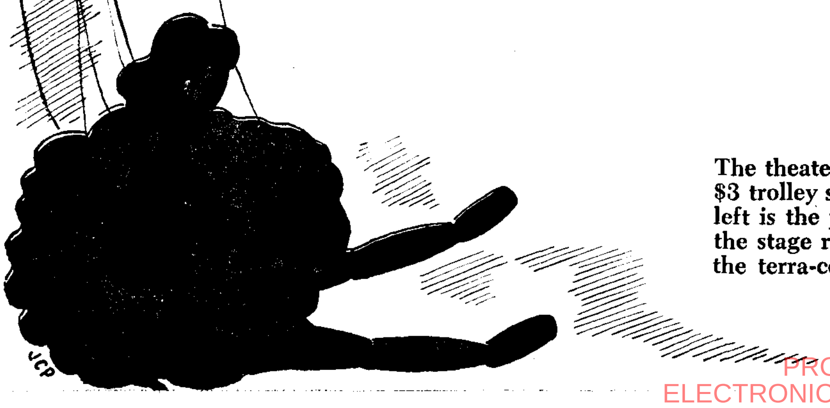
Burnett's workshop is the heart of this vest-pocket theater. Here, he practically breathes life into his 22-inch tall, six-pound "actors" and "actresses."

A Hamlet to Make Shakespeare Weep

The first puppet Harry ever made, in 1920, according to his own description, was a "gangling marionette with thin legs, a lumpish head with stiff, dun-colored hair and a carriage inspired surely by St. Vitus. His name was Hamlet, his controller was a tennis racket through the interstices of which threads ran to the alleged joints of Hamlet with a ring at the end of each thread to prevent it slipping through. The head was melted wax and so the puppet had a peculiarly post-mortem complexion."

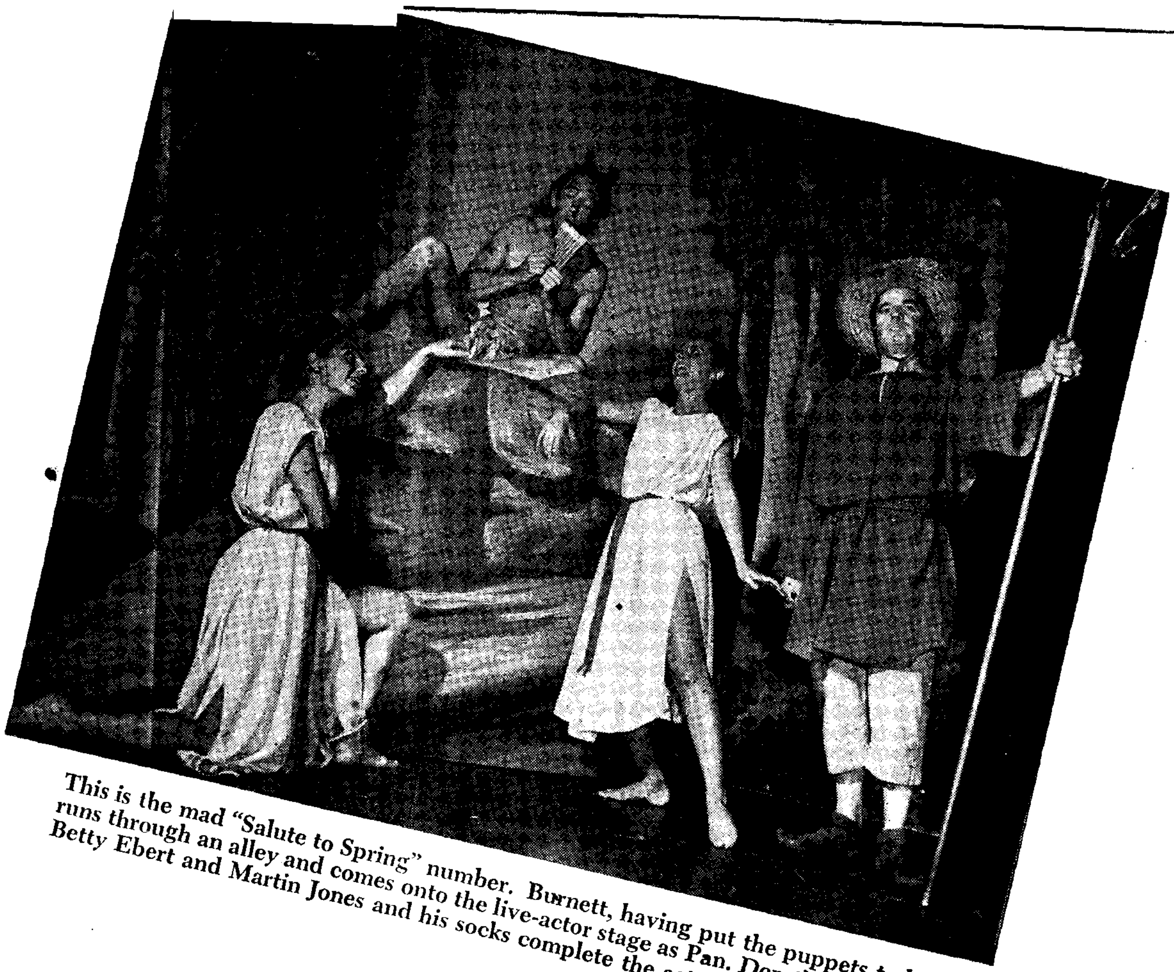
Today Harry has hundreds of boxes on shelves in his workshop and when he wants to make a new puppet, or for that matter a new show, he is well prepared with heads in one box, arms in another, hands in a third, little bottoms, big bottoms, little bosoms, big bosoms, all ready to be put together. One show requires about five hundred puppets and Harry has figured out that he has made about three thousand.

When the film stars want to relax they sit in the trolley seats and rock with laughter, no matter which way they face. ★★★



Hollywood has a vest-pocket show which — incredibly — faces two ways and draws laughs in either direction

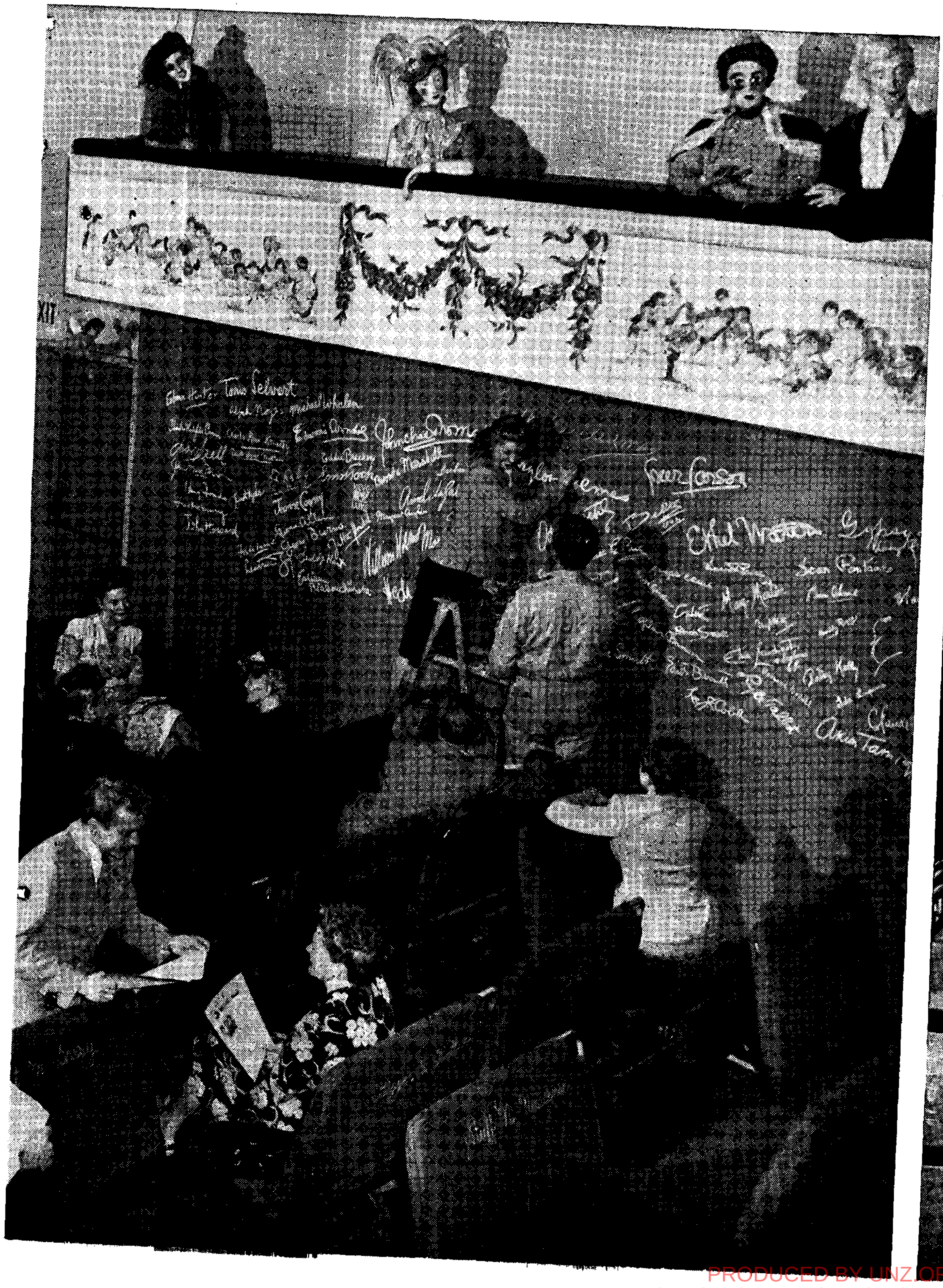
The theater looks like a classroom. The $3 trolley seats face either way. To the left is the puppet show; to the right is the stage revue. The girl autographing the terra-cotta wall is Esther Williams



This is the mad "Salute to Spring" number. Burnett, having put the puppets to bed, runs through an alley and comes onto the live-actor stage as Pan. Dorothy Neumann, Betty Ebert and Martin Jones and his socks complete the act. This wows the house.

Elsa Lanchester, who is Mrs. Charles Laughton, is the revue star. Here she relaxes during her rendition of The Janitor's Boy Is My Hero. She sings another gem entitled When a Lady Has a Piazza

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CURT GUNTHER—FPG



Everyone helps at the Turnabout Theater. Betty Ebert acts, but originally she was a lighting expert, so she helps with the switches

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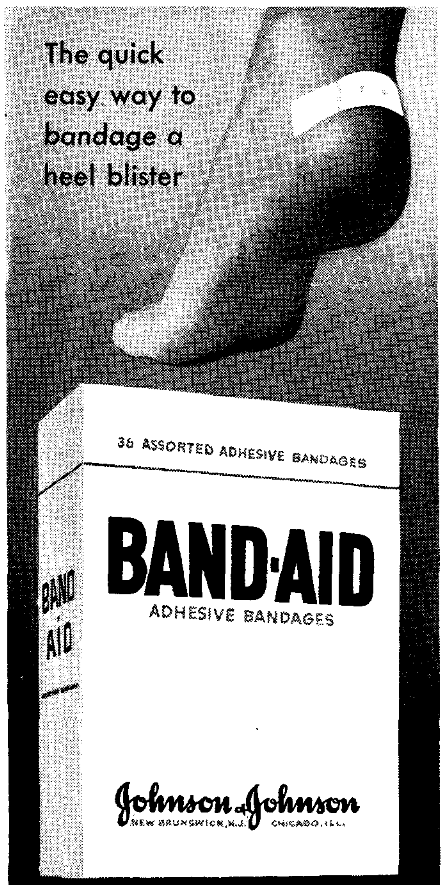
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A Fine Start

Continued from page 24

hair that fringed her neck were tight and damp with sweat.

Randall straightened the covers and turned off the light. "Good night," he whispered. "Sleep tight." As if she felt that Lucy was entitled to a second salute, Ellen said, "'Night, baby. Pleasant dreams." Lucy stirred and smiled in her sleep.

Mike was still manfully, unaccountably awake. He sat bolt upright in his narrow bed under the eaves, and his eyes seemed to fill the half-darkness with questions. "Daddy?" he said.

"Hi, boy!" Randall said. "You ought to be asleep."

"You know something? I'm going to stay up all night."

"That doesn't sound so good. Then you'll be too tired to go down to the brook in the morning."

"I don't care."

"Well, *we're* going to bed, aren't we, El?" Randall asked.

Ellen said, "Of course, we are. We like to sleep."

"I don't care," Mike said. "Going to stay up all night and all day." His eyes grew wider. "I was waiting for Mummy and you. I want to kiss Mummy before I go to sleep."

Randall glanced at Ellen. He was considering, and he saw that she was considering the various falsehoods he might tell. He might say, "Mother's having supper," or, "Mother's gone to bed," or, "Mother's too busy now."

Randall began, "It's this way, boy," and Ellen nodded, approving his choice. "Mother's going to stay down in Hartland for a while. For a little while. You're too young to go to school yet, but it's like when you go to school and you get pretty tired and then you get a vacation. You take things easy for a while. That's just what Mother's going to do."

THERE was no telling, Randall thought, whether the boy had failed to understand him, or had understood him too well. Mike's eyes flickered and he said, "I want to kiss Mummy before I go to sleep."

"Mummy isn't here tonight," Randall said. "She didn't come home with me." He had meant to be gentle, but he found that he spoke sharply. He felt as if this day had lasted twenty years. "She can't kiss you when she isn't here."

"You know what?" Mike said, with the air of a judge arranging a reasonable compromise. "If Mummy kisses me, I'll go right to sleep."

Randall lightly pushed him, hoping that he would topple back among the covers. The little body remained thin and aggressive and erect. "Go to sleep," Randall said harshly. "No more nonsense out of you."

"You know what?" the boy asked. "I want Mummy."

"Not tonight," Randall insisted. "Not tonight. Go to sleep."

"I want Mummy."

"To sleep, I said."

"I want Mummy."

Randall had had no conscious intention of striking the boy. He had never struck him before. Gravely he watched his right hand draw back and slap Mike's face. Mike was not hurt. His eyes narrowed with incredulity, then, knowing no other response to what was beyond his understanding, he burst into tears.

Randall got to his feet. He had never been able to bear the sound of his son's crying, of that stern man-child's breaking down. "Now," he said. "Now what? Now what do I do?"

Ellen touched his arm. "Leave him to me. Please."

Randall had turned to her as he would have turned to her mother, to be dismissed. He walked out of the room and down the steep stairs into the kitchen. Sitting at the scarred pine table, he rested his head on his arms. "Oh, Lord," he said, like a prayer. "Oh, Lord, Lord, but I've made a fine start." Upstairs, over the sound of Mike's crying, he could hear Ellen beginning the story of Peter Rabbit and Mr. MacGregor. The words Lord, start, Peter Rabbit, and Mr. MacGregor pulsed in his ears. The combination, he thought, is probably very funny; probably I will laugh at it tomorrow or next month, or next year.

He considered getting out the car and driving away from the house, driving until he had fallen asleep at the wheel. Instead, he got up and carried his soiled supper dishes across the room to the sink. That was probably very funny, too, but he moved as if it were a solemn and risky undertaking. He found the washbasin on a hook under the sink—Ellen, who was normally as forgetful as he, had evidently taken care tonight to put everything where it belonged—and filled the basin with hot water.

He washed the dishes as carefully as if they were Dresden figurines and set them on the wooden counter. He was starting to dry them when Ellen came down the stairs. Randall turned to her and she nodded, a finger at her lips. It was odd that he had not noticed when Mike stopped crying. He said, "Thanks, baby."

Ellen lifted a stack of books from a shelf by the kitchen door. "Homework," she said, and made a face.

"Good for you."

"Bad for me." She went to the cookie jar, took a handful of cookies, set one between Randall's lips, and retired to the table. "I wish he'd stuck to fighting," she said.

"Caesar? Then you'd never have heard of the Helvetii."

"Or the Nervii. And I wouldn't have minded a bit."

"I remember a phrase *signum datum,*" Randall said. "'The sign having been given.' Doesn't Caesar keep saying that?"

Ellen nodded. "Do you suppose that's the periphrastic conjugation? Miss Wilkes asked me today for an example of the passive periphrastic conjugation and I nearly fell off my chair."

The old wall clock ticked louder at night than during the day, and now, as they fell silent, it filled the room with metallic chirpings. Randall put away the dishes, washed and dried the basin, and hung it on the hook under the sink. Ellen watched him. "You never did that before," she said. "You never put *anything* away, Daddy."

"I know. I won't let it happen again."

"See that you don't."

He sat down across the table from her, fumbling with the edge of one of her books. "Listen, darling," he said. "You're as grown-up as I am. Probably you're twice as grown-up as I am. I want you to know that what I told Mike is just about the truth. There isn't anything horrible or mysterious that I'm afraid to tell you." He saw that the book he was fumbling with was The Mill on the Floss, by George Eliot. He remembered having read it a lifetime ago. There had been a girl in it named Maggie, and a terrible flood. "Mother isn't badly off," he said. "She's just sick the way thousands of other people are sick, and she wants to get well. She's willing to do anything to get well."

Ellen kept her eyes on the book in front of her, a finger marking her place on the page.

"And Geer's isn't as bad as you might think," Randall went on. "The nurses and doctors don't even wear uniforms. Mother won't be—she won't be happy there, but she won't be unhappy there, because she'll be thinking of coming back to us. Coming back well."

Ellen said faintly, "She *is* coming back, isn't she? You weren't just fibbing to Mike?"

"No," Randall said, "no, of course, she's coming back. I told Mike it would be only a little while. Maybe it will be only a little while, and maybe it will be longer than a little while. Doctor Geer doesn't like to promise much. But, darling, you mustn't think that she's not coming back, that she's not looking forward to coming back."

HE LOOKED down at the book in his hand. As he remembered the story, the flood had swept up around the mill, and Maggie and her brother had clung helplessly together in the face of it.

"Mother's not worried about how a couple of old rocks like us will get along," Randall said. "She's only worried about Lucy and Mike. Our job is to keep hugging tight to them and each other during this bad time, till the good times come. The better-than ever times."

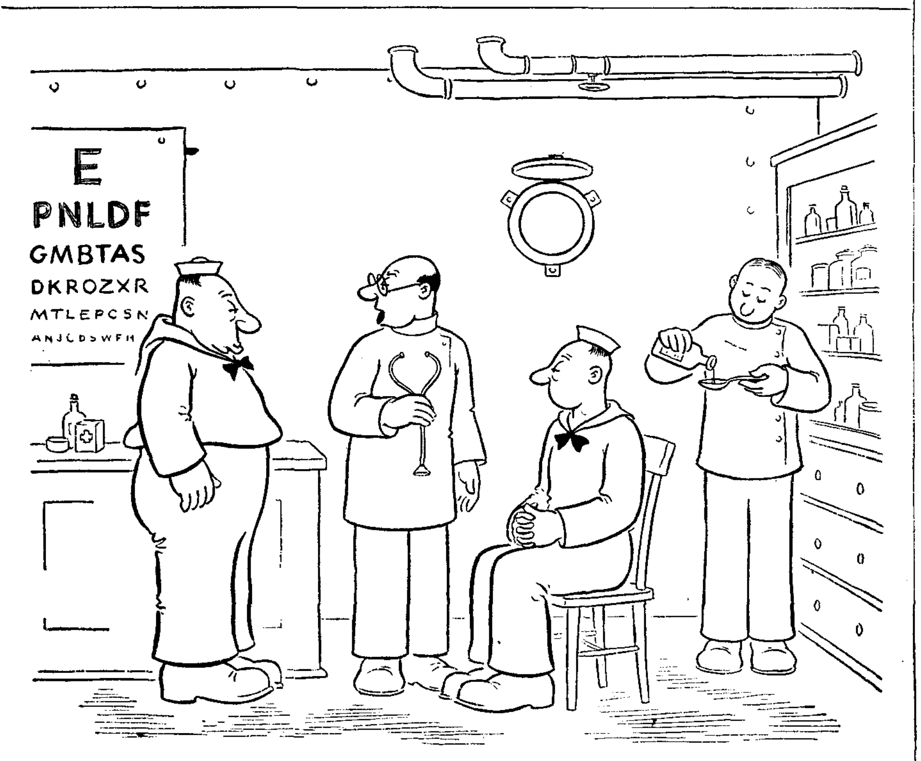
I believe this, Randall thought. I believe this. He smiled awkwardly. "I got off to a fine start tonight," he said, "but I'll learn. You wait and see. I'll be the greatest pop that ever was."

Ellen said, "You! You're just a spoiled baby!" She rolled a cookie across the table to him. "There! Eat that and stop boasting. I have some work to do."

She bent her round, shining head over the book, her finger tracing Caesar's hardship in fording a Gallic stream.

THE END

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"I am quite capable of treating Milton's cold, Alfred, without any further advice from you about hot lemonade, mustard foot baths, raw onions, hot water bottles and kerosene inhalers"

COLLIER'S

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2. **Insist upon *quality* lubricants.** That's the *only* kind you'll find where you get reliable service. But, if you're in doubt, you can be *really* sure by going where you get genuine Alemite Lubricants. These quality lubricants are specialized to do the right job . . . scientifically developed for every vital point on your car.

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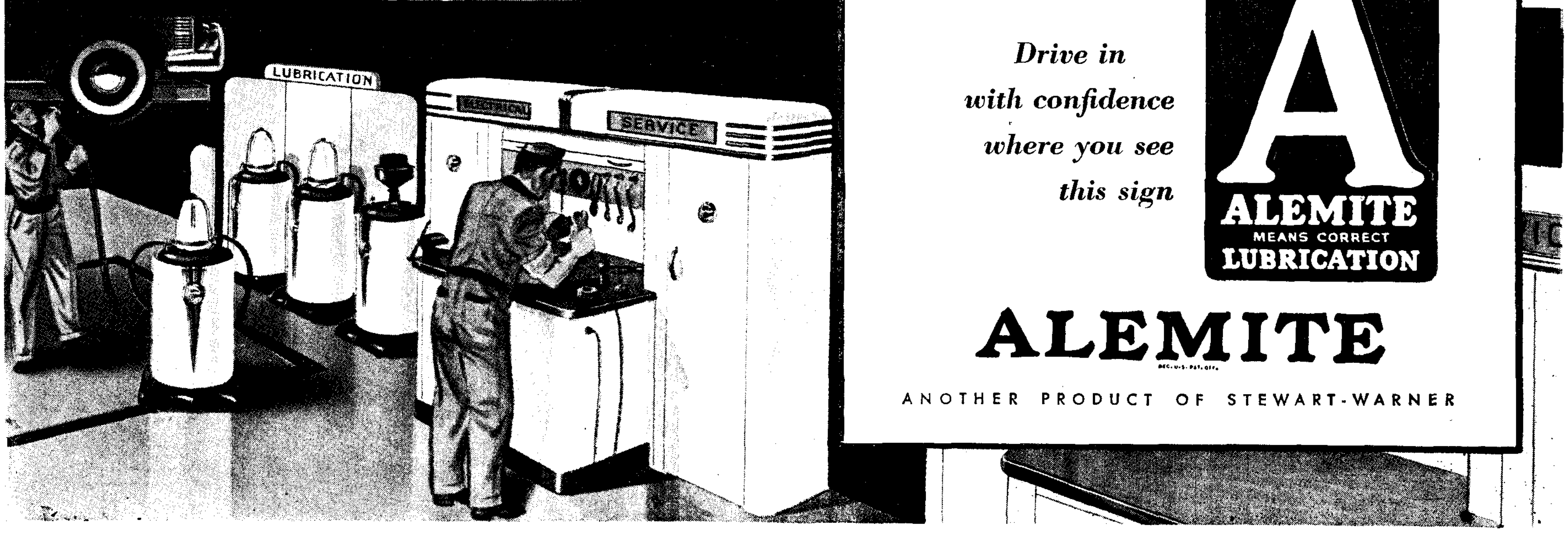
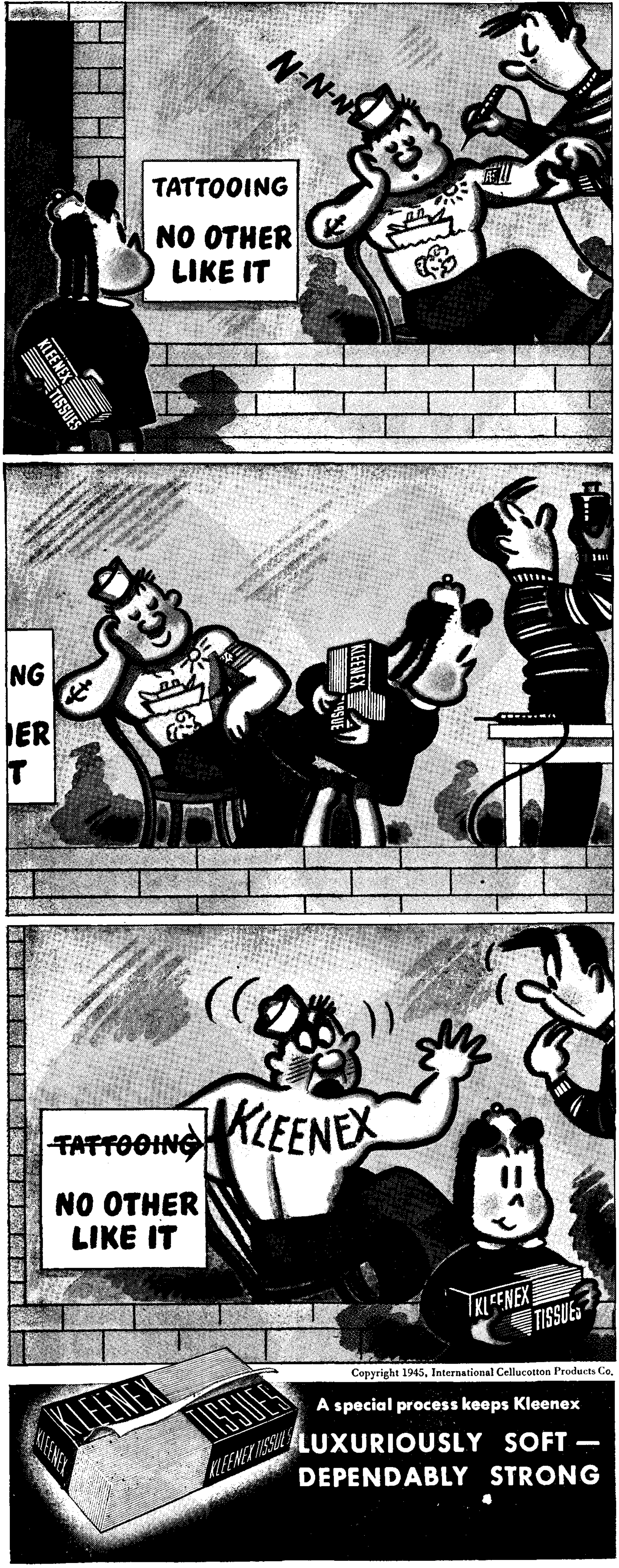


A Typical Installation of Alemite Power Lubricating Equipment

LITTLE LULU by Marge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LUXURIOUSLY SOFT — DEPENDABLY STRONG

Stalin is Gray

Continued from page 15

all possible eventualities and provide for each. It is unthinkable that the Number One contingency—Stalin's death—has not been provided for.

In the United States there was little or no speculation over Stalin's successor until last October, when the Moscow newspapers announced he had gone down to Sochi on the Black Sea for his first vacation in four and a half years. Within a few days rumors girdled the earth. The Swiss radio reported Stalin seriously ill. Ankara said he had had a severe heart attack. Paris claimed he was dying of a stomach complaint.

The excitement did not die down until it was learned that the American ambassador, W. Averell Harriman, had visited Stalin at Sochi and found him in excellent health, with a ruddy tan replacing his Kremlin pallor. But this left a question in people's minds: After Stalin, what, who and why? The fact is that no one can or will truly succeed Stalin. His tremendous job will be divided up among two or three men.

Little Known Outside USSR

Who these men will be, naturally, is much better known inside Russia than outside. One reason for this is that Stalin's successor is almost certain to be a man virtually unknown outside of Russia—Andrei Zhdanov. His is a big name in Russia, and the only one I've heard Russians mention as a possible successor to Stalin.

Actually, there are two other possibilities—both of them even less known beyond Russia's border. They are Andrei A. Andreyev and Georgi M. Malenkov.

Inside Russia, Zhdanov has been in the spotlight for eleven years. Stalin picked him to succeed Sergei Kirov, the Leningrad party secretary whose assassination in 1934 touched off the famous "purge." The Leningrad secretariat has traditionally been the Number Two job in Russia.

All three possible successors of Stalin are members of the Politburo which is to Russia roughly what the board of directors is to an American corporation. There are about six million Communists in Russia. By and large, the six million run the country. They, in turn, are run by a Central Committee of seventy-two members. The Politburo runs the Central Committee. In the Soviet pyramid these three stand just below Stalin and rank above well-known figures like Foreign Commissar Molotov, Maxim Litvinov, President Kalinin, or Marshals Zhukov, Timoshenko, Rokossovsky, Budenny or Voroshilov.

You can draw up organizational charts to show that any one of the three is more important than the other two. All three are members of the Politburo but Zhdanov and Andreyev are full members and Malenkov an alternate. All three are alternates as secretary general of the Communist Party—but Zhdanov's name is listed first. This, of course, is the key position and the only major office held by Stalin from 1923 to 1941.

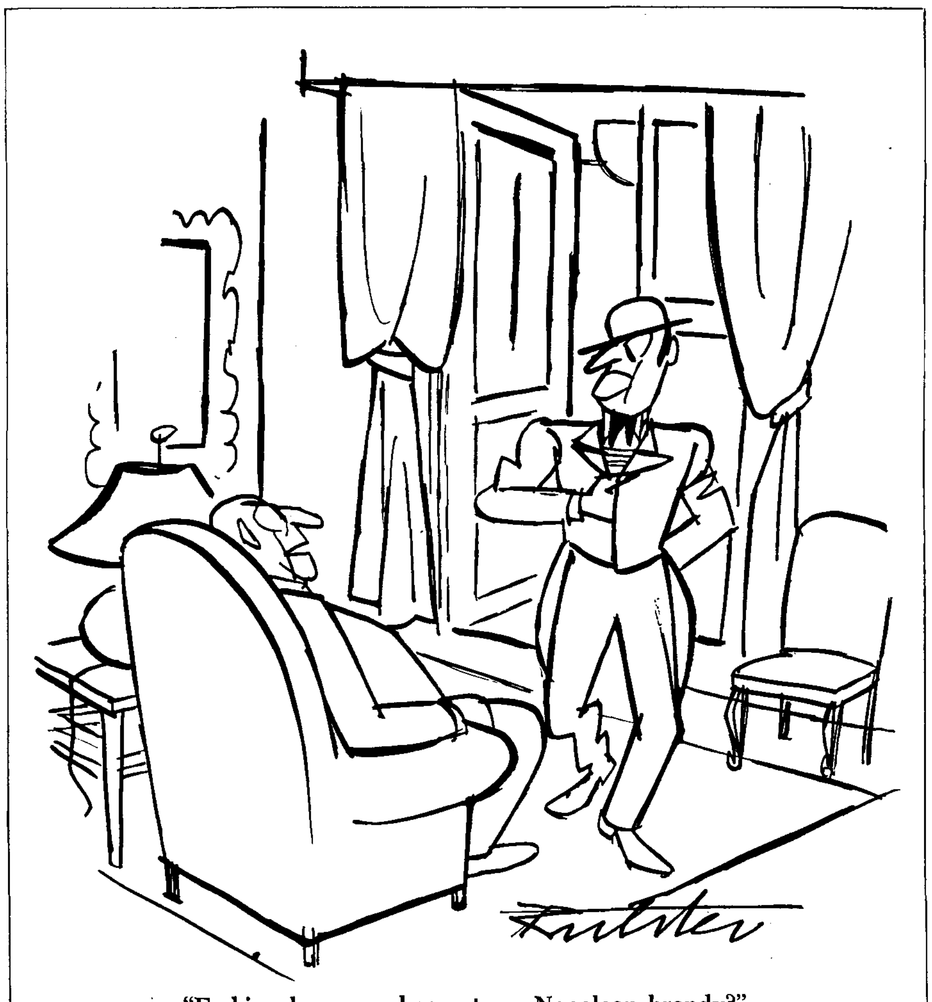
All three—and only these three—are members both of the Communist Party Secretariat and of the Communist Party Organization Bureau. Malenkov was Stalin's private secretary and was the only one of the three named to the five-man Supreme Defense Council set up at the outbreak of war. Andreyev does not seem to hold quite so many high-ranking positions as Malenkov, yet he is chairman of the Communist Party Control Commission which holds the fate of every party member in its hands.

This commission can fire any party member—a vast power, particularly at a time when the party is digesting hundreds of thousands of new and untried members taken in during the war.

Andreyev started out as a trade union and railroad specialist, but his greatest successes have been in the field of agriculture. Malenkov has concentrated on heavy industry.

Nevertheless, the corpulent Zhdanov is a top-heavy favorite. He is forty-nine years old, a year younger than Andreyev and five years older than Malenkov. Zhdanov is something of a wit and his speeches are salted with earthy humor which is something like Stalin's. His style is simple, direct and unusually frank. He does not rely very much on quotations from Stalin to back his points.

While boss of Leningrad, Zhdanov was also in charge of the Communist Party propaganda bureau and a leader in the drive to bring Russia back to sanity after the hysteria of the purge. Stalin picked him to draft the changes in party procedure which were intended not only to end the possibility of



COLLIER'S "Ferkins, have you been at my Napoleon brandy?" MISCHA RICHTER

HARRY'S
THEATRICAL
AGENCY

COLLIER'S "Is that all you can do—play duets?" SIMON KATZMAN

future purges but to liberalize admission into the party and put the accent on youth.

Zhdanov also became chairman of the Supreme Soviet committees on foreign relations. So far as is known his foreign policy closely paralleled Stalin's. Zhdanov it was who wrote the "tip-off" letter in Pravda on June 29, 1939, which should have caused—but didn't—Chamberlain and Daladier to realize that it was half past the eleventh hour if they hoped to sign a pact with Russia against Germany. Zhdanov wrote frankly that he thought Britain and France were deliberately stalling in the negotiations and that "the next few days must show whether this is so or not."

A few days later the negotiations broke off, Russia signed the nonaggression pact with Germany within a matter of weeks, Hitler moved into Poland, and the war was on.

The Finnish war, largely conducted by his Leningrad military district command, may have given Zhdanov a brief eclipse, but any tarnish on his military reputation was removed by his defense of Leningrad.

Zhdanov led Leningrad through a siege unparalleled in modern times. His iron determination not to yield the city helped inspire the people to hold fast. They starved and froze and died by the hundred thousand—but the Germans could not breach the lines.

The first thing that struck me when I went to Leningrad after the siege was finally lifted was the hundreds of pictures, photographs and posters of Zhdanov everywhere. Stalin came second. Nowhere else in Russia was anything like this to be seen.

Now, Zhdanov's deputy has taken over the rule of Leningrad. For nearly a year Zhdanov has concentrated on two major tasks—running the Allied Control Commission in Finland and handling the general affairs of the Communist Party. It is notable that the business of the Allied Control Commission in Finland has contrasted sharply with that of similar commissions in Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary. The Finns have found Zhdanov firm but surprisingly understanding, and his Allied colleagues have had a minimum of complaints and criticism.

Now that the war is over, Stalin probably will go back to the prewar setup in which he held only the secretary-generalship of the party. Before the war Molotov was premier, Litvinov was foreign commissar and Voroshilov (later succeeded by Timoshenko) was war commissar.

It is likely that Molotov will resume the premiership. His successor in the foreign office doubtless would be A. Y. Vishinsky, the present Number Two man who first came to the public eye as the prosecutor of the later purge trials. He was also Russian representative on the Allied Mediterranean Commission. Vishinsky is a shrewd, brilliant man with a quick wit and a disarming ability to turn aside questions he doesn't want to answer. The war post might go either to Zhukov or to Filip Golikov who has been possibly the closest military adviser to Stalin since 1941.

There is no one now on the horizon except Zhdanov, Malenkov and Andreyev who combines enough power, prestige and influence to challenge Stalin in filling the focal position of secretary-general of the party.

Generalissimo's Health Is Good

Nor, for that matter, is there any indication that the secretary-generalship will be vacant at any early date. True, Stalin feels his years and the tremendous exertions of the war. But his health is good. There is some reason to believe that he was told a couple of years before the war to beware of too great strain on his heart. But he did not curtail his activities.

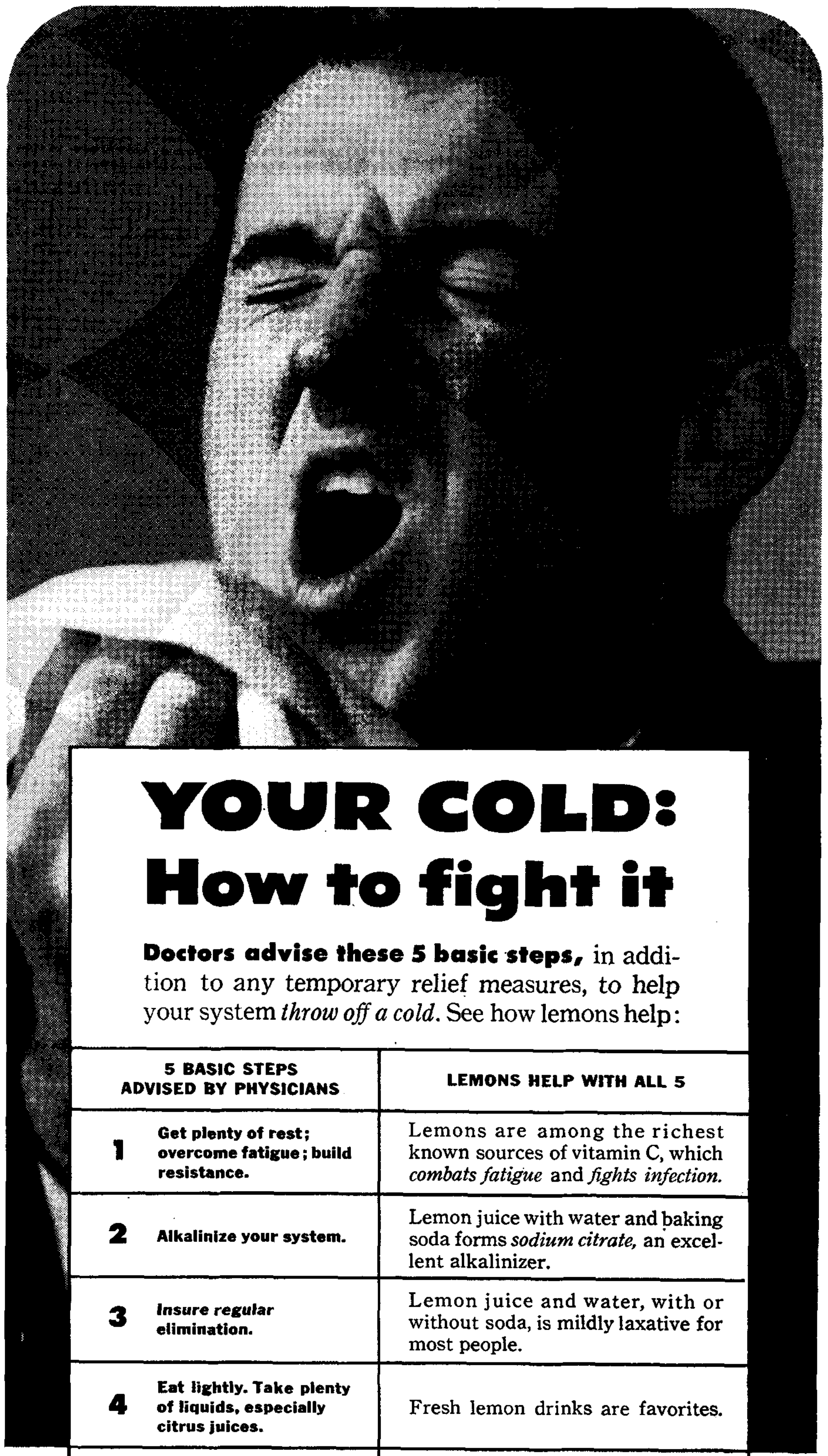
In recent years his routine has gone about like this:

He rises about noon and eats a typical light Russian breakfast, a glass of *chi* (tea), bread and cheese. Sometimes he probably adds a dish of herring. He ate well all through the war. So did all very top-bracket Russians. The Soviet philosophy was that those who made extraordinary contributions earned the right to extraordinary rewards and, also, should be maintained in a manner which would preserve such prime assets of the state.

While the war was on, Stalin used to drive to the war department and confer with his general staff at about 1 P.M. The conferences lasted two or three hours. He then returned to his Kremlin study, had a light snack and worked until about 7 P.M. Then the main work of his day began—a succession of interviews and conferences, lasting until well after midnight. Between 11 P.M. and 1 A.M. he had his main meal of the day, usually returning to his desk until 4 or 5 A.M. Frequently the final hour would be given over to another conference with the general staff. If there were fresh newsreels of the front or a new Soviet feature picture he might see it sometime after midnight in the little theater of the Kremlin.

State dinners, usually diplomatic feasts, varied the routine. These ordinarily started at 10 or 11 P.M. and lasted about four hours. On such nights it might be 5 or 6 A.M. before Stalin's day ended.

He lived in the Kremlin in a small apartment, described by various sources as having



YOUR COLD: How to fight it

Doctors advise these 5 basic steps, in addition to any temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold*. See how lemons help:

	5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1	**Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2	**Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
3	**Insure regular elimination.**	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4	**Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5	**Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

TO GAIN FULL BENEFITS FROM LEMONS—FOLLOW THIS ROUTINE

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

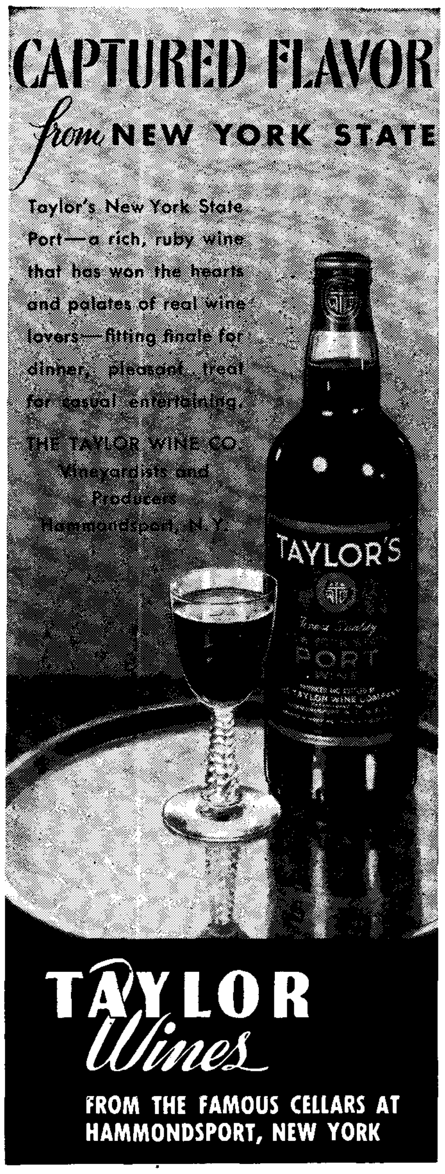
Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons



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ALL FOOD "SEALED IN COLD." Uniform temperature throughout.

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It's a beauty! This 5 cu. ft. Amana Home Freezer Take it into your home and enjoy new ease of meal preparation with tasty, healthful, fresh frozen food. Yes, it stores a *generous supply* of frozen foods right where you want them—at home. A pleasant surprise is in store for you when you see the new AMANA Freezers.

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Home Freezers from 5 to 123 cu. ft. food capacity!
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from three to five rooms. The walls of his quarters are lined with bookshelves—even the walls of the dining room.

He is a rapid worker with great powers of concentration. His staff is top-notch, capable of synthesizing background material into briefs which he digests quickly and accurately. His callers are impressed with the breadth and detail of his information.

Stalin stands five feet four or five and he is rather chunky. He appears more broad-shouldered than he really is under the stiff epaulettes of his marshal's uniform. His shoulders actually have become rather stooped with his burden of work. He is more heavily jowled than most pictures indicate and there are bags under his eyes. His teeth are discolored from heavy smoking of his big black pipe, which he crams with his favorite American tobacco. Unless you look closely you do not notice that his left arm is slightly shriveled, because the cuffs of his beige uniform are cut very long.

I never heard anyone in Russia, except foreigners, talk of Stalin's family life. Like all Russians he made his sacrifice in the war but he is luckier than most—he lost only one member of his family, a son, Jakob, born of his first wife, who died in 1917. Jakob, no particular favorite of his father, was an artillery lieutenant. He was captured by the Germans on July 16, 1941, and died in a Nazi prison camp.

Stalin's second wife was Nadejda Alleluya. Of this union two children were born, Vassily, now twenty-five and a colonel commander of a Red Air Force fighter squadron, and Svetlana. Vassily was cited three times in Stalin's orders of the day and twice was decorated for bravery.

Good Marks and a Honeymoon

Early in 1942, Svetlana went to Moscow University where she majored in social sciences. A little more than a year ago she married a fellow university student. Gossip in Moscow was that Papa said the couple couldn't get married unless their marks were good. Evidently the marks were okay because it was reported that the couple had a Crimean honeymoon, with Papa providing the car. Nothing of the marriage ever appeared in the Soviet press. Svetlana is said to be her father's favorite. She is a shy, dark-haired girl of twenty.

Stalin's second wife died in 1932 of peritonitis. She is buried in the grounds of the "Young Maiden" convent in Moscow under a simple white marble shaft inscribed: "Nadejda Alleluya from Josef Stalin."

Most people in Moscow believe that Stalin has taken a third wife, the sister of Lazar Kaganovitch, railroad and heavy industries commissar and the only Jew on the Politburo, but I do not know of anyone who has been able to confirm this.

Despite the vigor and normality of his life Stalin harbors no illusions. He is, above all, a realist. "The logic of things is stronger than any other logic," is one of his favorite expressions. So it is natural that more and more he prefixes his remarks with phrases like: "If I live, we will do so-and-so." Or, "My plan, if I am still living, is . . ."

Undoubtedly that is the sort of remark which his most intimate associates, the Politburo, have been hearing for several years. The relationship of these men to Stalin and to one another holds, to a great extent, the answer to the question of what will happen in Russia when Stalin dies—whether there will be a continuity of Russian policy and whether there will be a struggle for power over the succession.

Stalin's word, naturally, weighs heavily with his intimates. But there has never been any sign that the Politburo has been overawed by him. Stalin, of course, is their leader. But he is not the kind of executive you cannot speak up to.

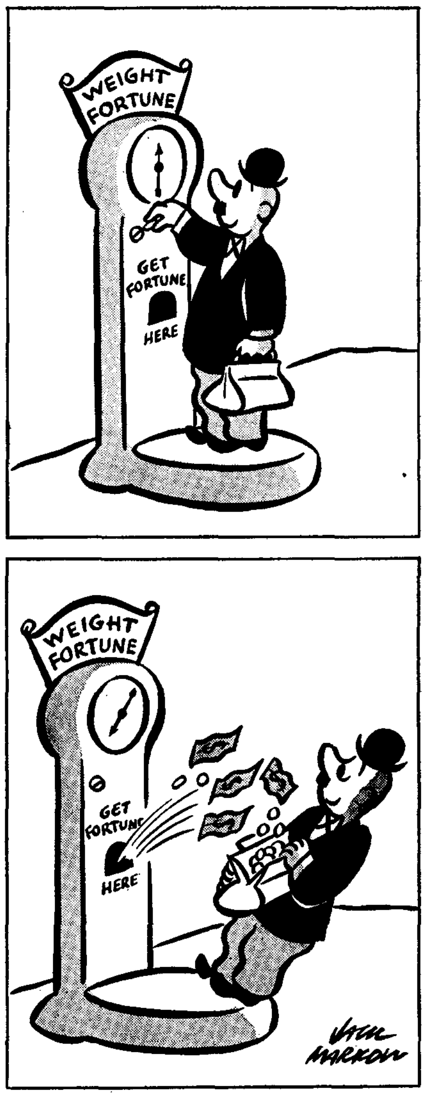
This is emphasized in the only really intimate sketch of Stalin which the Soviet press has published—by Alexander Yakovlev, designer of the crack fighter plane, the Yak.

"Stalin is plain and simple in his conversation," Yakovlev wrote. "When he speaks with you he paces around his office. When he listens to a person he never interrupts. If he asks a question and the person gives a superficial answer, he cuts in with sarcastic criticism.

"A person says to Stalin, 'Comrade Stalin, you are not allowing me enough time for this job. This work is very difficult.' Stalin replies, 'Here we speak only about difficult work. That is the reason we invited you here.' "

Yakovlev said he was shy the first time he met Stalin.

"I looked at the ceiling, wondering how to answer questions," he said. "Stalin said, 'Don't look at the ceiling. You won't find the answers there. Better look at me and say what you think.' Once I was uncertain whether Stalin would like the answer to a certain question and he saw what was in my mind and said, 'Answer what you think. Don't try to tell me just the things which I like. You are a specialist. You are here not for us to teach you but for you to teach us.' Once Stalin said, 'If you think you are right and can tell the reasons why you are right, do not worry about what people think. Do what your head and conscience dictate.' "



COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

Sergei Lavochkin, Yakovlev's fellow aircraft designer, backs this up. He got into an argument once with Stalin, who wanted him to boost the speed and range of a certain plane. Lavochkin said flatly that it couldn't be done. After much talk Stalin shrugged his shoulders in amusement, saying: "Well, I can't change your mind. Let's drop the question."

I suspect that Stalin and the Politburo thrash out Russian policy with the same kind of plain speaking and that the opinion of the Politburo influences Stalin as much as his influences them.

There is a popular conception of Stalin as an all-powerful dictator, a kind of combination Caesar, Napoleon, Peter the Great, Hitler and Huey Long—all rolled into one. That is not my impression. I think Stalin is subject to several controls and one of the most important is that of the Politburo.

Anyone who studies the organization of the Soviet state can see that the Politburo debates all major policy questions. Stalin's is the most powerful voice within the junta, and should he feel very strongly on a question he could undoubtedly carry the day against his colleagues. I believe he has done that on occasion. I do not believe, for example, that his colleagues were unanimous on the question of the Teheran declaration.

I think careful reading of Stalin's speeches bears this out, particularly his very important address of November 7, 1942. His speech reflected Russia's second-front bitterness and he taunted his allies for their caution. Then he went on into a detailed argument about the possibilities of victorious collaboration with the Allies.

Reading his arguments today there seems little doubt that they reflect the actual debates Stalin had with his Politburo colleagues, some of whom doubtless needed convincing. Stalin frankly said two years later in November, 1944, that there were "serious differences" over the second front but when the die for collaboration with the west was cast, there was one man who cast it—Stalin. It was *his* kind of a decision, pragmatic rather than doctrinaire. As he said, it is the "logic of things" which counts.

Stalin is not a perfectionist. Again he appeared to be speaking over the heads of his people to some of his colleagues when he gently chided those who made much of differences of opinion between Russia and her allies.

"Differences do exist, of course," he said, "and they will arise on a number of other issues this week. Differences occur *even among people of one and the same party*. One should not be surprised because differences exist but because there are so few of them and that they are as a rule solved almost every time."

I do not believe Stalin has ever committed Russia to a policy which the Politburo entirely opposed. I do not think outright disagreement between Stalin and his colleagues is ever likely because these men have worked together so long and so closely that the whole trend of their views is toward identity. This will make for continuity of policy and a minimum of friction when Stalin is gone. It also means that the latitude of Stalin's action is restricted by the opinion of his most intimate circle.

There is another restriction on Stalin's power—Russian public opinion. I suppose most foreigners will be startled at the idea that Russian public opinion even exists. But this is a fundamental misconception. Only a state which has a virtually united public opinion behind it could display the strength Russia developed during the war.

Propagandizing the Public Mind

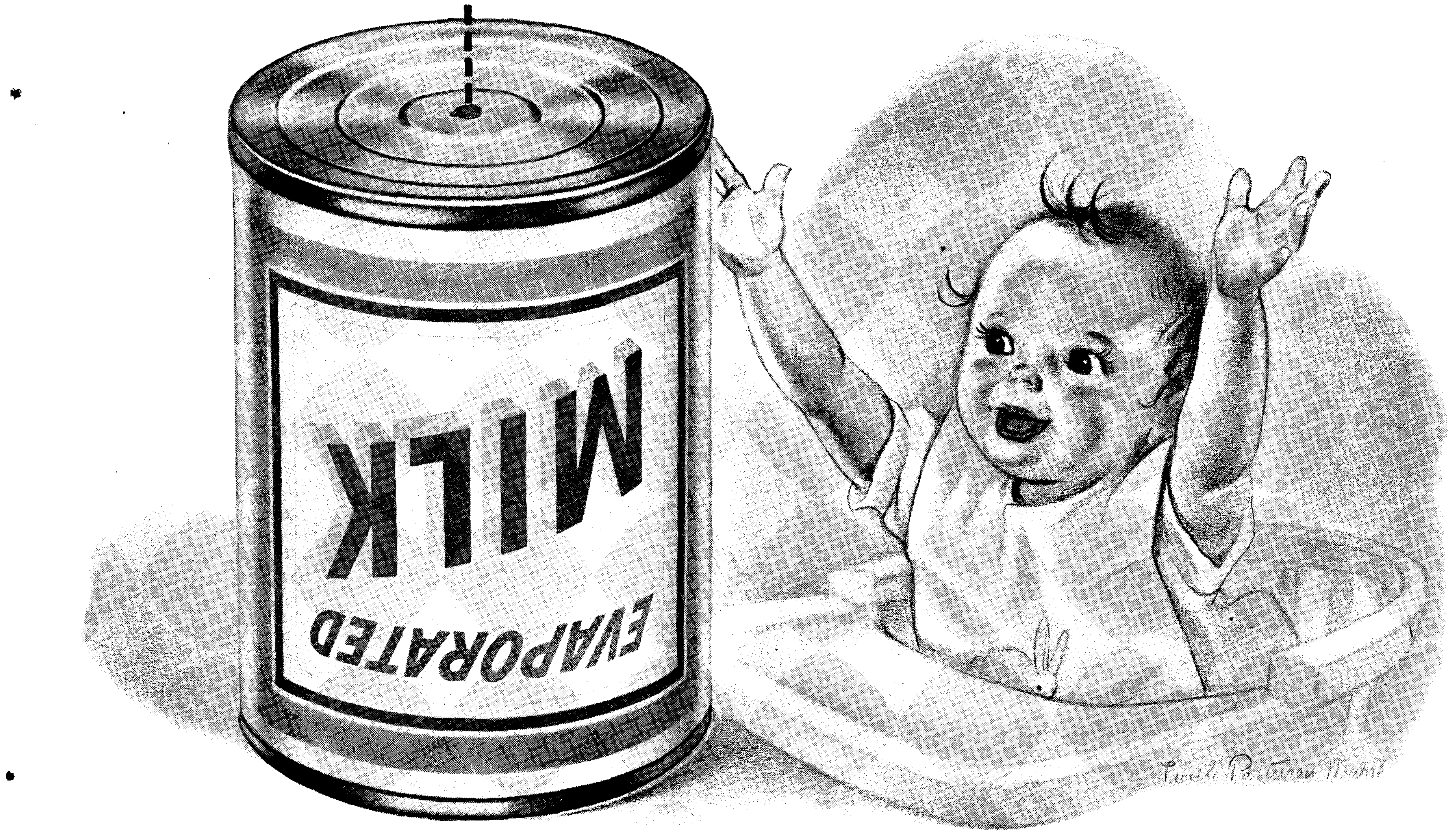
Public opinion works like this in Russia: First of all, the government makes extraordinary efforts to mobilize the support of all workers and peasants. The press and radio drill in the government line day after day. Every publication in Russia is mobilized, even the historical reviews, the children's magazines and the sports weeklies. "Party agitators" carry the line to the workers in factories and offices; officers, many of them former political commissars, bring the word to the troops; children get it in the schools, movie audiences through films and newsreels, and everyone through slogans and posters on the walls.

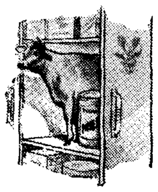
All this molds public opinion in Russia and enables the government to count on the support of the people. *But this is not all.* A second process goes on concurrently. The vast machinery for dissemination of official policy is reporting back what the people are talking about, what they hope the government will do.

This information comes in from the workers' meetings where in the privacy of office or factory they speak their minds with the frankness of a New England town meeting. It comes from the criticisms dropped in the suggestion boxes of stores, factories or offices. It comes from the letters to the newspapers.

This information on public opinion flows back to higher Soviet levels like a continuous Gallup poll. There is no doubt that Stalin is guided by this information. It is constantly being mirrored in the Soviet press which has the function of being a gadfly to Soviet officials and managers. If the people are uneasy or bitter about a condition, the complaints

The Drop of Solder...



that puts a Cow  *in your Kitchen Cupboard*

What's the final step in protecting the purity of the condensed or evaporated milk that you find so handy?

It's a little drop of solder . . . that seals the tiny hole through which the can is filled.

Solder, too, is the vital trifle that helps keep tin containers from "leaking at the seams" . . . an unsung servant in bringing the farm to your kitchen, the oil fields to your car.

In fact, much of the modern world as you know it today would "fall apart" but for this man-made metal joiner. Electric power, from the largest to the smallest generator, would be no more. Planes, trains and ships would stop. Household appliances would not work. Automatic fire sprinkler systems would fail. All communication by radio, telegraph and telephone would be stilled.

As an example, when you dial a phone number over an automatic exchange, your personal message passes through as many as 4000 soldered connections joining the maze of wires to intricate equipment. And they must be "good connections". That's why they're soldered . . . and why good solder must be used.

For, while man has found no convenient substitute for solder since its first recorded use in Roman days, he has learned this: *not only are many different solders needed to do today's countless jobs, but the indispensable factors of each are their absolute purity and fitness for the work at hand.*

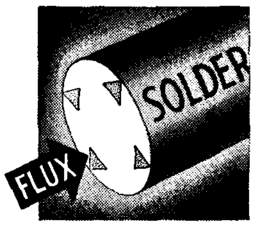
Thus, such widely differing uses as holding together car radiators and joining radio tube parts demand special, highly refined solders. And methods of application range all the way from the familiar hand soldering iron to automatic, electrical heat induction.

Equally important and varied are the special "fluxes" needed to help clean the surfaces to be joined and make the solder cling.

That's why National Lead's extensive experience with solders and fluxes for every use is such good assurance to industry of well-soldered jobs. It has resulted in a broad line, including Dutch Boy Solders and "Nalco" Fluxes, as well as specialty products such as "Fluxrite", described at the lower left.

Whatever *your* industrial soldering needs, National Lead invites your inquiry. This one organization can supply not only the proper solder in the most efficient form and size—as well as the ideal flux to go with it—but also expert advice on the method to be used. Address National Lead Company, 111 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

NEWEST IDEA SINCE NERO!
Since early Roman times men have known that the right way to solder is to apply the flux first. Today, Dutch Boy "Fluxrite" does this in the convenient wire form with flux and solder combined. Note the ingenious way the flux is contained in grooves right at the surface of the solder, so it will reach the work first and in exactly the right amount. Just one of National Lead's many contributions to better soldering.



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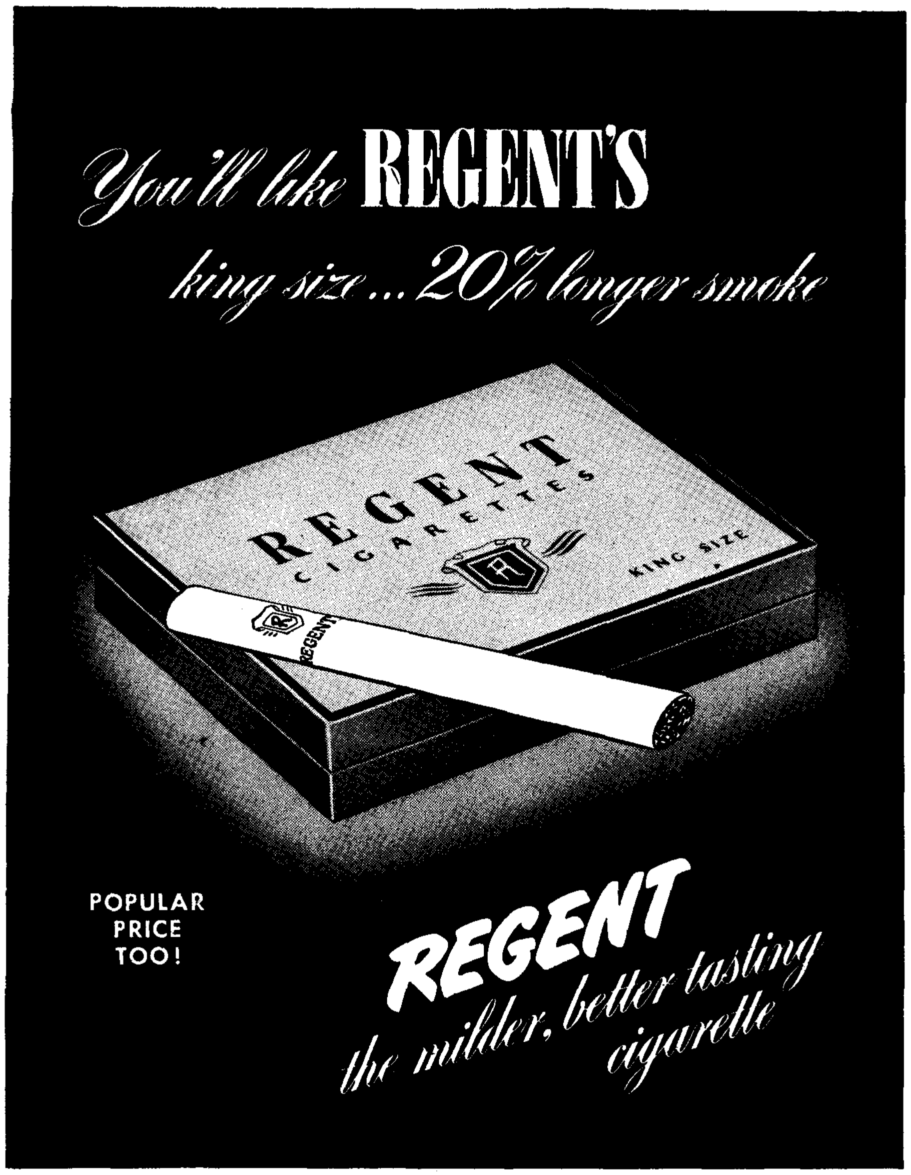

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Sold at all hardware, paint and 10¢ stores.

Tube or Can

Handles like putty .. Hardens into wood!

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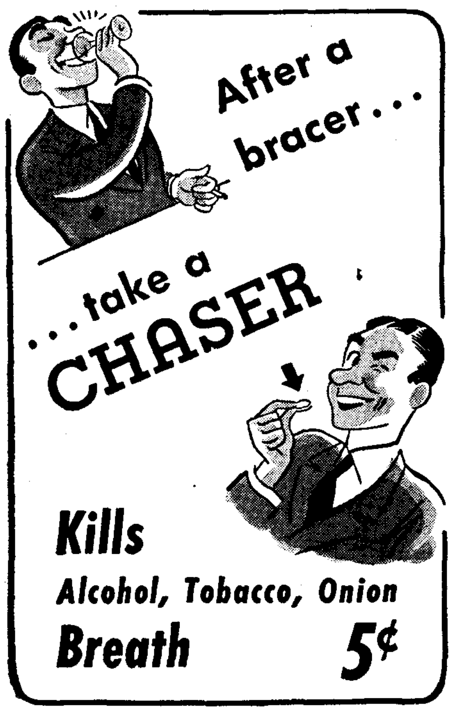

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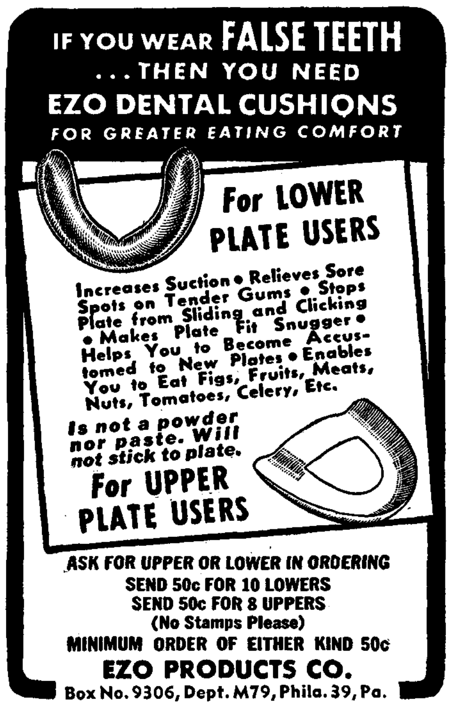
Alcohol, Tobacco, Onion
Breath 5¢



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EZO DENTAL CUSHIONS
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will flow in and the newspapers will spring into action with crusades to set things right. This mechanism is known as "Soviet self-criticism" and it is one of the most important features of the Russian system.

Stalin is subject to a third restriction which is uniquely Russian. It is largely a physical control and it is exercised by the NKVD, the Commissariat of Internal Security. The NKVD is chiefly known abroad as the secret police agency which sends people packing off to Siberia. Well, there is something to that impression, of course, but in theory its basic function is to guard and protect the security of the Soviet state.

A Zealous Protective Agency

The NKVD regards itself as the state's trustee for Stalin and it will not allow the state's most valuable human asset to be jeopardized in any way. It controls Stalin's movements and carries out its responsibility with remarkable literalness. In Moscow when Stalin once broke precedent to attend a dinner for Churchill in the British Embassy, the NKVD arrived on the scene nearly an hour before the marshal and virtually took over the place to the amazed annoyance of the Britishers.

Being charged with the protection of the security of the state, the NKVD does not limit itself to protecting Stalin. It takes a hard, cold look at all Kremlin policy, both domestic and foreign. Occasionally, it intervenes directly to an extent which almost nullifies state policy.

These various limitations on Stalin's power all tend to reduce the likelihood of any radical policy change in the event of his death.

In contradiction to all this, Stalin frequently has given evidence of power that resembles that of an imperial potentate. Many people, from foreign diplomats to plain Soviet citizens, will tell you that once they had laid their case before him he snapped his fingers and their wish was reality.

I had a friend who was a Soviet cameraman. He and some other war photographers were invited to the Kremlin one day to be decorated. It was a very solemn ceremony for the young men as Stalin pinned the medals on. But the atmosphere changed swiftly. Stalin started firing questions at them: How long had they been at the front? What troubles did they have? What was their pay? Did they have all the cameras they needed? What did they think of the propaganda films?

Before they knew it the youngsters were spilling forth their troubles . . . how certain front commanders wouldn't let them take pictures . . . how certain pictures had been butchered by the film syndicate . . . how their pay for combat photography was only half that of civilian photographers at the Russian "Hollywood" in Alma Ata.

Stalin smiled. As of the first of the month their pay would be raised to that of the Alma Ata cameramen. He would see that the front commanders co-operated. He would investigate the film syndicate and—if they had any more troubles—just bring them to him.

There is no doubt that Stalin deliberately utilizes his prestige to cut red tape. He likes to telephone and talk directly to people. You will find that most Russians who hold jobs of any importance are at their desks throughout Stalin's working hours. Since there is a seven-hour time spread across Russia, Stalin has a considerable effect on the working and sleeping habits of thousands of Russians.

Stalin's humor is robust. He likes a good laugh and he throws back his head and lets his stomach shake. With inferiors he is fatherly and benevolent. The rare records of Stalin in debate show him to be patient and tolerant in trying to persuade opponents to his point of view. One thing which is certain to arouse his anger is inefficiency and ignorance.

Backwardness is anathema to Stalin. Like Peter the Great, he has raged at Russia's backwardness. The clock cannot run fast enough to carry him away from Russian sloth. "The history of old Russia," he once said, "is the history of defeats due to backwardness."

To pull Russia out of the backwater of history, that has been—after the first task of survival—the prime, the persistent, the all-embracing task of Stalin. To achieve that, no sacrifice whether of famine, of privation, or of blood has seemed too great. And few are the weapons which he has rejected in this struggle.

Admires Our Industrial Leaders

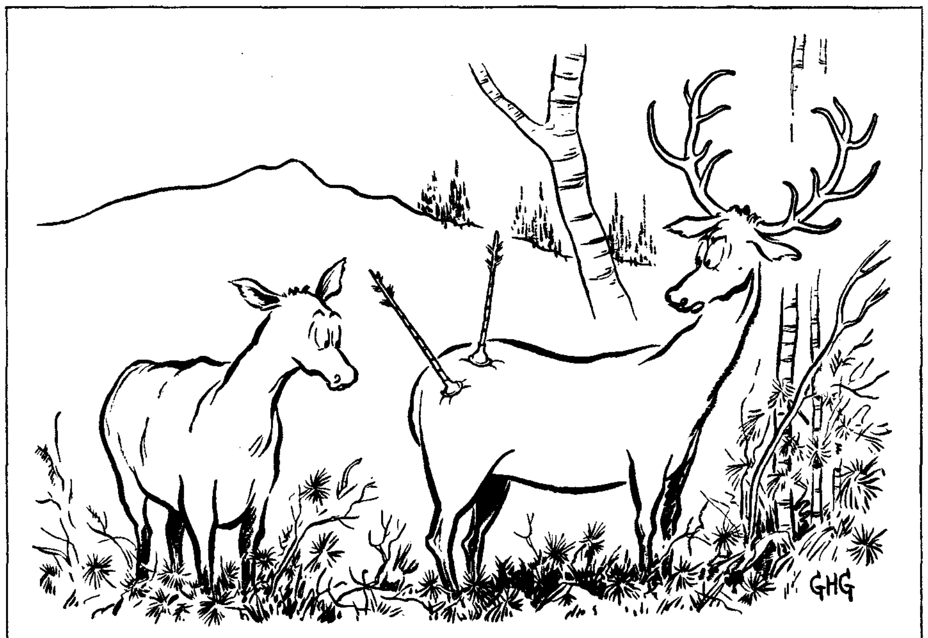
He has been persistent in holding shining examples up before the Russians. Many of these examples have been American. He is frank in his admiration of American industrial technique. He likes the way Americans get the job done. He has set the American way before Russians as an ideal—an ideal which he hopes they will excel. That does not mean that he admires American politics. He has made plain to a good many American visitors that American politics puzzle him and that he often does not like what our politics produce. But men like Henry Ford and Henry Kaiser arouse his honest admiration. They are the sort of production men he would like to have on his Politburo team.

When Stalin was a youngster, studying to be a priest and tasting the first draughts of revolutionary spirit at the Theological Seminary at Tiflis, he wrote a poem. One verse in which he engraved his hopes and ambitions for Russia went like this:

Know that the one who fell like ashes to the ground,
Who long ago became enslaved,
Will rise more high than these great crags
Winged with bright hope.

The honest answer to the question: "Who will succeed Stalin?" is obvious. Someone will fill the job but no one can replace the man.

THE END



"The hunter missed me a mile, but his small son got me twice"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Old Man Jiver

Continued from page 27

around the pistons. No New Orleans trumpet player could make a sound without a handkerchief around the pistons.

Bunk's skinny elbows rise, he leans stiffly back on his chair, and he beats his long foot three times on the stand. The riot starts on the third beat.

If the crowd likes the tune, which is standard operating procedure, the boys play another chorus of the same with variations. If the crowd likes the encore, Bunk signals another round. Bunk believes in pleasing the customers.

The library of tunes, filed in their seven gray heads, is a startling farrago of rags, marches, hymns, pop tunes, blues and stomps. I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate, a tune King Oliver wrote thirty years ago, comes on top of You Always Hurt The One You Love, a Tin Pan Alley creation. The Sheik of Araby follows We Will Walk Through the Streets of the City, a venerable hymn. Bell Bottom Trousers, one of Bunk's contemporary favorites, is coupled with Maryland, My Maryland. The estimable feature of Bunk's music is that any tune comes out like a strutting street-parade tune of fifty years ago. For Bunk Johnson fans, this is all any tune needs.

Likes Dance Music Best

Bunk is baffled by the jazz intelligentsia in New York. He maintains that he plays "dance music," not jazz, or swing, or hot jazz. When the ensemble opened in the big, nobody got up to dance during the first set. It rattled the artists. They thought nobody liked them.

The clients sat frozen in rapture as though they were listening to the Gettysburg Address. A little later several unreconstructed patrons arose out of the assembled statues and set foot to Muskrat Ramble. Bunk plays best when fifty couples are weaving about and clashing in mid-air.

William Russell, the instigator of the Bunk Johnson revival, started looking for him six years ago, while digging facts for a chapter on New Orleans music in his book, Jazzmen. The old-timers had eulogized Bunk but did not remember his last name. Russell asked Louis Armstrong if he knew Bunk. Louis did. In his dressing room at the New York Paramount, Louis cupped his hands and hummed through them, demonstrating how Bunk played. "He has my style," Louis explained. "My tone, my vibrato." Furthermore Louis had seen Bunk alive and well at a dance in New Iberia, Louisiana, the previous year.

The old-timer sat on the bandstand beside Louis. He could not play because his teeth were gone, but he hummed and stomped happily beside his star pupil. Russell wrote to the postmaster of New Iberia, enclosing a letter to be delivered to "an old trumpet player named Bunk."

A week later Russell received the first of an outpouring of exuberant letters telling him about the early days of jazz—and signed, "Willie 'Bunk' Johnson." Excited by the slim chance that the old man could still play, Russell raised money among his friends to get Bunk some store teeth and a trumpet.

The teeth were made by Dr. Leonard Bechet of New Orleans, whose brother Sidney, the noted clarinet player, had been given his first band job by Bunk Johnson. Bunk says, "I went to Sidney Bechet's mother's house and ask her to let him play clarinet with me in the Eagle Band. She told me yes, but here is what I would have to do. 'You'll have to bring Sidney home after he is through playing each and every job. That would be the only way I could let him go in your care.'"

Russell visited Bunk in New Iberia in 1942 and found him living in his own home, driving sugar-cane trucks and teaching music to Negro school children in the parish. The teacher of Armstrong is proud of his newest class. "You should hear Edna Mae Thompson on trumpet," exclaims Professor Johnson. "She's in the New Iberia Elementary School Band. She's only seventeen but, man, can she go!"

Bunk is the only Negro Mason in the parish. One of his rings signifies the thirty-second degree of the order. "I'm a qualified truck and trailer driver," he says. "I was the first Negro in Louisiana to drive a motor car. I have an old car back home I have a lot of fun with.

"Saturday afternoon I'll be out in the back yard grindin' the valves. My monkey—I got a Cuba monkey—will help me. He'll hand me tools and parts. When he can't figure out the right tool he'll run up the pecan trees and bring me down some nuts. I got seven pecan trees and six acres of land of my own.

"I been in two wars, the Santiago War and World War I. Bandmaster both times in the Army. In the Santiago War, I was with Teddy Roosevelt at San Juan Hill. Teddy say to me, 'Bandmaster, blow the charge!' I blew. I blew the charge and them soldiers went up San Juan Hill like cats with mustard on their seat.

"In World War I, I was bandmaster with Company A in France. One hundred and seventy-six pieces. I don't remember what division except they was formed at Fort Leavenworth.

"When you know so hell-fired much as I know, when you try to remember, one object gets in another object's way. My band played for the soldiers to drill. Then I had a twelve-piece band out of the big one. We played dances all over France. I was the first man to bring dance music to France.

"They wouldn't take me in this war although five of my sons is in the Navy—all bandmasters. I could go up to Great Lakes right now as bandmaster.

"I got many pupils in this war. Ernest Comier play the bass drum in the Army. Clifton Davis—I taught him at Jeanerette Junior High—play the trumpet in the Navy. Carlton Peceaux—a mighty fine drummer—he's in the Navy. Warren Dixon—he's just eighteen—play a world of trumpet. Then there's Rima Yober, a girl trumpet player. All good, real good boys and girls. I gave the Army and Navy many a good musician this time."

The Teeth Did the Trick

After Bunk's store teeth had been delivered, Russell was delighted to find that the old master's embouchure, his dental pressure on the mouthpiece, was firm as ever. Bunk practiced for a long time to get back his prowess. His first appearances were in Boston and San Francisco.

When he was six years old, Bunk got his nickname. His father was then a teamster for Jax's Beer in New Orleans. One day he and young Willie met an Irish drayman named "Bunk" Flynn in a New Orleans pub. Flynn surveyed the bright-eyed boy and said, "You should call that kid 'Bunk' on account that he is going to be as powerful as me when he grows up."

Bunk was born two days after Christmas, 1879, in the rowdy Irish Channel district of uptown New Orleans. Both of his parents were former slaves. Within sixteen years after emancipation his mother had acquired three restaurants. His grandmother, Rose Jefferson, the matriarch who died at 114, was an American Indian who had been a slave of the Landry family.

Professor Wallace Cutchey, a Mexican teacher, started giving Bunk music lessons when he was seven. Soon Professor Cutchey advised Theresa Johnson to buy her talented son a cornet. When he got his first cornet Bunk was an excited tot. He told Russell, "When I did get the slite of it, oh, boy, I really went!"

When skinny Willie Johnson was still a youngster, his fame was so great that he was invited to join the Adam Olivier Band as second cornet.

Then at sixteen Bunk joined the big league—the electrifying brass band of Buddy "King" Bolden himself. Buddy Bolden was barber, bookmaker, scandal columnist—and

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"Liability" hair HELD HIM BACK *Until*

He found how to keep hair neatly groomed

WATERED STOCK
He used water to slick his hair down. And what a mistake this was! After water dried, his hair would string down over his face. Or bounce up out of place. Kreml keeps hair handsomely groomed from morn til night—always looks *so neat* and *attractive.*

LOAN SHARK
That offensive oily, greasy, plastered down look! Reminds people of a sharpie in business — a gigolo in social world. Kreml keeps hair neat as a pin — so *lustrous* looking. Yet Kreml never "pastes" hair down or leaves it looking greasy.

SCALPER
His stock always takes a nose dive with the ladies. They abhor a man's shoulders covered with dandruff flakes. Kreml promptly relieves itching of dry scalp and removes loose dandruff. Makes hair much easier to comb — leaves scalp feeling *so clean.*

HIGH GRADE SECURITY
Kreml always makes him feel so secure about the appearance of his hair. Kreml is famous to tame stubborn hair and keep it looking neat all day long. Kreml is that *modern* hair dressing for "he-men" who know the importance of well-groomed hair.

● Ask for Kreml Hair Tonic at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at any drug counter. Use Kreml daily for a *cleaner* scalp — for *better-groomed* hair.

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Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

in his spare time the greatest cornet player of the nineties.

New Orleans was a city that enjoyed itself. Music was everywhere. Brass bands were as prevalent as juke boxes are today. The world's first jazz bands were uniformed semimilitary brass bands—The Diamond Stone Brass Band, the Old Excelsior Brass Band, the Algiers and Pacific Brass Band, Henry Allen's Brass Band, and the greatest of them all, the Eagle Band, Bunk's alma mater.

Hymns, Marches and Stomps

The players were as famous as football stars in a college town. Bandmasters tried to lure ace musicians from one another like football coaches finagling for players. The bands played for all the good times—parades, picnics, boat excursions, concerts in the park, Mardi Gras, dances—and funerals. They played marches, stomps, rags, hymns, dirges and semiclassical music. The three musical elements which make up jazz came together in New Orleans—the European hymn and march, and the stomp rhythm of African inspiration.

In the early 1900s Bunk played with John Robichaux's orchestra, the society ensemble of the Crescent City, which played French quadrilles as well as native rags for the white people in Antoine's world-famous restaurant. Bunk is the only member of his present band who reads music.

In his room in Greenwich Village he keeps a music stand near his bed. On it is blank score paper for ideas which may strike him in the night. He is the author of one published tune, Spicy Advice.*

The chorus goes:

"Needles and pins—needles and pins—
When a man marries his troubles will end—
Sugar and spice—and all things nice.
Get a girl in your arms—is spicy advice."

"All the school children in Iberia Parish know this," says Bunk.

In 1913, Bunk, Sidney Bechet and the pianist, Clarence Williams, took the first New Orleans jazz band into Texas.

The same year also saw Bunk fathering the career of Louis Armstrong. Thirteen-year-old Louis was a recent graduate of the Waifs' Home, a corrective institution, in which he had been placed to cool off after he was caught firing a gun into the air during the New Year's celebration of 1913. Louis had run along beside Bunk in the street parades, begging to carry the great man's instrument even before he was "corrected" in the Waifs' Home. Bunk had taught him Ballin' the Jack, Circus Day, Take It Away, Salty Dog and the blues. In the home, Louis had learned to read music from Captain Jones. Now he was ready to finish his apprenticeship under Bunk. And he learned so well that he took Bunk's place when the master left Tony's.

"I'm descended from Congo royalty," says Bunk. "Nobody can take advantage of me. Back home in New Iberia they know Bunk for a respectable workingman. Ask anybody. When I'm not doing blackboard work for the U.S. government I drive truck and trailer. Man wants to hire me to haul cane I say, 'Don't curse me: don't hit my children.' I'll never work for a man that curse me.

"You should see some of those old fellows down in New Orleans I grew up with. My, they're old! Shuffling along, can't remember nothin'. Couldn't play a chorus to save their life. Whisky got some of them." Bunk pauses in his imitation of the old musicians shuffling along, and looks back over his shoulder. "Whisky heads are all dead! Bunk is still here!

"Of my degrees and diplomas I could mention B.M.—Bachelor of Music from Tuskegee. I taught at Tuskegee around 1900. Run the band, coached baseball. I'm a good stickman. Could run like the devil around the bases. Still can.

Time Out for Reminiscing

"When I look back over the objects in my life, why I can remember back to when there was no discrimination in Louisiana. When I was a boy you got on a mule car in New Orleans and walk up and put your nickel in the bandbox and sat down. Discrimination came in in 1889. Too much prejustry in the South since then.

"When I was out in San Francisco, Harry James was playin' at the Civics Auditorium. I knew his papa, a fine man, bandmaster in the circus.

"Young Harry say to me, 'Pops, I don't have to tell you. You and Louis, only man that can play this horn.' That was right nice of young Harry, but he play real good trumpet himself. I told him so. Never catch a real good musician knock a musician.

"I ain't no big shot. Boys in the band live together here in New York and hire a cook. I don't need no cook. Bunk can cook for hisself. I go out and buy fish and rice. I make my own sauce. I'm independent.

"Met John L. Sullivan in New Orleans. He like my music. Met Joe Louis in Sedalia, Missouri. He like my music. I've played for 'em all. I've seen 'em all. All my good friends.

"Take my boy Louis. Anybody in this world knows any more about playin' that trumpet than Louis Armstrong—show him to me. And I'll show that doubter! I'll run 'im!

"And if I can't run 'im—Man, I'll sure talk him down!"

THE END

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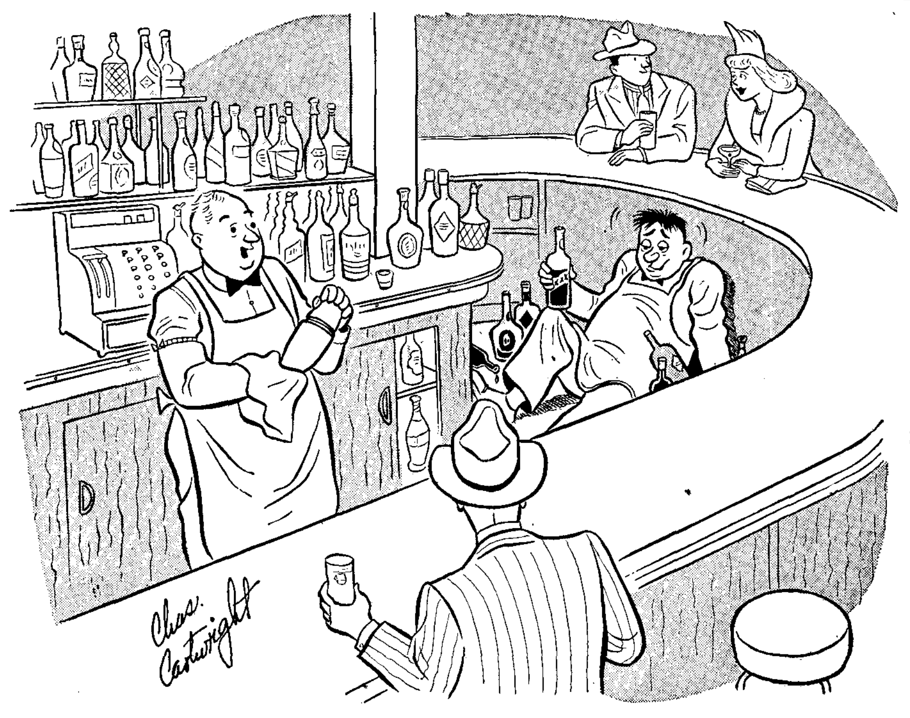

COLLIER'S "He's new here" CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

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VACATION YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

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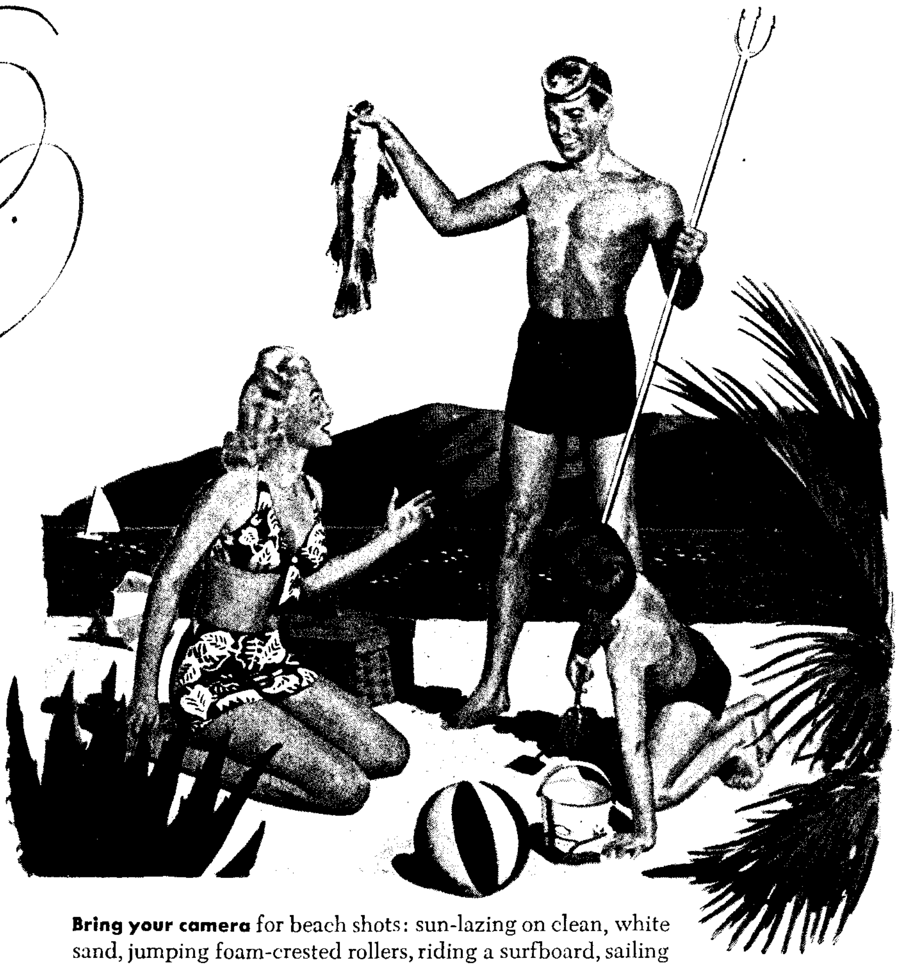
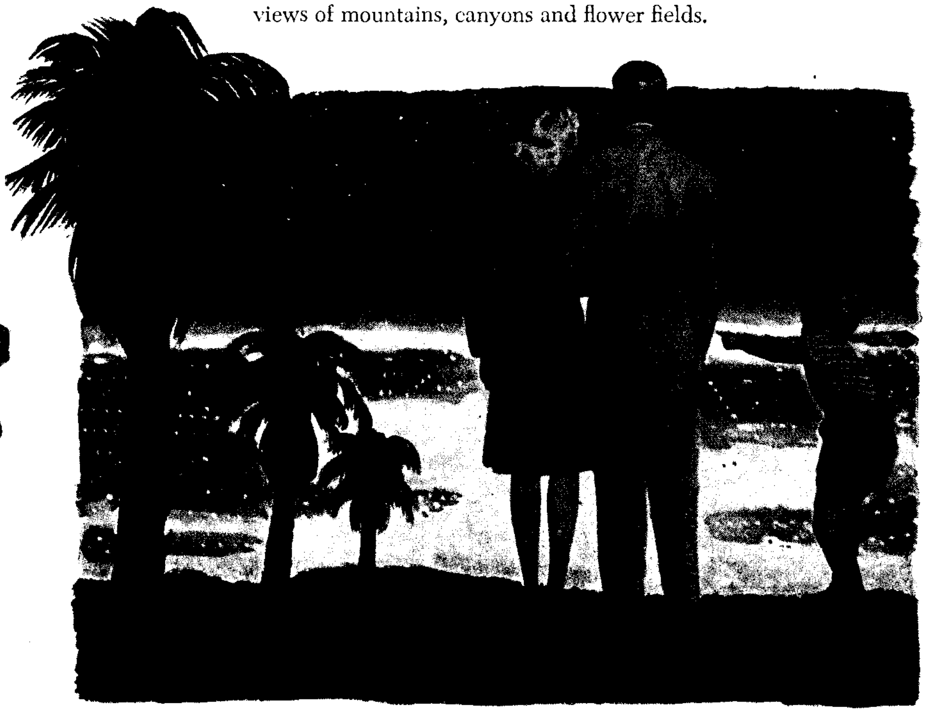
So plan now to enjoy this wonderful trip next summer or fall. A 2-week vacation is ample time. You'll find dozens of different kinds of fun illustrated and described in a remarkable, FREE COLOR FOLDER about Los Angeles County and all Southern California. Mail the coupon below—today.



Bring your camera for beach shots: sun-lazing on clean, white sand, jumping foam-crested rollers, riding a surfboard, sailing to pleasure isles...close-ups in Chinatown, the sleepy Mexican quarter, under arches of old Spanish missions...action shots at the races, tennis matches, polo games or on smooth fairways bordered by stately palms...scenic views of mountains, canyons and flower fields.

Be prepared for contrasts: lush orange groves beneath high mountain peaks (good background for snapshots, too)... tropic fruits—date palms, passion fruit, cherimoyas—but a few miles from alpine flowers beside glacial lakes...ancient fossil pits near ultra-modern shops...latest jet-propelled planes flying over historic old Spanish ranchos.



Bring a light coat for cool nights, for exploring the brilliant movie and radio capital, symphonies under the stars, theaters, operas, movie premieres, hilltop views of millions of lights in 60 cities far below, gay night life where top-flight bands and spectacular floor shows entertain stars and celebrities and you.

Polish the binoculars for magnificent, sweeping views from mile-high drives and higher peaks . . . for watching motorboat races on dazzling mountain lakes. Here are horseback trails, thrilling climbs, relaxation under pines, songs by the campfire and a sound sleep under blankets. Adventure, change, variety, sun and rest—these make a *real* vacation in Los Angeles County and all Southern California.

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"Parents are positively people! Try to remember, they have a lot of problems, and of course I don't mean *you*. When dad hides your lipstick, or Mom insists that you take sad sack Elsie to the Prom, don't pout . . . speak out. Give 'em the benefit of the doubt . . . they *want* to understand."

"All parents are strong characters. But you'd be surprised how they respond to kind treatment. Give 'em a little gush when they do something solid. (*Crosby kids please note!*) Remember, you'll be a parent yourself some day!"

Bing's little message is one of a series presented by Fleer's in the interest of better understanding among families, friends and nations.

Have you tried Fleer's...the delicious, delightful gum with the refreshing peppermint-candy coating? It's candy and gum, too! Twelve flavorful, pure white pieces. Pop 'em one at a time from the handy green-and-white package. Enjoy a box of Fleer's today!

Frank H. Fleer Corp., Phila.
Established 1885

Chewing gum in its nicest form!

America's Richest Woman

Continued from page 19

into an awkward, suspicious, shy young woman, that she shunned society, even when finally introduced to it at Newport, under the expansive wing of the Countess Annie Leary.

The New York World did what it could with the announcement of her engagement to Matthew Astor Wilks, on February 11, 1909.

"Though Mr. Wilks can no longer be called young, and Miss Green is past 30 (he was 64, she 37)," it said, "their romance, nevertheless, has given satisfaction to the limited circle aware of its progress."

Sylvia and Matthew were wed on February 23, 1909, at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, in Morristown, N. J.

"Mr. Wilks planted his feet firmly and gently on the concrete floor as he marched down the aisle," said the World; "his stooping shoulders accentuated the fact that his bride was a head taller than he. The crease in his London striped pants scarcely bent, so stiffly did he walk."

Not a Fortune Hunter

When Hetty Green died in 1916, her will disclosed that Wilks had signed an antenuptial agreement relinquishing all claim he might have to his wife's fortune. This dispelled persistent rumors that he had married for money. As a thank-you, Mrs. Green willed him $5,000. Actually, he didn't need it. He had more than a million dollars of his own, a fact revealed when he died in 1926 at the age of 81.

Many of the people who know Sylvia Wilks, or have had contacts with her, say that her only friends are dogs and birds. Others tell a different story. They paint her as a supersensitive human being forever on the defensive, as a fairy godmother whose greatest pleasure is giving secretly.

One woman who took her a glass of homemade jelly said, "Mrs. Wilks just sat there. All she said was 'Humph.' She was enormous, with a washerwoman's knot of white hair. Her side hair kept coming down. She kept pushing it up with a pair of bone combs. She had on a house dress. I remember thinking her shoes pretty. They were thin-soled little slippers with rosettes on the toes."

Another woman said, "Sylvia came to see me once. I heard somebody knocking at the front door, looked out and saw an old woman in a pink dress and high black shoes. I thought she was a peddler. I didn't go to the door. Later, I learned it was Sylvia. I never knew her very well."

Another woman on whom Mrs. Wilks once called remembered her beautiful black broadtail fur coat. "It was as fine as money could buy. But beneath it she had on a common house dress. She chatted quite a bit and talked of outsmarting the lawyers, just the way her mother used to talk. 'The lawyers came to call on me while I was in the hospital,' she told me. 'I sent out word that I never received gentlemen when I was in bed.'"

Life for Mrs. Wilks has been one will after another. She was nursed by a mother who talked wills the way Brooklyn talks Dodgers. She was barely six months old when the Howland will case came to its bitter end. This litigation hinged on the $2,000,000 estate of the grandaunt whose name Mrs. Wilks bears—Sylvia Ann Howland. She was New Bedford's wealthiest woman. She was also a Quakeress.

It was supposed that her niece, Hetty Robinson (Mrs. Wilks's mother), would be her sole heir. At least Hetty went happily off to New York and got engaged to Edward Henry Green, believing this to be the case. But Miss Howland was an invalid and she had a doctor, William A. Gordon, who gave up his practice to devote himself entirely to easing her pain.

Shortly before she died in 1865, she propped herself up in bed, called for her attorney and made another will. One of the witnesses was Doctor Gordon. He was also a beneficiary. Hetty had been left with the income from only one million, instead of from two million, and with the proviso that the principal was to revert to the estate at her death, to be divided among the 439 distant Howland heirs.

Hetty objected on the grounds that her aunt had made a former will under mutual contract, in which each gave the survivor her property.

With Mr. Green, none too eager for such business, Hetty went on a will hunt. They turned up the previous will and contract in Aunt Sylvia Ann's old black-and-white rawhide trunk. The contract was challenged by the defense and the battle fought on the genuineness of this paper. It lasted five years. Hetty Green lost. The legacies of $1,000,000 were upheld. Instead of the coveted $2,000,000, Hetty got only the accrued interest and income ($600,000 in government bonds) on the $1,000,000.

She had retreated to London where her new husband made his headquarters for the Oriental trading business. There, one child, a son, Edward Howland Robinson Green, had already been born, and there, the second child, a daughter, Sylvia (she never uses her full name except to initial legal documents), was born January 7, 1871.

While she was still a little girl, going to school in Bellows Falls, Sylvia's Grandma Green died, and another will fight was on. Grandma's will, signed by a cross, from her deathbed, left everything to Daughter-in-law Hetty. There was no mention of her own daughter, Henrianna Green Elmendorf. The Elmendorfs protested, but nothing was done about it. Everything went to Sylvia and Hetty.

Of all the wills Sylvia has had to do with, the most perfect was the one her mother drew up. According to experts, it was lawyer-proof. No hitch or delay here. Hetty died July 3, 1916. Her will was probated on the 22d of July, 1916. No inventory of her estate, no clue to its value was revealed. It specified that neither son nor daughter should be requested to furnish an inventory. There were no public or charitable bequests. There was no litigation. A proviso, in the section dealing with Green's share, that it should be free from the debts, interference or control of a wife, took care of that. A similar provision for Mrs. Wilks's husband was indicated.

If Mrs. Wilks were to die tomorrow without a will (which is about as likely as the Chase National Bank forgetting to lock its vaults), her next of kin, Henrianna's children, would inherit her vast fortune. These children are: Mrs. Emilie Elmendorf Colles of New York City, Mrs. Anna Green Elmendorf Palmer of Chappaqua, N. Y., and Mrs. Caroline Elmendorf Logan of Evanston, Ill. Their paths cross Mrs. Wilks's but seldom, and she has often boasted that she would outlive them. Aside from a serious operation in 1936, she has always been healthy. Her recipe is plain food and quiet living.

A Routine Morning

She gets up early, eats a hearty breakfast (likes American cooking) of fruit, cereal, eggs (bacon if she can get it), toast and coffee. If the day is clear, she drives, at 10 A.M., to her offices, The Windham Realization Co., Inc. (Windham is the name of the county in which Bellows Falls is located), at 111 Broadway. There she scans business papers and studies the financial news columns (usually the New York Herald Tribune).

She does her own ordering for her household. She keeps three servants—cook, maid and chauffeur—in her New York apartment. There are skeleton staffs on her estates in Greenwich, South Dartmouth, and Star Island, Florida. Her brother employed 99 persons at Round Hill, the South Dartmouth property. She has two men working there.

It pleases her to walk unnoticed through the streets. Window shopping on Fifth Avenue is a favorite pastime. Automobile riding is another. Her car, a 1940 limousine, is constructed like any other de luxe model, with one exception. It has straight seats. She orders the seats rebuilt in all her cars, complaining that you need a derrick to get out of the average car. She used to rent Box 21 at the Metropolitan Opera House but when the parterre boxes were torn out—hers along with the rest—she didn't renew her subscription.

She is very much interested in wild life. If a tree is struck by lightning or has to be chopped down on any one of her numerous estates, she orders a birdhouse put on the stump. There are stumps topped by birdhouses scattered all over her land. The only outlet for her affection is birds and dogs. For years a big school chart of birds hung in the living room of her old Electric Hill home in Greenwich. She could identify every bird that flew over the estate. She also had a number of collies. Her favorite, Prince, is buried in the dog cemetery at Hartsdale. Since he died she has owned no dogs.

There is a piano in every one of her houses. She studied music as a girl. She shops at the older stores, has her mother's independence, and won't be walked on. Her mind runs to mechanical things. She likes to see the wheels turn in machinery, and to work in wood. She once gave a friend a wood box she had carved. She can take a ring apart and make it into a brooch. While she owns a great many Early American pieces of furniture, she prefers modern pieces. She is too heavy for frail antiques. She belongs to no clubs, and has never voted. She is listed in the Social Register but not in the New York telephone directory.

To the people of Bellows Falls, Mrs. Wilks is a never-ending source of curiosity and pride, though most of them won't admit it. Her most apparent gift to Bellows Falls is a park in the making, on the site of the old Green home. After tearing down the house in 1940, she presented the 322-foot plot to the town. There was a terrific to-do. The mansion, built in 1804, had been a local landmark, and citizens wanted it preserved as a community house. One Bellows Falls resident asked why she didn't give her home to the town. Back came the tart reply, "Why don't you give yours?" The property, according to City Manager Byron Robinson, is worth about $20,000.

The Green mansion was the last bit of property Mrs. Wilks owned in her home town. But she has plenty elsewhere: three homes in Greenwich, Conn., a whole island in Miami, Florida, a big farm in South Dartmouth, Mass. The taxes alone on this last-named property, Round Hill, amount to $22,000 annually. Colonel Green spent $10,000,000 improving Round Hill, building an airport, a private dock, a private radio station and extensive greenhouses.

Bert Hill, superintendent of Round Hill, said that things were different when the colonel lived. "Then everybody was welcome. Now it's shut tight. We're down to a skeleton setup. The mansion is closed, the furniture gone. The colonel's famous glass-top car was sold in New York, his whaling ship went to Mystic, Conn. Everything's been stripped. There was a time when $10,000,000 wouldn't buy Round Hill. I don't know what it would bring now. It isn't for sale."

A high wire fence, overgrown with wild honeysuckle, shuts out the public. The grounds are unkempt, the fields a mass of tangled weeds. The main mansion, one of Mrs. Wilks's many unused homes, is three stories high and built like a battleship. It has a steel frame and concrete-arched construction throughout. Inside, it looks like the Grand Central Terminal. You need roller skates to get around. There is expensive mechanical equipment.

A Thought to the Future

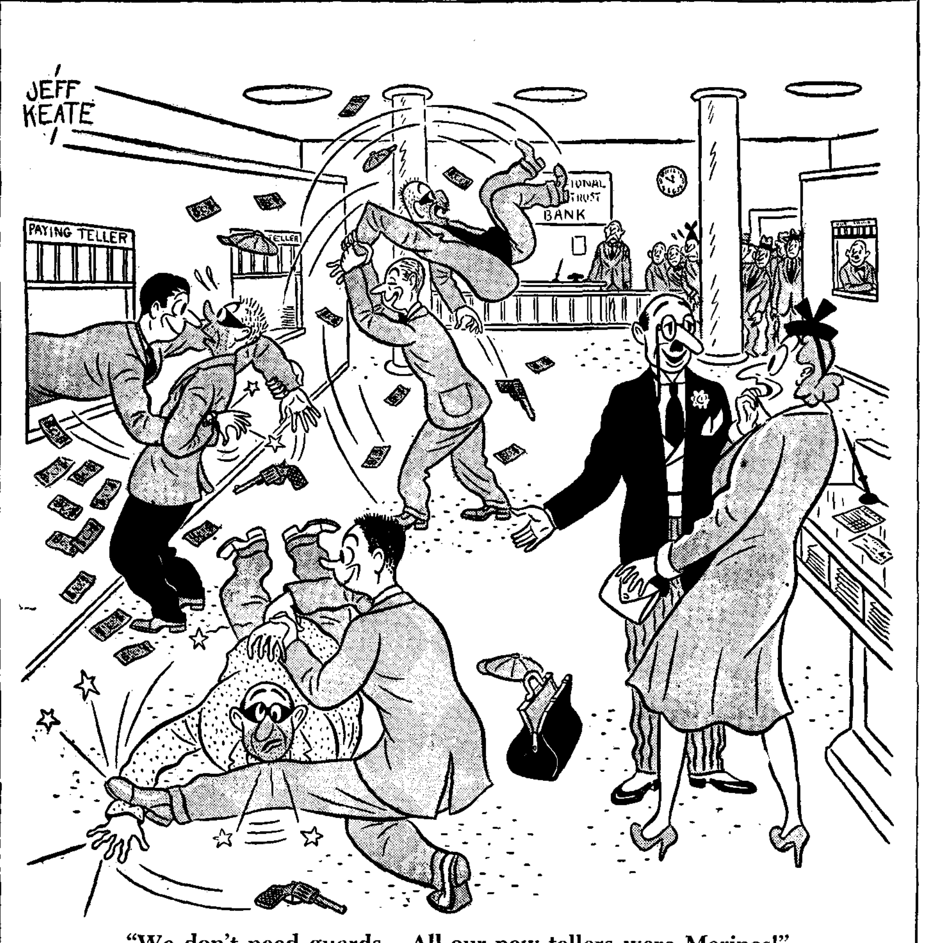
Ralph Howe, who built the house, said Colonel Green had a hospital in mind when he planned it.

"Green ordered electric connections hidden at intervals through the ceilings," Mr. Howe told me. "'This may be a hospital some day, Howe,' he often said. 'Those plugs will about hit each bed.'"

Mrs. Wilks, a bleak figure in black, put in an appearance at her brother's funeral. As she entered his house she paused and peered about. "Humph!" said she. "Ned made this a regular jumping-off place, didn't he?"

That and the parade of the jewel trucks is all the town remembers about her. The jewel trucks caused a lot of local comment. Suddenly, without any warning, four armored cars from New York sped through New Bedford. They were escorted by the town's entire police force. At South Dartmouth, more police supplemented the guard. Curious citizens followed. The cars and the police turned into Round Hill. Four hours later they emerged. This time the guards held drawn guns. The $20,000,000 gem collection which Mrs. Wilks had inherited from her brother, was being moved to New York!

The Wilks' Greenwich taxes amount to



COLLIER'S "We don't need guards. All our new tellers were Marines!" JEFF KEATE

PIPE TYPES . . . . by MICHAEL BERRY

THE SCRAP COLLECTOR. Always forgets to refill his humidor, and then frantically collects every scrap of tobacco in the house to make a pipeful. If he'd switch to Briggs, he'd *never* forget to stock up . . . it's so unforgettably mellow and flavorful, so downright *enjoyable* to smoke!

THE LECTURER. Can hold an audience spellbound as he describes the joys of pipe-smoking. His listeners practically drool when he tells them about Briggs. No wonder: Briggs is aged in oaken casks for years—*extra-aged* to yield extra mildness, to seal in richer flavor. *You'll* go for Briggs, too!

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$30,000 a year. They are levied on the following three pieces of property: eight and seven tenths acres of shore front, appraised at $120,000; 14 acres on Electric Hill, land and dwelling (this is her former Greenwich home) appraised at $132,500; and No. 48 Maple Avenue (her present Greenwich residence) appraised at $34,000.

It was beginning to sprinkle as I passed Mrs. Wilks's house. A thundershower threatened. I rang the doorbell. There was a clanking of chains, a sliding of bolts. A man in an undershirt opened the door.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Wilks isn't here," he said.

A woman called from the head of the hall stairs: "Get the lady's name. Mrs. Wilks wants to know the name of everyone who comes to the house."

"My wife and I are just the caretakers," explained the man, leading me to a writing desk in a darkened library. "Mrs. Wilks stays in New York most of the time now. She's getting old, you know. When she does come, it's only for a short while, never over the week end."

I wrote my name on the pad he put out for me, then asked if I might call a taxi. The summer storm had broken in all its dark fury, casting an eerie twilight over a room already shrouded by heavy crimson damask curtains.

In Victorian Atmosphere

As I called a taxi, I observed the room. Two miniatures of Mrs. Wilks's parents, Hetty and Edward Henry Green, stared down from their niches above the writing table. I recognized originals of old photographs I had seen in New Bedford. They must have been wedding pictures.

Hetty looked astonishingly beautiful. Instead of her familiar bird's-nest bonnet and rusty black cape, she wore a soft Victorian gown, cut low enough to reveal her white shoulders. Two pink roses were stuck in her elaborately dressed brown curls. Mr. Green's abundant blond hair had been parted in the middle and waved back in a barber's delight. His luxuriant brown mustache curled nattily. In the lapel of his coat bloomed a large red rose.

I glanced around the room. Ponderous overstuffed brownish gray tapestry chairs were grouped symmetrically before an overstuffed sofa. The red Oriental rug matched the draperies in color. Ornate lamps, refectory tables and carved settees made the large room seem crowded. The atmosphere was one of solid Victorian opulence, of painful order in a library where no book was ever opened, no newspaper ever read.

A sun parlor opened off the library, also a dining room. In the gloom of that darkened room I could distinguish the dim outlines of high, old-fashioned chairs arranged around a center table.

We crossed the hall. It was papered in conventional gray landscape wallpaper. There were prints of sailing ships near the door. A graceful, white-railed mahogany staircase curved to an upper floor. The parlor might have been the model for an illustration in the Century Magazine forty years ago. An unshaded bracket lamp decorated the upright piano, an enormous crystal chandelier swung from the ceiling. I was conscious of fancy wallpaper, teakwood screens and much furniture. At the far end of the room loomed something like a country stile, over the radiator.

No. 48 Maple Avenue is only one of Mrs. Wilks's Greenwich homes. Farther out, on North Street, sprawls a brownstone and wood-shingled house hedged in by solemn pine trees. Here she lived on and off until the gasoline shortage drove her nearer to town. It was here Mr. Wilks spent his summers.

Mrs. Wilks claims Connecticut as her residence. But it is in her New York apartment at 988 Fifth Avenue that she passes the greater part of her life. She moved there in 1926, shortly after Matthew breathed his last in their brownstone front at 440 Madison Avenue. Her mother must have stirred uneasily in her grave at Sylvia's extravagant shift to the white wedding cake of an apartment building opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art. She leased, of all things, the $11,000-a-year penthouse; but in 1940 she gave it up and leased two apartments on lower floors. One, on the third floor, is her home. Another, on the fourth floor, is a storage space for the Green furniture. Its drawn blinds may be seen from the street.

At 111 Broadway, she leases rooms 1104-5-6 for the Windham Realization Co., Inc., under whose cloak she conducts much of her business. These offices are Dickensian in quality. An ancient bookkeeper adds and subtracts endless figures before an old-fashioned, high counting desk. Two women stenographers sit primly at desks overlooking Trinity Churchyard. Steel engravings of George Washington hang on the white plaster walls.

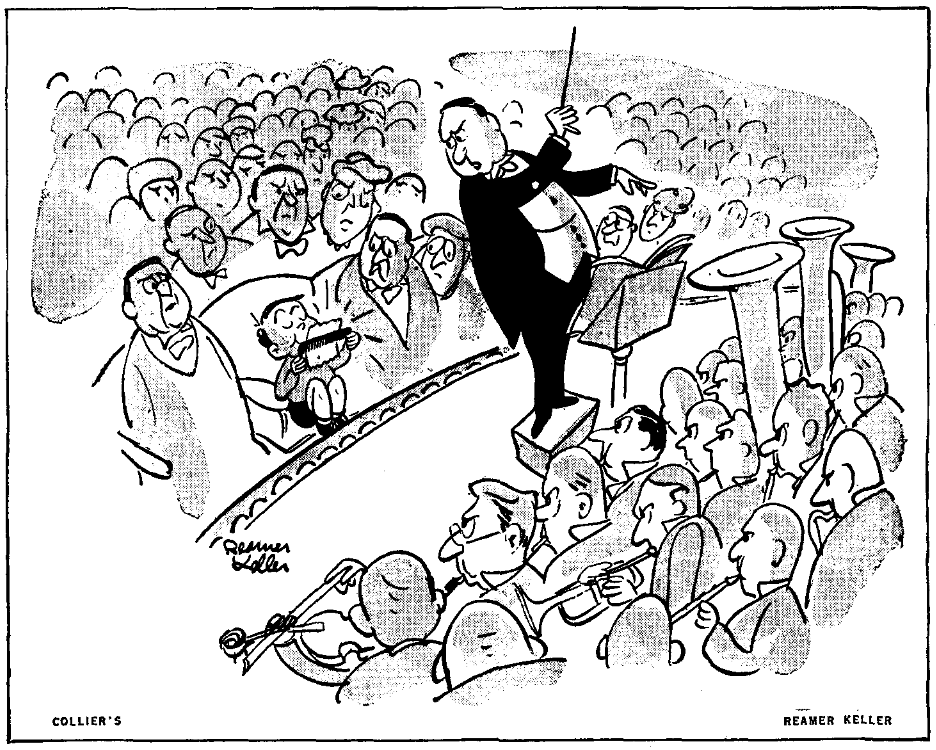
In a coop at the far end of the main office, presides Wilbur K. Potter, Mrs. Wilks's business manager. During Hetty's reign he was hired and fired every year or two. Life has been more certain under Mrs. Wilks. He looks like the accountant of a country bank, white-haired, close-mouthed, quiet—the type that would carry out the most meticulous details. It's his job to say "No."

To the numerous bond salesmen who beat their wings in vain against the Wilks doors, his stock line is, "No, we're not buying now."

Asked to whom or what Mrs. Wilks intends to leave her fortune, he shakes his head and says nothing.

Whatever disposition Sylvia Wilks makes of her $101,000,000, at least 75 per cent of it will go to the government. At her death, the great fortune of this strange woman will pass from a line that has held and increased it for 150 years.

THE END



Señor Doormat

Continued from page 28

"You could buy her a whole fireplace," said Señor Flapjaw.

"Excellent," I said. "What warmth could be derived from such an instrument!"

"Okay, José. It's a deal. I'll fix up a gym in the basement of the pool hall and you come over every night after work."

He gave me his hand and I took it and became, perforce, a prize fighter.

For the next several weeks I went after each day's work to the gymnasium in the basement of Señor Flapjaw's billiard parlor. Here he instructed me in the details of the science of boxing. He arranged me in marvelously complicated positions and encouraged me to flail my arms in a singular manner. He hung up a long canvas bag filled with sand for me to pummel. He caused me to skip a child's jumping rope through several thousand revolutions. He drove me five miles out on the highway every night and then made me run back. He gave me a sponge rubber ball to squeeze in my hand at all idle moments during the day. He kneaded my body in an uncourtly manner and rubbed me with lotions of pungent odor.

AT LENGTH he pronounced my training at an end, although he admitted that he had failed of complete satisfaction. "José," he said, "I guess you're ready. There are still some things you could learn, but I'm damned if I can teach 'em to you."

"Is it my fault, Señor Flapjaw?" I asked. "Have I done anything wrong?"

"It's not what you've *done,*" he said. "It's the way you're built. Your left shoulder is a full six inches lower than your right."

"That," I explained, "is the result of carrying stacks of mattresses into boxcars on my left shoulder for five years."

"Well, I'm afraid you'll never learn a left hook," said Señor Flapjaw. "You'll just have to do the best you can. I've got you a spot in the preliminaries at the Elks' Club next Friday night."

"Señor," I said, "perhaps we should reconsider the entire matter. I am fundamentally a man of peace. It is my opinion that I shall never dominate this science of boxing."

"Too late," said Señor Flapjaw. "I've signed the papers."

So on Friday night I found myself in the ring at the Elks' Club sitting on a stool diagonally across from one Señor Jazzbo Hogan. A bell rang, my stool was removed from under me, and Señor Jazzbo rushed across the ring and began to hit me.

What a flurry of blows he rained on me! What uncommon vigor he expended! It was all I could do to stay out of his reach until the end of the round. The man was a tiger. Truly a tiger.

While Señor Flapjaw was anointing me between rounds, he spoke sharply to me. "Hit him, José," he exhorted. "Hit him in the guts. You've got him breathing so hard now that one punch will put him away. Hit him in the guts."

"If you say so, Señor Flapjaw," I said, and when Señor Jazzbo began to chase me in the second round, I stopped and struck him decisively in the stomach, whereupon he fell to the canvas and I was declared the victor.

Señor Flapjaw gave me twelve dollars after I was dressed. I went to the Bon Ton Furniture Store and purchased the andirons of cunning workmanship and had them delivered to Señorita Consuela. Señorita Consuela bestowed a smile of surpassing beatitude on me the next day, and Señor Emilio beat me with unprecedented force. How my blood spurted and my teeth flew and my bones crunched! What rage shone in his eyes! What energy propelled his arms! Clearly, the man was a lion. Clearly.

Señor Flapjaw was angry when he came across the street to pick me up. "Damn it," he cried, "why don't you hit him back?"

"Please, Señor," I said with dignity, indicating that the subject was closed.

The following Friday night I fought with one Señor Carbarns Schultz, a veritable puma of a man, who snarled and beset me sorely for three and a half rounds. Even supine on the canvas in the fourth round, he looked lithe and tawny, appearing for all the world like a puma at rest.

With my twelve dollars I bought for Señorita Consuela a quart of magnificent perfume and earned from Señor Emilio a beating of an intensity I would not have thought possible. Señor Flapjaw did not speak to me as he helped me to my feet.

On succeeding Friday nights it fell my fortune to emerge victorious over one Señor Cockeye Mashoulam, a leopard of a man, and one Señor Muscles Giambatista, a bear in human guise. From these encounters a musical doorbell and a set of fencing foils accrued to Señorita Consuela. The fury of Señor Emilio's reprisals was indescribable.

After my contest with Señor Muscles Giambatista, the weekly Friday-night fights stopped. "No more preliminaries for you, José," said Señor Flapjaw. "You're moving up, boy. You're ready for semi-windups now. In fact, if you had a left hook, I'd stick you in a windup."

"I regret that of the lack of the left hook, Señor," I said.

"That's all right, José," said Señor Flapjaw. "Maybe I can figure something out."

For the next few days as I took my daily workout in Señor Flapjaw's gymnasium, he watched me very closely. Once when I was punching the heavy bag, he suddenly cried out for me to stop. "José," he said with some excitement, "let's see you hit that bag with your left hand again."

I complied.

"All right," he said. "Now twist your body a little to the right and move your left foot forward about three inches and drop your right shoulder a little bit and move your left elbow in a little closer to your side."

I tried to follow his directions. "Like this, Señor?"

"No, no. Drop your right shoulder a little more."

"Like this?"

"Now your left elbow is too far out. Pull it in."

"Like this?"

"All right, but your left foot isn't far enough forward. Move it up."

"Like this?"

"Now your body isn't twisted far enough to the right. Here, let me show you."

"Please, Señor," I said.

He arranged my members in the rare position that he had specified.

"Now," he said. "Hit the bag with your left hand."

I hit the bag and the canvas burst open and sand cascaded upon the floor.

"Cheez," breathed Señor Flapjaw.

"A thousand pardons," I said. "I will get a broom and clean it up."

"Cheez," said Señor Flapjaw. "What a punch. What a punch! There hasn't been anything like it since Bob Fitzsimmons developed the 'Whammy.' Why, this is even better. This is a 'Double Whammy.' Wait'll I tell the sports writers about this. The 'Double Whammy.' Cheez."

Señor Flapjaw went upstairs to telephone the sports writers and I got a broom and swept up the sand.

THE next evening when I reported to the gymnasium there were three strange gentlemen with Señor Flapjaw. "José," he said, "I want you to meet Walt Bradbury of the Sun and Sam Parker of the Tribune and Joe Hays of the Times. They came down to see your 'Double Whammy.'"

"Charmed, Señores," I said.

"Now go over to that new bag, José, and show them."

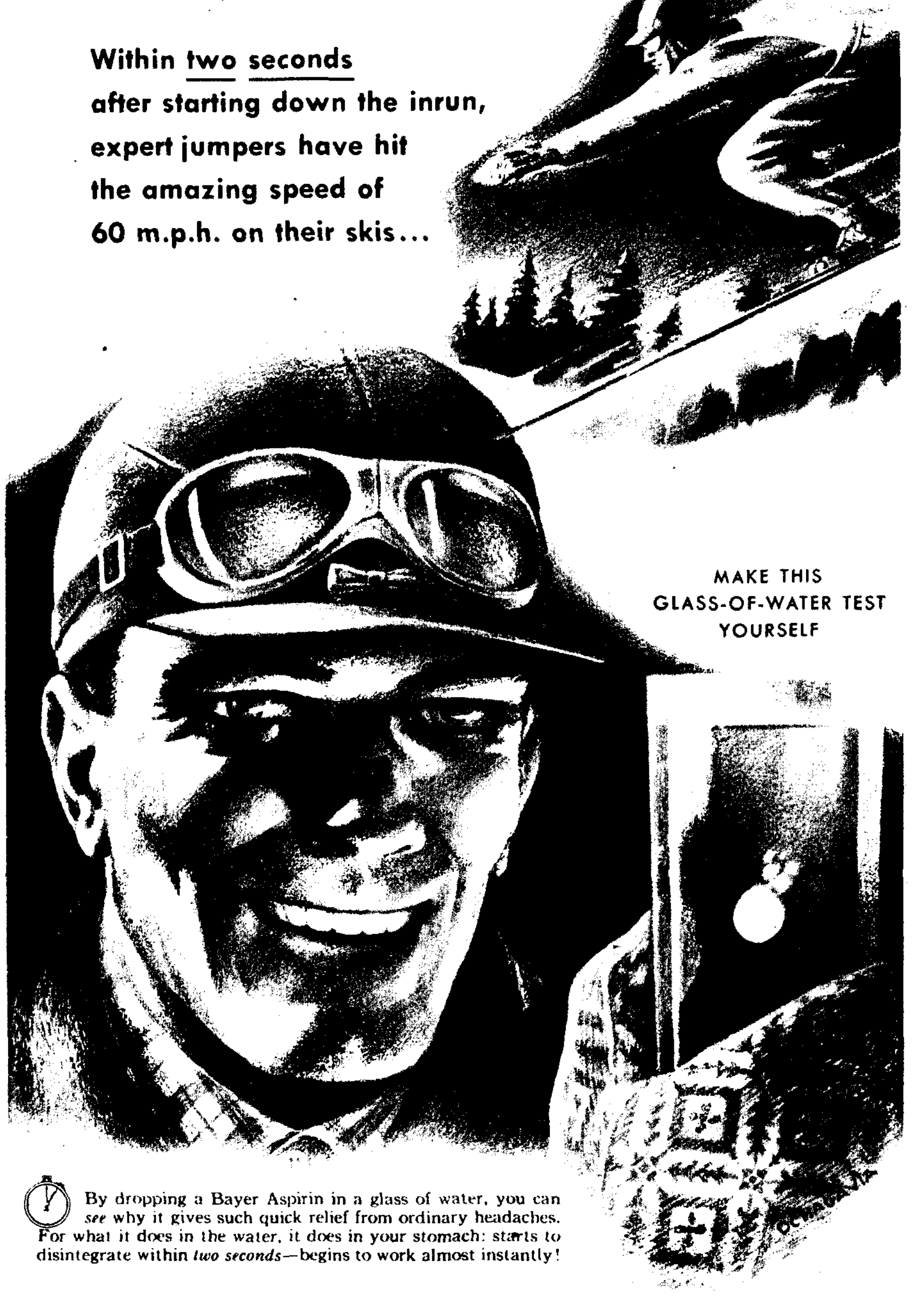
"Señor Flapjaw, please," I said. "I must have a word with you privately first."

"We'll go out, Flapjaw. Call us when you're ready," said the sports reporters.

"What is it, José?" asked Señor Flapjaw when they had left.

"This 'Double Whammy,'" I said, "is a thing of infinite complication. I do not remember how to execute it."

"Twist your body a little to the right," said



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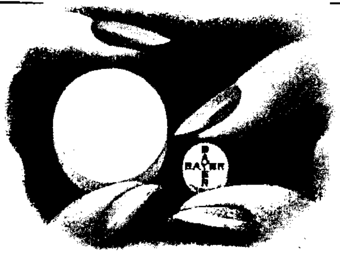
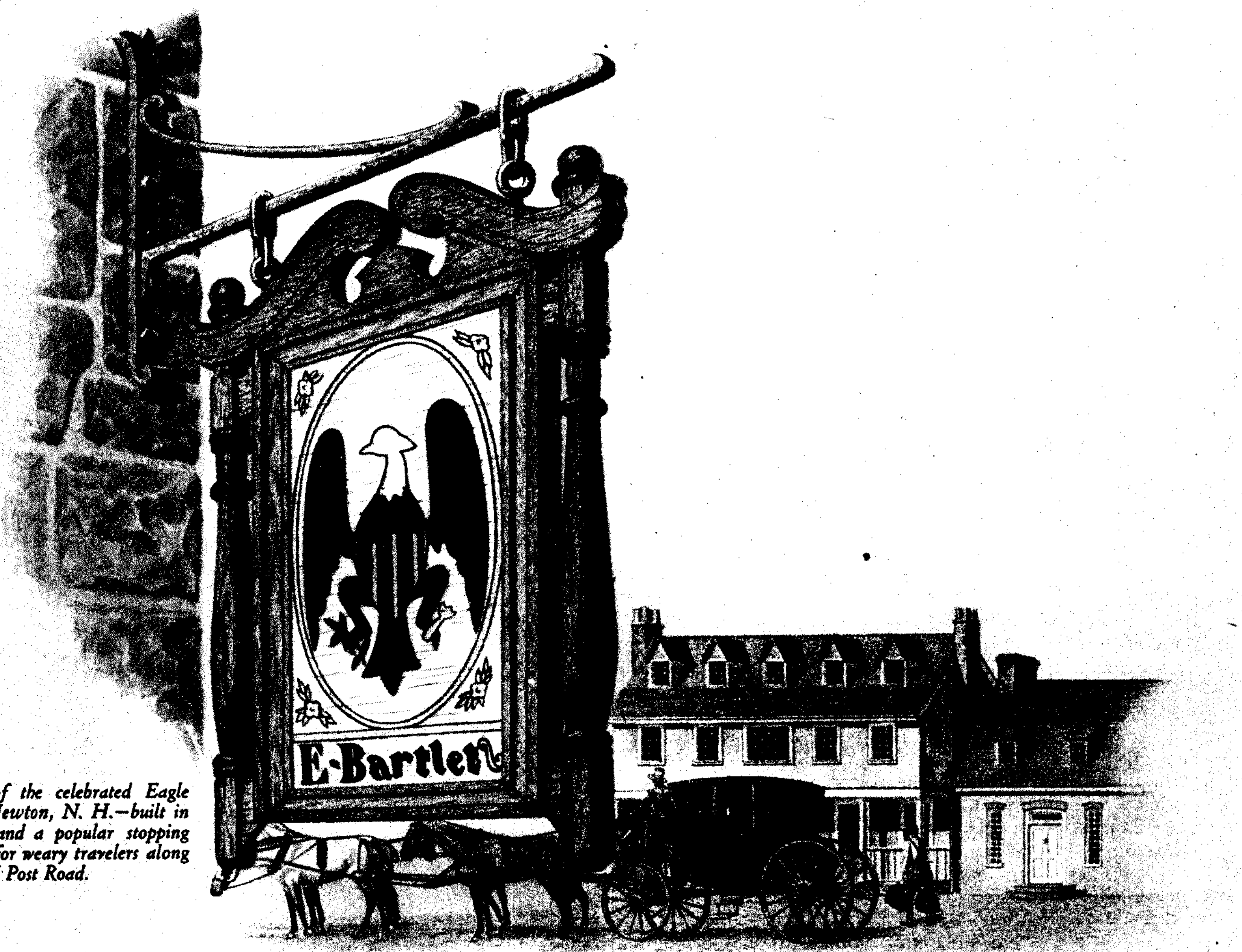
ALWAYS ASK FOR GENUINE *Bayer Aspirin*





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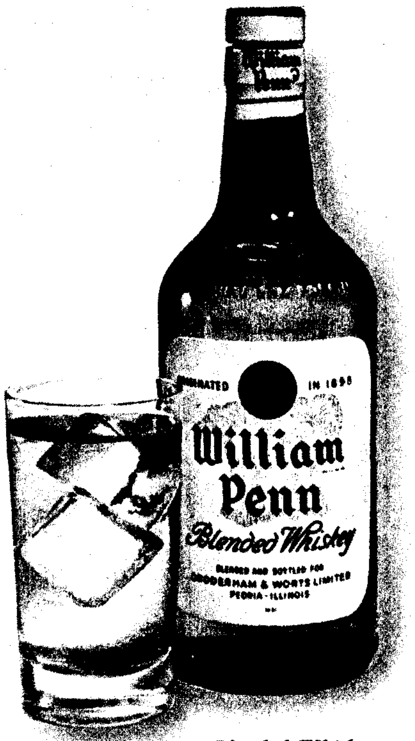
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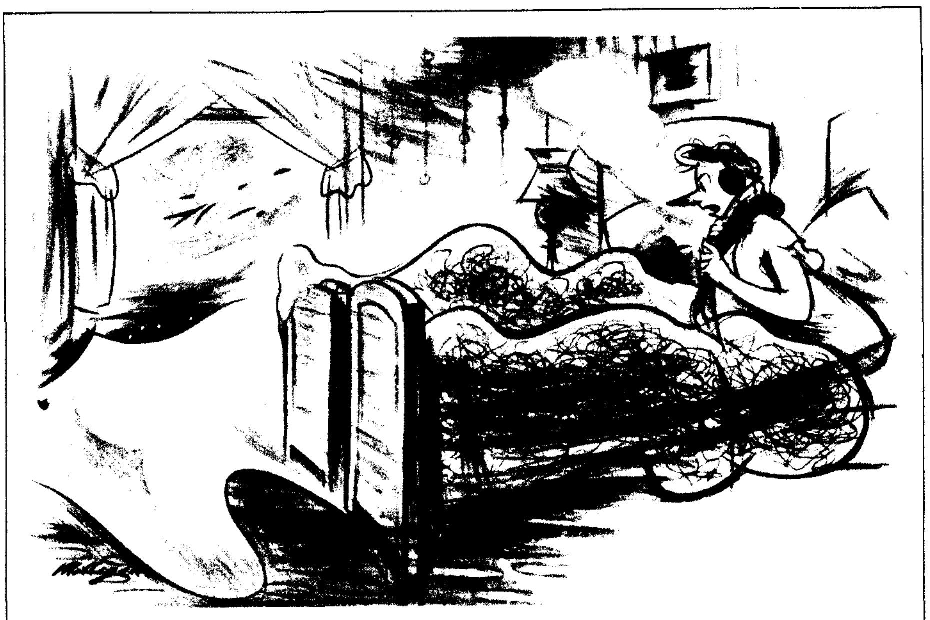


"Well, who's going to shovel out your fresh air this morning?"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

Señor Flapjaw, "and move your left foot forward about three inches and drop your right shoulder a little bit and move your left elbow in close to your side."

"Like this?"

"No, no. I'll arrange you."

Señor Flapjaw placed me in the proper contortion and called the sports reporters back into the room. "I want you to examine the bag," he said to them.

They did so and pronounced it sound.

"Now give it the 'Double Whammy,' José," said Señor Flapjaw.

I drove a hole in the bag and the sand poured out.

"Did you ever see a punch like that?" asked Señor Flapjaw.

"Never," said the sports reporters. "Cheez."

"Do you think my boy is ready to meet Killer Kasimir?" asked Señor Flapjaw.

"He sure is," said the sports reporters.

They left to inform the populace that I was now of a preparedness to meet Señor Killer Kasimir.

The next evening Señor Flapjaw greeted me in a state of considerable elation. "Look at these papers," he said joyously.

"You will forgive me," I said, "but I do not have the reading of English. What do they say?"

"They say," said Señor Flapjaw, "that you are signed to meet Killer Kasimir on the Fourth of July in the main bout at the Arena."

"Oh, Señor Flapjaw," I said, "I am so sorry. It will be impossible for me to keep this engagement. On the Fourth of July the Sleep-Tight Mattress Works holds its annual picnic for the employees."

"Are you out of your mind?" shouted Señor Flapjaw. "This is the biggest fight of your life. If you get past Killer Kasimir, you'll be in line for the big time. You'll move up with the contenders. And you talk about a mattress-factory picnic."

"I am sorry, Señor, but I am under commitment to attend the picnic."

"José, you fool—"

"Let us not descend to recriminations, Señor. The matter is closed."

"José, look. This is important."

"I regret, Señor."

"All right. Let's be reasonable. How long does this picnic last?"

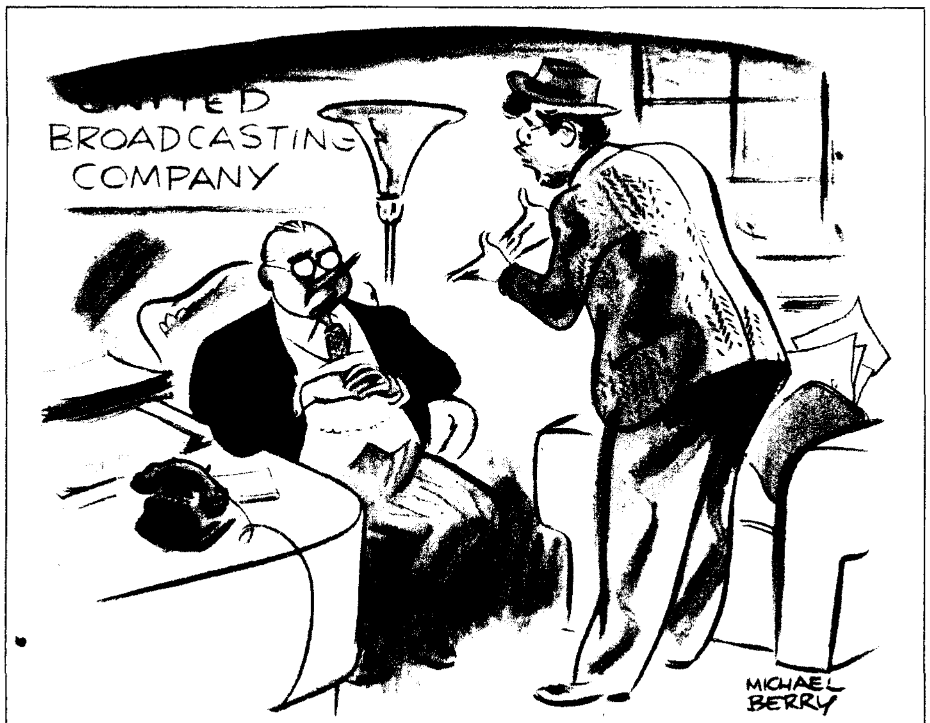
"From three of the afternoon until midnight."

"Well, couldn't you go in the afternoon and leave in time for the fight? You don't go on until nine o'clock."

"It is not polite, Señor, to eat and run."

"But this is important, José. This is big money. You're not fighting for twelve dollars. You're going to get eighteen, maybe twenty. Think of what you could buy Consuela with that kind of money."

"Yes," I said, "that would be good. I have recently seen in the window of the Bon Ton Furniture Store a portrait costing twenty dollars of a dejected Indian seated upon a dejected horse. Such pathos! Such heartbreak! It would be a gift of beautiful sadness for Señorita Consuela."



"Now in this serial Mother needs an operation, Uncle goes to jail, they kidnap the baby and the husband disappears. Then, suddenly, disaster strikes!"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY

"Fine. You buy her that picture."

"How excellent it would be," I mused, "if I could present this gift to Señorita Consuela before the day of the picnic. For at the picnic we shall certainly see one another many times and each time she will smile at me in thanks for this picture of much sadness."

"Okay, José, I'll give you the money now so you can send her the picture before the picnic. Now, is that a deal?"

"Done, Señor," I said and extended my hand.

"All right," said Señor Flapjaw. "Now let's practice that 'Double Whammy.' Let's see you get in position."

"Like this?"

"No, José, no. Now, listen. You've got to learn that punch. I can't get out in the ring with you and put you in position when you're fighting Killer Kasimir. You've got to learn it yourself. And fast."

"I shall try, Señor," I said.

And truly I did try. Each day I came and practiced and concentrated and applied myself until there was a roaring in my head. What an unnatural configuration it was! What an unbalance of normal attitude! But I tried and I tried until by the third of July, I could approximate the stance in a crude fashion. What an infernal complication it was!

AT THREE o'clock on the Fourth of July I was on the picnic grounds surrounded by a host of rollicking colleagues from the Sleep-Tight Mattress Works. I wandered about absently eating cotton candy and entering three-legged races, but it was Señorita Consuela for whom I was looking. At length I spied her. I caught her eye and waited breathlessly for the smile which I knew was forthcoming, for she had received the portrait of the Indian the day before.

But on this day, wonder of wonders, I received more than a smile. Señorita Consuela excused herself from a group of young lady friends, and walked over to my side.

"Hello, Señor José," she said. Her voice was celestial. "I want to thank you for the magnificent picture and for the many previous gifts."

"Señorita," I breathed. "Señorita."

"I would have thanked you before, but it is unseemly for a young woman to speak to a young man who has never spoken to her. Why have you never spoken to me, Señor José?"

"But, Señorita," I said, "what of Señor Emilio?"

"Well, what of Señor Emilio?" she said.

"But you are widely considered to be his girl."

"Why have you not consulted me in the matter?" she asked.

"Señorita," I cried, "do you mean—can you mean—"

But my question was never finished. For suddenly I heard a roar behind me, the roar of a lion. "Aha!" roared Señor Emilio, and struck me a blow of cosmic force upon my ear. A blow of equal vigor fell upon my gullet, another on my nose, my stomach, my eye, my forehead, my chest, my shoulder, my other eye. What a deluge of blows! What passion! What fire! What extraordinary velocity! What superlative cogency! Beyond a doubt, the man was a lion.

When I regained consciousness, Señorita Consuela was wiping my forehead. "Have you ever," I asked her, "seen such a demonstration? Señor Emilio is an engine of wrath. Señor Emilio is a bolt of lightning. Señor Emilio is, in short, a lion."

"Señor Emilio! Señor Emilio!" she cried. "That's all you can think about. Do you know who you are? You are Señor Doormat."

With that she flounced angrily away.

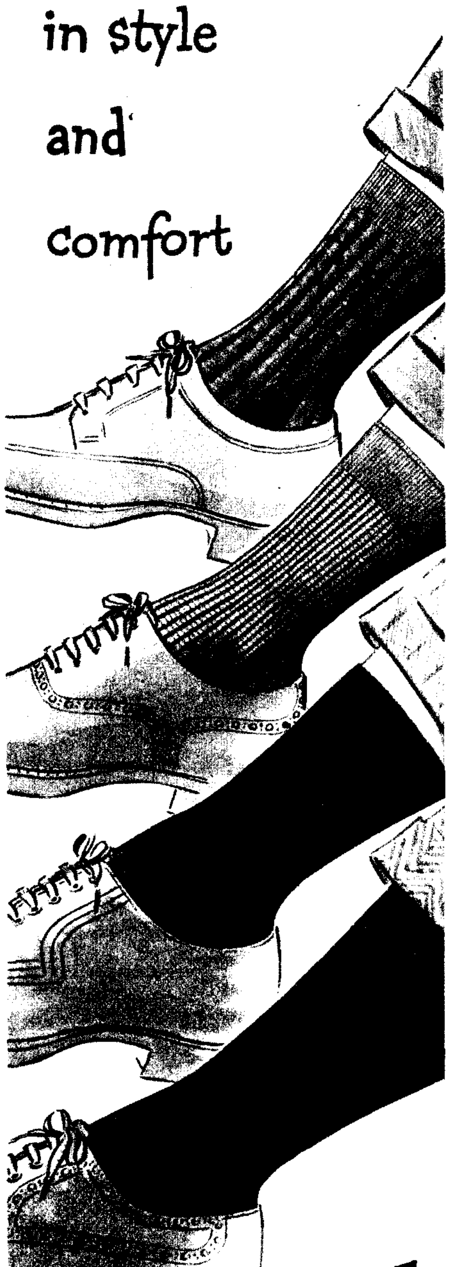
What a rare thing to say! I pondered her statement all the way downtown to the Arena. Señor Doormat. A rare thing.

"Great balls of fire!" screamed Señor Flapjaw when I entered the dressing room at the Arena. "What happened to you?"

"Please, do not afflict yourself, Señor," I said.

"What? What? You're on in ten minutes, man. What kind of shape is this to show up

the
PHOENIX FOUR
... a ribbed
sock quartet
that hits
a new high note
in style
and
comfort

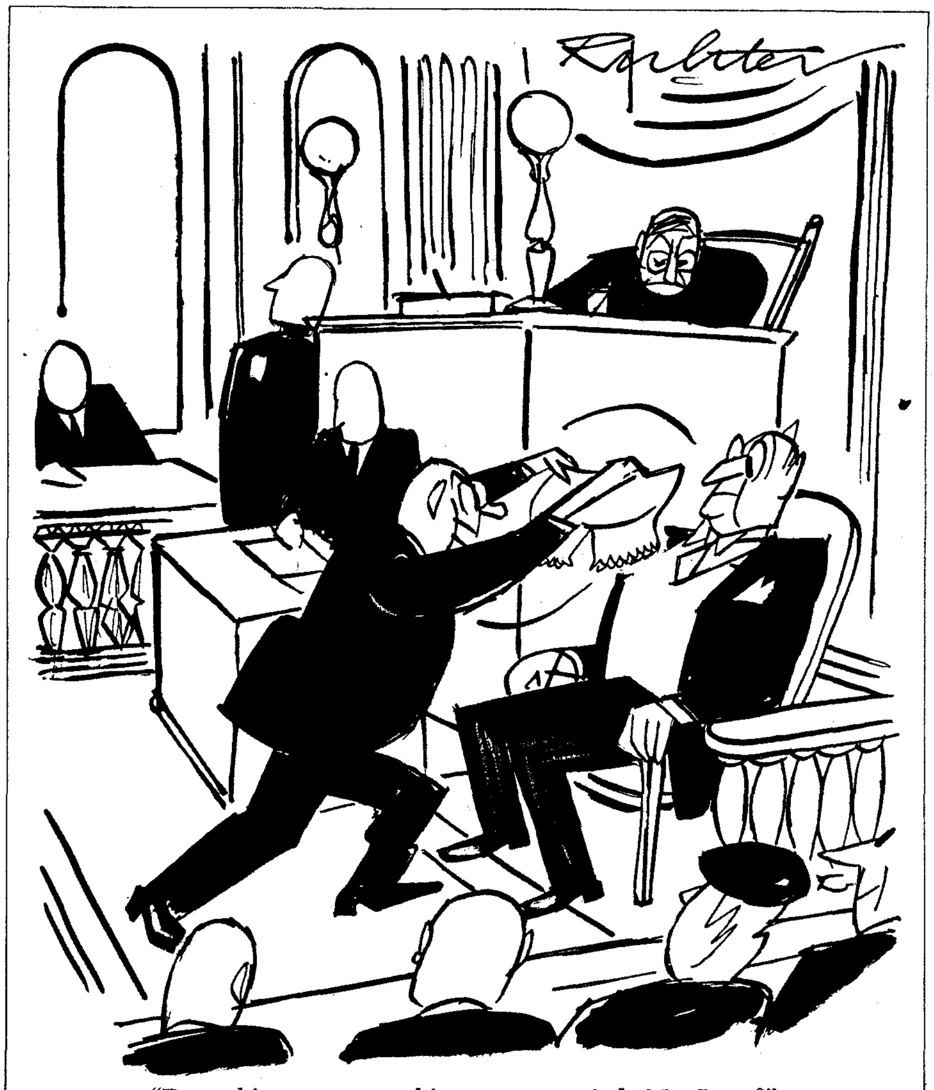


PHOENIX
FAMOUS HOSIERY AT ITS BEST!

PHOENIX HOSIERY C
Milwaukee 1, Wis

I Let the Cat Out of the Bag!
JUST LIKE A GIRL! YOU HEAR SIS SAY HER BOYFRIEND HAS BAD BREATH—AND RIGHT AWAY YOU HAFTA GO AND TELL HIM!
BUT SHE WANTED JIM TO KNOW IT! SHE SAID SO!
SURE SHE WISHT HE KNEW IT-BUT YOU CAN'T GO 'ROUND TELLING A PERSON THINGS LIKE THAT!
BUT IF I DIDN'T TELL HIM HE HAD BAD BREATH—HOW WOULD JIM KNOW HE OUGHT TO SEE HIS DENTIST?
JIM SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
SEE? AN' JIM SAYS IT'S ALL BECAUSE I LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! KAY KYSER Wednesday Night — NBC Network



"Does this convey anything to your mind, Mr. Jones?"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

in for the biggest fight of your life? What happened to you? What hit you?"

"Please, Señor, the subject is closed."

Not heeding Señor Flapjaw's bellows, I changed to my trunks and put on my robe and walked to the ring. The referee expressed touching concern over my appearance, but I begged him not to afflict himself.

"He's fine. He's fine," Señor Flapjaw told the referee. "Just a strawberry rash."

Señor Flapjaw spent the few minutes remaining before the bell feverishly applying plaster to my cuts and bruises. The bell rang and I went out into the ring.

But my mind was not on Señor Killer Kasimir, a veritable wombat of a man. I was thinking of the rare observation of Señorita Consuela. Señor Killer pounded me with exemplary aplomb and skill, but my thoughts were elsewhere. Near the end of the first round Señor Killer knocked me down and I lay on the canvas considering the words of Señorita Consuela. Presently I was dragged back to my corner.

"The bell saved you," said Señor Flapjaw. "What's the matter with you? Why don't you fight. He's making a doormat out of you."

"What a rare thing to say," I said. "Why do you, too, call me a doormat?"

"Why?" cried Señor Flapjaw. "Because he's stepping all over you. He's wiping his feet on you. He's making a chump of you."

It was becoming clear now. "Señor Flapjaw," I said, "when a man is in this condition of being a doormat, it is repugnant to a young lady. Yes?"

"It's repugnant to everybody," said Señor Flapjaw. "Nobody likes a quitter. Now get in there and fight. Give him the 'Double Whammy.' "

"Yes, the 'Double Whammy,' " I said. "Señor Flapjaw, will you demonstrate to me once more this complicated punch?"

"Like this," said Señor Flapjaw. "Your feet like this. Your body like this. Your arms like this. Got it?"

"Yes, thank you, Señor. I think I have dominated the 'Double Whammy.' Now, will you please extend my regrets to Señor Killer? I am unable to attend the second round."

And I leaped from the ring and ran to the dressing room and put on my clothes and went back to the picnic grounds and found Señor Emilio.

"Señor Emilio," I said. "My apologies."

Then I assumed the stance for the "Double Whammy" and hit him in the jaw and knocked him unconscious for more than two hours.

SENOR EMILIO was not angry with me when he woke. He shook my hand and put his arm around me and bought me a glass of beer. He asked me to demonstrate to him the position for the "Double Whammy," and I obliged. Then he tried to duplicate the position, but he could not. I explained to him that a requisite for this punch was the necessity to have the left shoulder hang six inches lower than the right. He asked how I had assumed such a conformation. I told him that it resulted from carrying mattresses on my left shoulder for five years. He then asked whether I would exchange jobs with him at the mattress factory, and of course, I was honored to do so. In less than nine months Señor Emilio's left shoulder hung even farther below his right shoulder than mine did.

Meanwhile Señorita Consuela and I were married. Our union has been blessed with issue: four boys—Pancho, Porfirio, Diego, and Roberto; and one girl—Emilia. I am now foreman in the coil and ticking department of the Sleep-Tight Mattress Works, earning twenty-eight dollars a week with more in prospect. Naturally, I gave up fighting after my marriage.

Señor Emilio, too, has prospered. Under the guidance of Señor Flapjaw, he has become light heavyweight champion of the world. I regret, however, that he is still unmarried. In this I feel some reponsibility, for I took from him Consuela. I hope that soon he may find a girl of Consuela's worth to bring joy and purpose to his life. If there is such a girl who has had the goodness to read this story to its end, if she will communicate with Señor Emilio Herrer at his lonely lodgings in the towers of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City, she will earn my undying gratitude.

THE END

One Side or a Leg Off!

Continued from page 17

His teammates suffered less horrible fates.

Pick up a ski annual at random, and rare is the race account that doesn't record a broken limb or worse.

The talented nonracing amateurs fare as badly. There is no necessity for them to ski out of control as do the downhill racers. Yet there comes a moment when they open up, or catch an edge. Jack Atherton, excellent skier and artist, saw a tree on a trail last year. The tree saw him; there was plenty of time for both to step aside. The next thing Jack knew he was a mass of blood and bruises, including internal injuries, a concussion and a spiral double fracture high on the leg. Jack is still hobbling on crutches—eager, of course, to ski again. Another good skiing friend, Stuart Chase, cagey top tennis player and skier, and always in the pink, banged himself into a broken leg last year.

Not that there aren't skiers who haven't escaped without a wrench—but these are few. It is impossible to compute the number of accidents that take place. Railroads, equipment sellers, resort and towline operators don't like such publicity.

Statistics Don't Throw the Skier

The Denver Ski Patrol, issuing an isolated and rare report re Berthoud Pass, Loveland Pass and Winter Park, Colorado, claims that its accident rate is on the upswing. Despite the Patrol's careful propaganda that skiing can mean broken bones, the area's accident rate has risen from 3.5 per cent per 1,000 skier days beginning in 1930 to 5.6 per cent for last winter.

Much is being done to make skiing as foolproof, say, as football. Trails are being improved. Bad spots are plowed out, dangerous obstacles removed. Often the trail is altered so that, for example, the sun won't melt the snow off the south side and leave a hidden bit of brush covered just enough to throw the skier.

Equipment, often as badly designed as trails, is being improved. After breaking his leg six times, Hjalmar Hvam, racing pro, has invented a safety binding which releases the ski when it's subjected to abnormal twists. Ankle breaks take place when the foot, imprisoned in a rigid boot, firmly fastened to the ski by steel cables, goes one way, while the body goes another. Some suggest giant *slalom* trails—big horizontal turns—instead of the straight downhill ski runs.

These are ideal dreams. Let's take a trip to Mt. Bustaleg. At 11:20 A.M. of a jeweled Sunday, the snow train plows to a stop at its foot, and ejects a gay assortment of riders of the athletic bed slat. Soon the hill resembles a Breughel winter scene—except there is no artistic co-ordination. Skiers herringboning painfully uphill, collide firmly and nasally with skiers scooting down. Others snowplow till they fall, fail to fill the "bathtub," or *Sitzmark* (the scooped-out section), when they rise—a heinous ski crime.

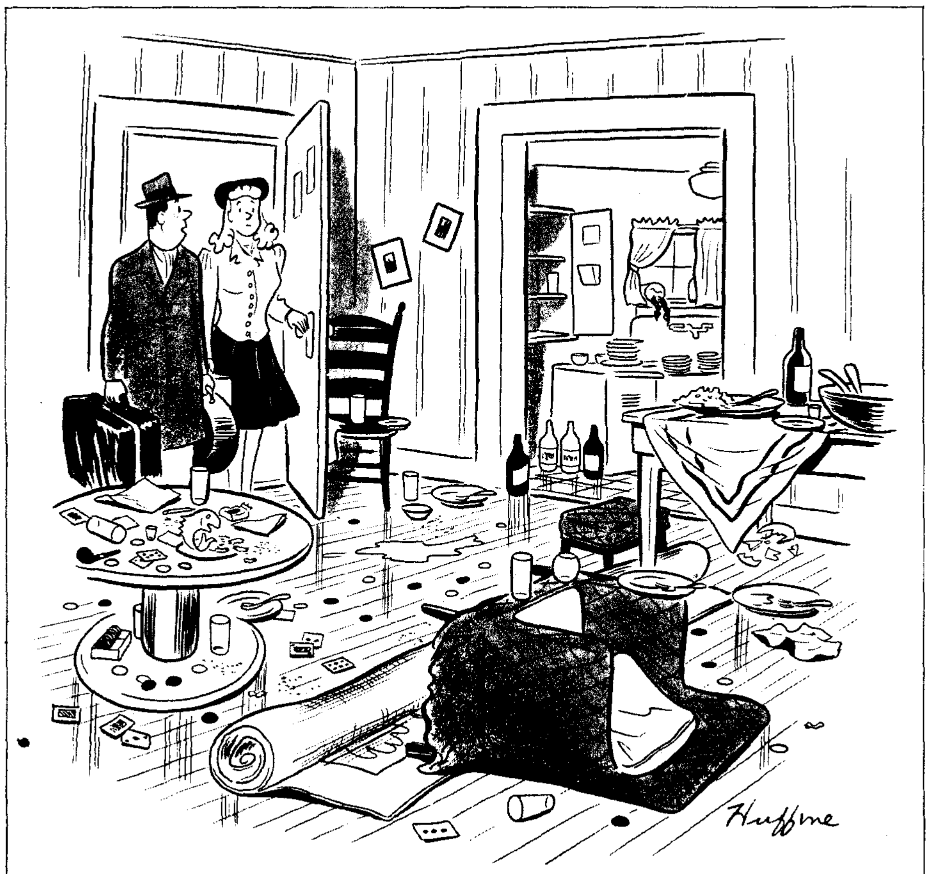
The skier following behind plunges into the bathtub, and fails to come up. Or maybe he knocks his eye out falling on his ski tips. Some skiers open up and boom down the slope with cries of "Track!"—coming to rest against those who don't understand ski parlance. Wild men whiz down leaving a trail of bodies behind. Nothing is heard in this confusion, except the sound of rending flesh, the snap of brittle bones, and the clang of the ambulance bell.

But even if they make it a public offense as they do around Buffalo, New York, to ski before you pass a proficiency test in the bull pen; and even if the experts are forced to ski in radar-and-radio equipped armor, on skis with hydraulic brakes, I doubt if skiing's accident rate will ever be low. People will still gaze coldly at the prostrate figure on the toboggan and mutter: "The damned fool! Did something he shouldn't have done!" Then they'll go and do likewise.

The skier is an inhuman being utterly unlike any other. Psychoanalysts might say he has an athletic suicide complex. He skis as others wage war: he likes the fresh face of danger, sneers at gravity, avalanche and frostbite—and percentages. I've seen him whistling down a mountain in a blizzard, clad in the thinnest of raiment, unable to see five feet ahead, covered with three inches of ice and no insurance. He probably gets that way from standing on mountaintops, and drinking in the incredible frozen beauty of the upper stratosphere—the distant glamor, the glittering jewels of ice-coated rock, the snow-crusted pine tops peeping from snow so deep it can drown you, the sheer brilliance of a sun-drenched world. . . .

Hey, what am I saying!

THE END



"Well, I guess nobody broke in while we were gone. Everything's just as we left it"

COLLIER'S DAVE HUFFINE

FOR Vigorous MORNING FRESHNESS

Try this at Bedtime Tonight!

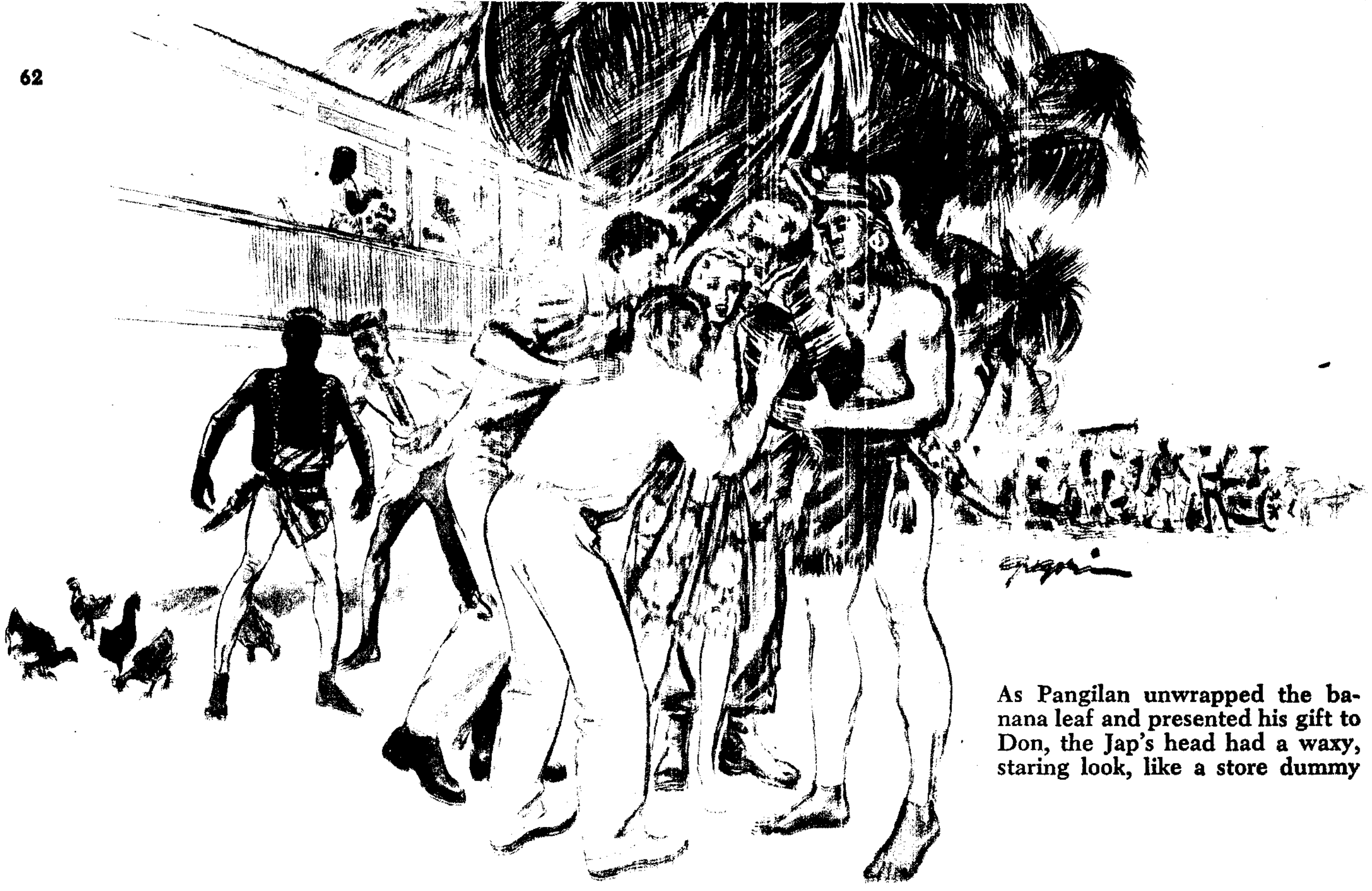
It's a way thousands use to wake up vital and gay, and eager to get going! Just drink a cup of warm Ovaltine each night.

Here's how it works—without magic or mystery. Taken warm at bedtime Ovaltine promotes *sound sleep* without drugs. And—*while you're sleeping*—supplies basic foods to restore vigor and energy. And as a plus value, furnishes extra amounts of vitamins and minerals most of us should have for buoyant vitality. So each cup is a 3-way aid to brighter, peppier mornings. Why not try it, and see!

TO INDUCE SLEEP!
Warm Ovaltine at bedtime promotes relaxation—has power to relieve "nervous tension" and certain digestive unrest. Supplies food elements necessary for sound sleep.

TO REBUILD VITALITY!
While you sleep, Ovaltine provides food elements to rebuild vigor and energy. It's specially processed so you can digest it easily while you sleep.

Ovaltine
PLAIN AND CHOCOLATE FLAVOR



As Pangilan unwrapped the banana leaf and presented his gift to Don, the Jap's head had a waxy, staring look, like a store dummy

The Luncheon Gift

By Lieut. Harold H. Martin, USMC

To two war-weary gyrenes, the Robinson plantation seemed to be a dream with food to match. That is, until someone said that Pangilan was waiting with a present

ZAMBOANGA: We dined on the *sala,* the great open porch of the beautiful plantation home that Don Robinson had built for his wife, Ann, when they came to Basilan 30 years ago to carve a coconut plantation out of the jungle that covered this green island lying off the tip of Zamboanga.

By any standards it was a meal to marvel at. To Lieutenant Burnham Litchfield and me, both of us accustomed to the rough fare and the rougher service of Marine chow halls, it was a miracle. There was a tablecloth of lacy beauty, a treasure from Ann Robinson's hope chest. There were napkins of linen, monogrammed. There was a centerpiece of tropical flowers, which blended the soft purple of the *cadena di amor,* the charm of love and the little yellow bells of the *campanella.* There was fine old China in the design the Cantonese call "the Little People," and old silver, heavy and lustrous.

Two deft, immaculate Filipino girls served, their bare feet noiseless on the wide ipil-wood boards of the floor. The food was the kind that a man might dream about. Pajo, a salad made of the fern-fiddle, the tender curling tops of the jungle fern. Suman-rice cooked in coconut milk, broiled chicken, tender and sweet, with mango chutney, litchi nuts, and huge golden slices of pineapple, esh picked that morning. And, for dessert, coconut pie, soft, sweet and creamy on a ky crust.

t was a Sunday noon, and the wind blew through the *sala* off the deep curving that formed one boundary of the wide lawn. Birds sang and, beyond the the columns of the coconut palms d in ordered rows toward the blue On the white sand road northward toward the little village of Lamitan, Moro men in their brilliant costumes walked with their fighting cocks under their arms, Moro women carried their baskets to market, and Moro youngsters drove their big-wheeled carts, shouting, and twitching the single rein that passes through the pierced noses of their plodding carabao. It was the Christian's Sunday, the Mohammedan Moro's market day.

The talk was of small things, not of war. We had talked of war already, for Don and Ann Robinson had seen their share. There was first Bill's going, and then his loss, when his plane went down over Java. And then there had been the coming of the Japs, and the flight of Don and Ann to the hills, and their three years of wandering among the Moro tribes who hid and sheltered them. And then their return, a few months before, to find that the Japs had used their house as quarters for officers, and had, remarkably, destroyed nothing except the ground orchids that had surrounded the house.

They had failed to find the cache where Ann had buried her treasured silver. Nor had they found where the Moro families, to whom Ann had entrusted her linens, and the smaller pieces of her furniture, had kept these things safe alike from theft and jungle mold.

We had talked of how Don, a tattered ghost, had finally become so ragged that he could not afford to be seen except from the front. And how Ann had knitted incessantly, to keep from going mad.

But that had been the night before, and today we spoke of lighter things. Don spoke of his wandering, foot-loose youth, that took him from Indiana around the world, ofttimes broke, and of how on a flip of the coin, he chose the University of Texas instead of the University of Chicago.

There he had met the gay, vivacious, tiny girl, fresh from the study of violin in Berlin, whom he married and brought with him to the Philippines—choosing this place for no reason perhaps, except that he remembered the smoky blue of the hills of Basilan, and how the little Moro boys swam like shiny water rats in the blue-green waters of the Rio Hondo, and the colored striped sails of the Moro fishermen as they sailed in their needle-slim *vintas* and their broad-bellied wallowing *kumpits* out of the mouth of the Hondo across the straits to Basilan.

So we talked of small things until the Moros of the plantation began to stir and chatter. Soon the one called Mondiaran spoke to Don in the Yakan tongue. A frown shadowed Ann's face. Don translated.

"He says that Pangilan, from Tipa-Tipa, has come with a gift." He rose from his chair. "Like to come along?" he asked. We went.

It wasn't so bad. As Pangilan unwrapped the banana leaf and proffered his gift to Don, the Jap's head had a waxy, fixed-staring look, like the head of a clothing dummy in the window of a store. The blade of Pangilan's barong had taken him just above the shoulder blades, and he had died without alarm.

Pangilan is slender of body and massive of shoulder. He has black hair which flows over his shoulders from beneath his red and green and yellow turban. A crimson sash bound his waist, and from the silver box which hung there, like an Elizabethan dandy taking snuff, he took a betel nut, touched it with lime juice from a little silver vial, wrapped it in a pepper leaf, chewed for a moment and spat a gobbet of rusty red in the dust.

He had found the Jap an hour's walk away, he said to Don in Yakan, busily digging for *camotes,* the native potato. He had come upon him quietly, and there had been room for a clean swift stroke. There had been other Japs near by, but he had not molested them. The head was a gift for Don.

Don thanked him and shook his hand. We looked at the shining white steel blade, with its handle of silver, in its case of shiny, dark wood set with mother-of-pearl. Don told Pangilan he was deeply grateful, but he thought that the people at market should see the head, too, so they could know what manner of man was Pangilan. Pangilan agreed that this was so. He took up the head and wrapped it in the banana leaf and went on to market, followed by an admiring retinue.

"That makes five they've brought by," said Don, as we returned to dinner.

The dessert was delicious and, as we ate, Ann told us the history of the magnificent silver platter that held the centerpiece of flowers. It was made for her, long years ago, by a Chinese silversmith in Manila. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GREGORI

Failure in Germany

Continued from page 13

not a primary one in the American zone. The Ruhr, the Saar and Silesia, the three main industrial areas of Germany, are in the hands of the British, the French and the Russians, respectively. Reparations plus the destruction done by bombing, and the shortage of raw materials and transportation, in the opinion of the experts, will, in the end, prevent the restoration of German industry to anything like its former level for a number of years, by which time the Germans will have been left to fashion their own destiny. But, if demilitarization in a physical sense has made good progress in the United States zone, there are few signs that the mental disease of German militarism has been eliminated.

In the early summer of 1945, many optimists believed it had, and it was easy to do so. "What did all this soldiering and parading bring us?" a German housewife asked in Kassel. "Nothing but this!" And she gestured at a long line of women waiting for a food store to open and the piles of debris which dwarfed them. The soldiers too were tired of war. On every hand one heard the slogan: "No more war!"

Pleasant Memories of War Years

Today that too has changed. War was not all hardship for the Germans, and men and women are remembering the years when the markets were full of bread and meat, and Fritz and Karl sent home lovely things from Paris and Brussels. In their gray lives today the gaudy trappings of German militarism are a happy memory.

Oversimplification is dangerous, yet one of the commonest impressions among the Allied personnel in Germany today is that the Germans retain their old love for war and militarism and consider the second and first World Wars bad only from the standpoint that Germany was the loser in each. Few Germans are conscious of wrongdoing in supporting a war of aggression. Fewer still believe that war in itself is wrong. There are millions who regret the defeats of 1918 and 1945, but very few pacifists.

A similar conclusion may be drawn when denazification is considered. There are millions who regret the Nazi regime, yet there are very few democrats.

The American job of eliminating the physical aspects of Nazi rule, arresting prominent Nazis and ousting less prominent ones from jobs, has now reached a point where the record is probably cleaner than in any other zone.

This is all the more admirable in view of the fact that, for months, thousands of Nazis were maintained in office and sustained by American officers who pleaded that there was no one to replace them and "anyway, someone had to make things run."

Both pleas were spurious, as recent experience shows. There were and are plenty of Germans ready to take the places of ousted Nazis in administration, finance, industry and commerce. And there is no need to "make things run." The American objectives have been to stamp out Nazism and militarism and to introduce democracy. The "empire builders" in the army to the contrary, military government had and has no interest in maintaining more than a minimum economy in Germany.

Today one can drive across the breadth of the American zone from the Rhine to the Czechoslovakian frontier without seeing any symbol of the Nazi regime which, for a half decade, terrorized Europe. Only the Reich *Autobahns,* running across fields and over hills, remind the onlooker of the state which was to last a thousand years.

There are no Swastikas remaining as decorations. Party flags and Party signs have vanished. The leaders and the organizers of the party are dead or imprisoned. Nazism is dead, if, by that, one means the Nazi Party as it was led by Hitler and his gang. It is dead not only because the military government in all four zones has labored to eliminate it, but also because the Germans believe

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Kodak Verichrome - the Film in the yellow box

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'ade from the juice of fresh apples, a special moisture-guarding agent we call Apple "Honey" helps keep Old Golds free from cigarette dryness.

Old Gold
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Wednesday Evenings CBS
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MEET ME AT PARKY'S
Sunday Evenings NBC

it "betrayed" the German people by losing the war.

But the complacency so often shown by American Military Government officials over the cleansing of Germany is misplaced. No one of them can demonstrate that the impulses which moved the Germans to embrace Nazi Fascism have been eradicated. In six months in Germany I met only thirteen Germans who would admit that Nazi Fascism was wrong and six of these were Communists. "Germany was happy under Hitler," said a doctor in Stuttgart. "Things went well and the party did a lot for us. That is the sort of government Germany must have again, but it must be wise enough to avoid the mistakes which Hitler made." I asked what these mistakes were. "Look around you," he said, and I saw American troops and American vehicles moving along the main street of the shattered city. The "mistake" was to lose the war.

Yes, Nazism is dead, but Fascism, authoritarianism, totalitarianism, call it what you will, is not dead. Like Barbarossa, it is only sleeping.

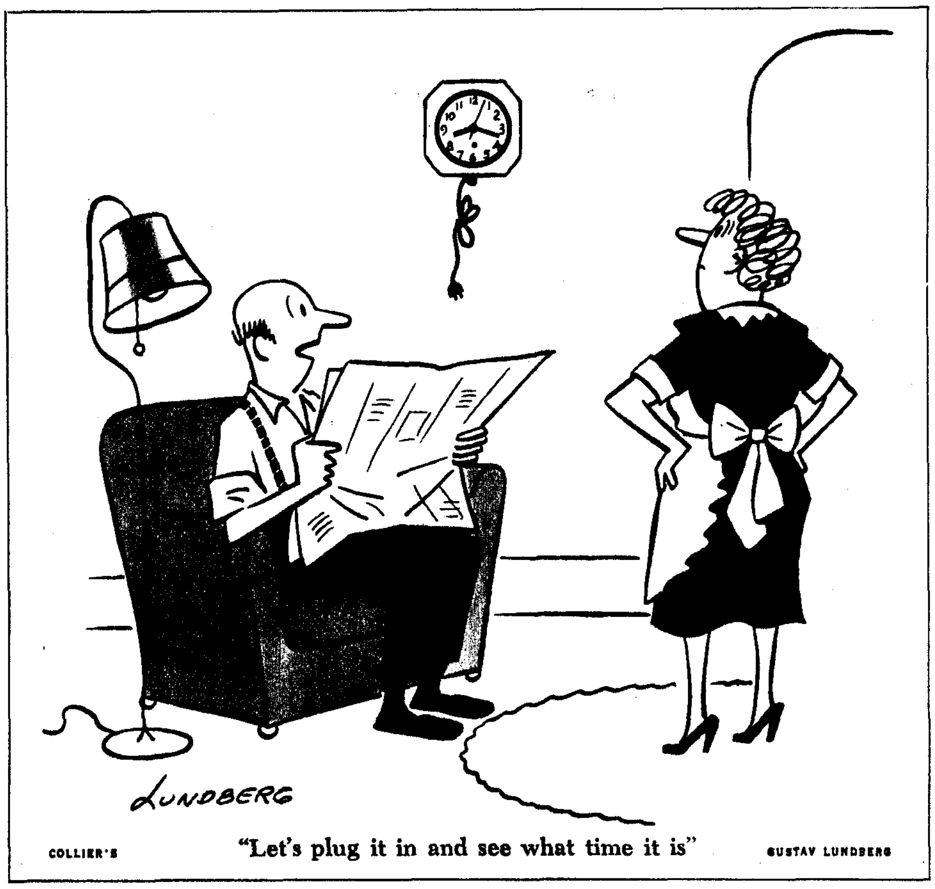
The Unconquered German Mind

The incompleteness of the American Military Government's efforts to denazify and demilitarize Germany and the failure to instill democracy are the result of a fundamental failure to conquer the German mind. Physically, America and her Allies conquered. Mentally, we have lost or are losing the battle. Great efforts have been made to prepare the Germans for democracy; that is, to overcome their racial prejudice for authoritarian forms of government. Yet because of the time element and because this aspect of military government has received less attention than it deserves, our efforts are incomplete.

The introduction of textbooks and even children's books preaching democracy has been widely advertised. Yet in this too only one half of the problem has been attacked. The greater problem of German family life remains.

Psychiatrists agree that the German character is based on life in the home, and that this life is totalitarian to a degree which molds every child. In German homes, the father is a little *Fuehrer*. The children do not speak in his presence unless spoken to. There is little babying once they are old enough to walk and talk. There is no interchange of ideas or information and the mother's role is sublimated to that of the father.

When the new "democratic" textbooks appeared, I spoke to a teacher in Aachen. She doubted their effectiveness. "You Americans seem to think that the children will accept these and perhaps even mention at home what the books teach. The reverse will be true. The father will be certain to inform the children not to believe what they read, and to punish them if they show any interest. The school is not the great influence on the German child; it is the home which teaches him." Her opinion was echoed by others. Only if German family life becomes less authoritarian, if the children and their elders are able to gain some idea of the viewpoints of other peoples, will the work begun by the military government in the schools flourish.



COLLIER'S "Let's plug it in and see what time it is" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

Most Dangerous Nazis of All

Beyond the school children, there is another group whose minds appear unconquerable. These are the young men and women from seventeen to thirty, the group which has no real memories of any other Germany than the Third Reich. These are the most violent Nazis remaining in Germany and since few of them had reached positions in the Party high enough to bring them within range of the anti-Nazi ordinances of the occupation authorities, they remain free to watch and jeer and plot.*

Thousands of returned soldiers belong to this group. So do thousands of young women who have given themselves freely to American soldiers and who have planted in the mind of many a young American the idea that "Hitler wasn't so bad after all and he did a lot of good things for Germany."

With the German mind unconquered and unchanged, it is not surprising that the American Military Government has failed to instill democracy in any but a group of untrustworthy sycophants and Communists whose views on what constitutes democracy are far different from ours. It is surprising that the military government has been able to sow so much seed so widely.

To our failure to conquer and change the German mind, the incompleteness of our programs of denazification and demilitarization are linked. It is too early to apportion blame among individuals, but not too early to realize that a large share of blame for our failures in Germany must rest with the American people, whose urge to redeploy the Army wrecked the plans of the military government.

Ten Years of Education Needed

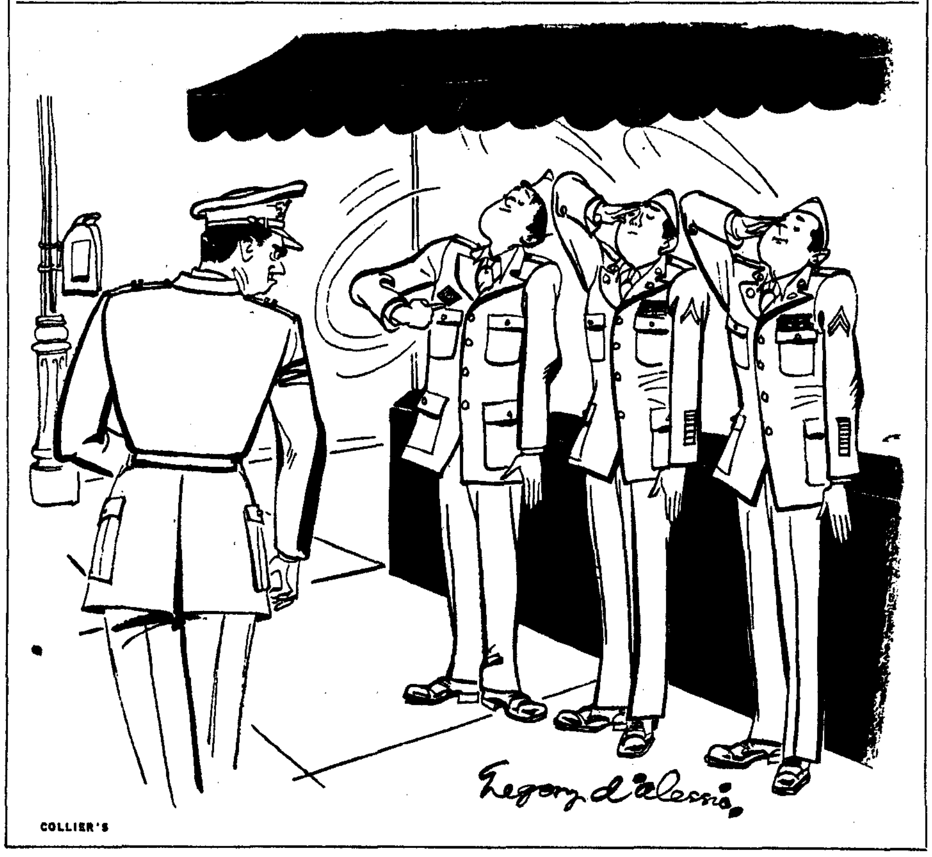
A proper military government, lasting for about ten years, strong enough to nurse German democracy in government, teach it in the homes and schools, and guard against the growth of non-Nazi but Fascist groups, might have worked. But we were too eager to get the boys home. Hence we must not blame anyone else if they have to leave again.

The futility which one feels in Germany does not reflect in the physical work which has been done by the military government and the Army. The necessary mills and plants are working. The crops were better than expected. Transportation and communications are improving. The physical aspects of Nazi rule and German militarism have vanished.

But the German mind is unconquered and it is the German mind's ability to torture the world with which we will have to reckon. The sullenness of the early winter is giving way to desperation. Hunger is spreading. Men who are desperate and hungry have little to live for, and no one has ever doubted the German's courage. We have won the war with Germany. Have we lost the peace?

THE END

WELCOME HOME! by **GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



COLLIER'S

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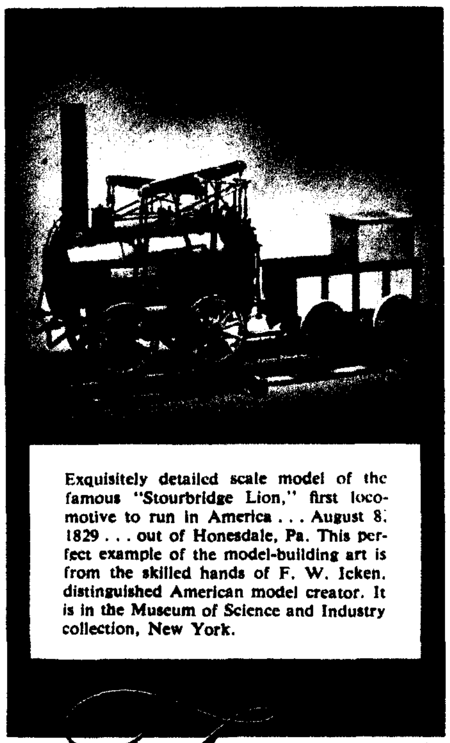

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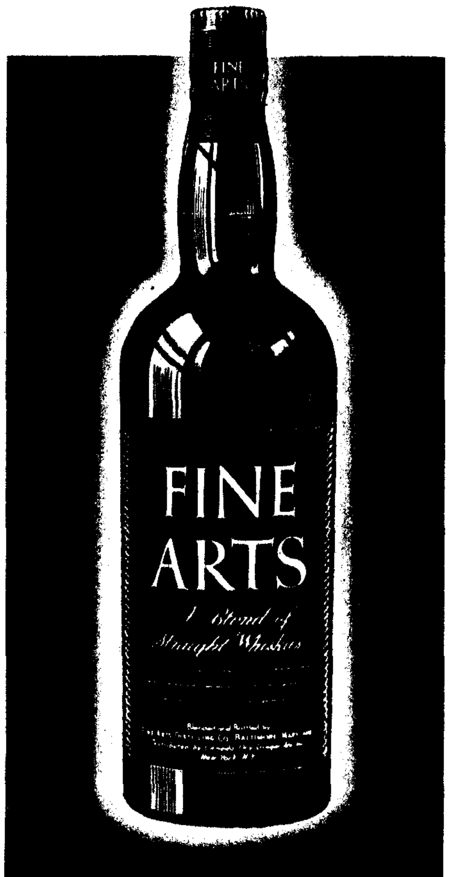

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*See *Danger Ahead in Germany!—Collier's, June 9, 1945.*

STRAIGHT AMERICAN

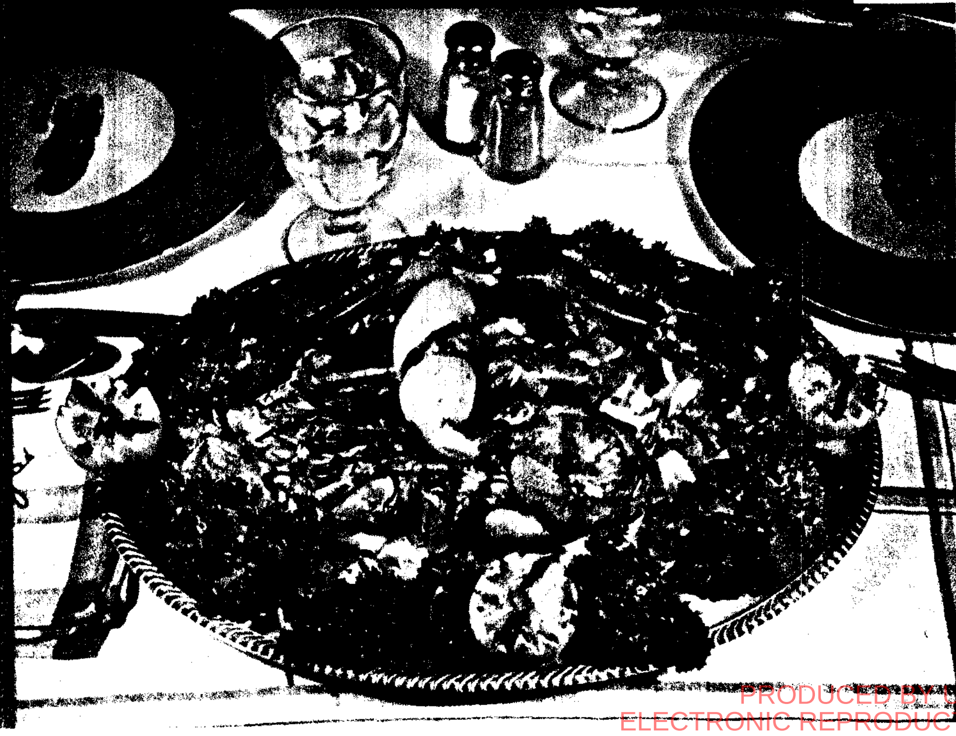
BY MONA GARDNER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

Good eating is a carefully nurtured tradition at Harvey's, whose fabulous food is as American as the restaurant's 88-year history

Julius Lulley, who has been the owner of Harvey's since 1931, samples the crab gumbo being prepared by Head Chef William E. Lewis. Lulley is a protégé of the original George Harvey, who died in 1909 after passing his cooking secrets on to his young assistant

New Orleans salad is considered by Harvey fans to be the perfect accompaniment for the restaurant's famed crab gumbo. It contains two kinds of lettuce, tomato, endive, eggs, anchovies and croutons. Below, the Harvey version of broiled Maine lobster



WASHINGTON tourists—and it's getting so they nearly equal government workers in numbers these days—follow a ritualistic path. They go to the Capitol, the Washington Monument, the White House, the Pentagon, and to Harvey's Restaurant for seafood. Unless, of course, they arrive about nightfall. In that event they go to Harvey's first, and next day view Capitol, Monument, Pentagon and White Palace through a happy haze of broiled scallops, crab gumbo, drawn butter and terrapin.

Not long ago an especially lyrical and ecstatic diner in Harvey's put down his knife and fork, reverently licked his lips again, and pronounced: "Harvey is the Ziegfeld of food!" This accolade touched off a quick salvo of applause in the third-floor dining room but didn't cause any gourmets to rest their forks for a moment. The remark, however, turned out to be a very acute comparison—for whereas Ziegfeld spent half a lifetime glorifying the American girl, Harvey's has dedicated eighty-eight years to glorifying American cooking. Both can become delectable institutions in the right hands.

In the course of eighty-eight years of feeding Presidents, Cabinet officers, generals, senators, congressmen, correspondents and sight-seeing citizens, Harvey's has steadfastly called an oyster an oyster. Bouillabaisse and olla-podrida have fanfared in and out of the various famous capital kitchens; likewise shrimp fooyoung and *shish kebab*. French double-talk on smart menus in some Washington food depots has crept to such length that reading the day's food chart requires the time and concentration of an eight-part serial.

But Harvey's has never been a victim of such foreign lures. It started a tradition in American cookery, and through four wars, eight panics and six delirious booms it has continued and enhanced that tradition. The only concession to its present smart Connecticut Avenue surroundings is that instead of sitting on a stool to eat your oysters out of a wooden trough, you sit at a damask-covered table—*if* you can get one—but without flowers, and without music. Otherwise Harvey's goes right on offering in the same rapturous manner, crab Norfolk, boned Potomac shad, steamed Rappahannock oysters, terrapin Maryland, ham and oysters Baltimore, crab gumbo, New Orleans salad, oysters Hampton, spoon bread, pepper hash, or broiled porterhouse with mushrooms Shenandoah.

Harvey's makes a point of receiving direct shipments of Maine mussels, Seattle salmon, Canadian goldeye, Louisiana frog legs, Idaho mountain trout, Salt Lake City celery, smoked shrimp from Iowa, Virginia's Chincoteague and Rappahannock oysters, Nova Scotia lobsters, Connecticut soft clams, Alabama watercress, and Florida gulf fish and terrapin. From Harvey's new 215-acre farm in Maryland come pecans, guinea hens, Muscovy and mallard ducks, turkeys, hams and capons.

Faced with one of Harvey's confections of planked shad, Damon Runyon, the author, took a second look and said: "The man who caught that fish is a liar!"

Certain Harvey addicts, for instance, come in regularly once a week for a tureen of crab gumbo, refuse to profane their taste buds with other food, and leave in a bemused and trancelike state. Harvey's maintains there is nothing mystical about the dish, and quite willingly tells you the recipe . . . First you spend half a day making a subtle puree of green peppers, celery, tomatoes, onion, okra, and whisk a sassafras leaf through this a minute before the puree is finished and strained.

Then you merely spend the other half of the day cutting crabs galore up in chunks (this is the real trick, it seems, to use three or four times the amount of crab anyone ever tells you to use). Next you slowly sauté the crab chunks, shell and all, in hot crab fat, stirring in a quart of clam broth, which you can cheat and get out of a bottle but which the earnest and pure-of-soul obtain from cooking a quart of fresh clams—and add discreetly, cayenne, thyme, Worcestershire, and bay leaves and combine with puree. Meanwhile, with the unoccupied hand, you cook a batch of rice, line soup bowls with it all ready for the grand, grand moment when the gumbo is ladled out. See what a cinch crab gumbo is?

And Some Must Have Their Mug

The only joker is that a second school of thought wouldn't consider sitting down to this concoction without a mug of Harvey's musty ale. So that takes you back where we started—at Harvey's.

Harvey's Oyster Saloon came into being in 1858, when the chivalry ate oysters from morn to midnight. They were driven to this, chroniclers point out, because the price of a pair of shad had gone to the outrageous height of fifty cents.

Substituting oysters for shad, the nation's hardy lawmakers forthwith arranged their Congressional chores around an eating schedule that went: breakfast nine to eleven of fried oysters and steak, a twelve-thirty midday dinner beginning with oysters on the half shell, five o'clock dinner with an oyster entree, robust tea at seven-thirty *without oysters* (probably because no one had got up from the table long enough to devise an oyster sandwich), and then supper from nine until midnight of oysters, or lobster, or crab, or all three. Digestion was obviously a social treasure then.

The original and only George Harvey was a rotund genial mine-host out of Dickens, and was not related to the Fred Harvey who instituted assembly-line feeding at Western railway stations a little later. He scrubbed out a blacksmith shop on Pennsylvania Avenue, no more than an oyster's throw from the Capitol, and set up a restaurant with "a genuine iron front."

(Continued on page 71)

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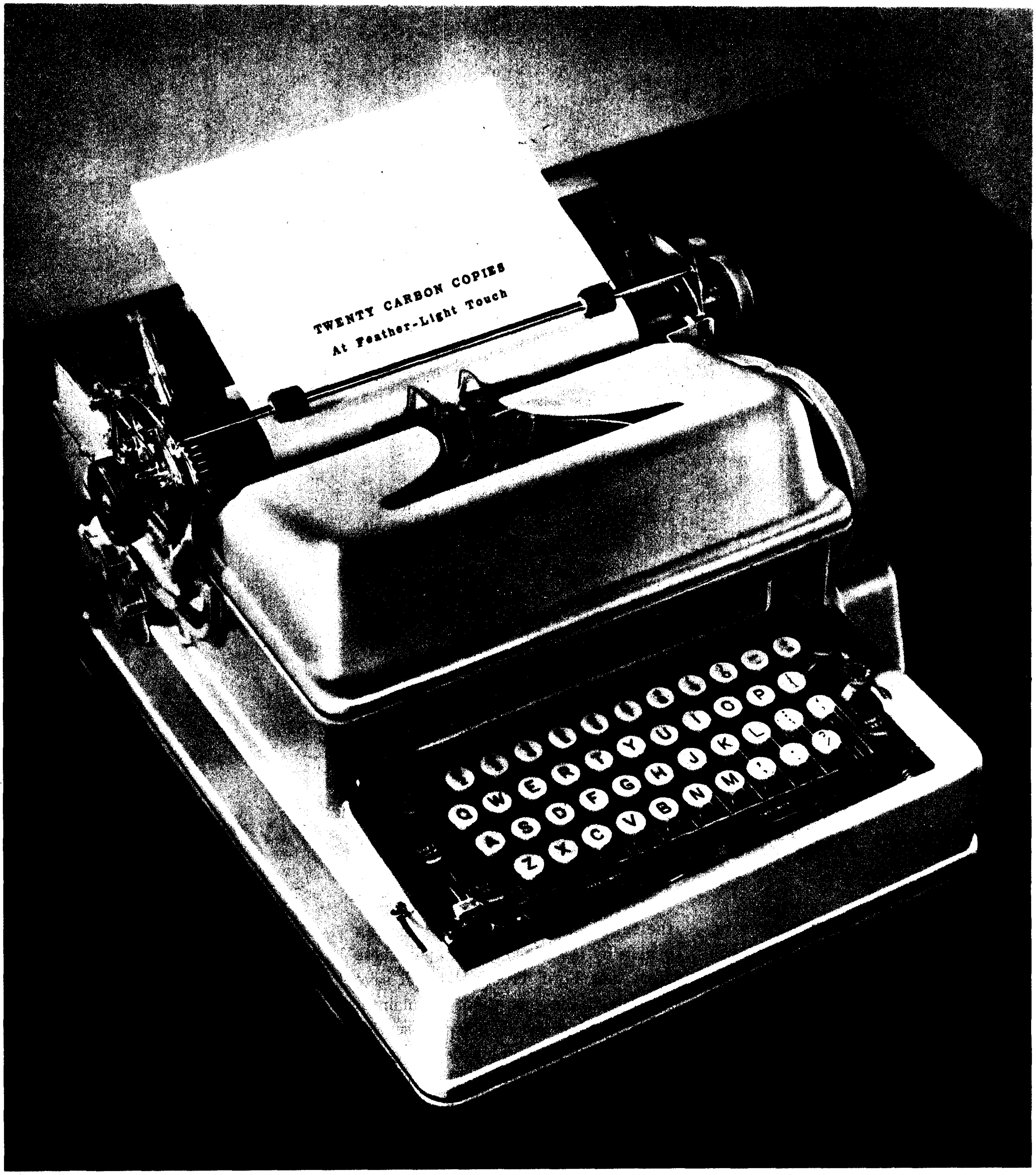
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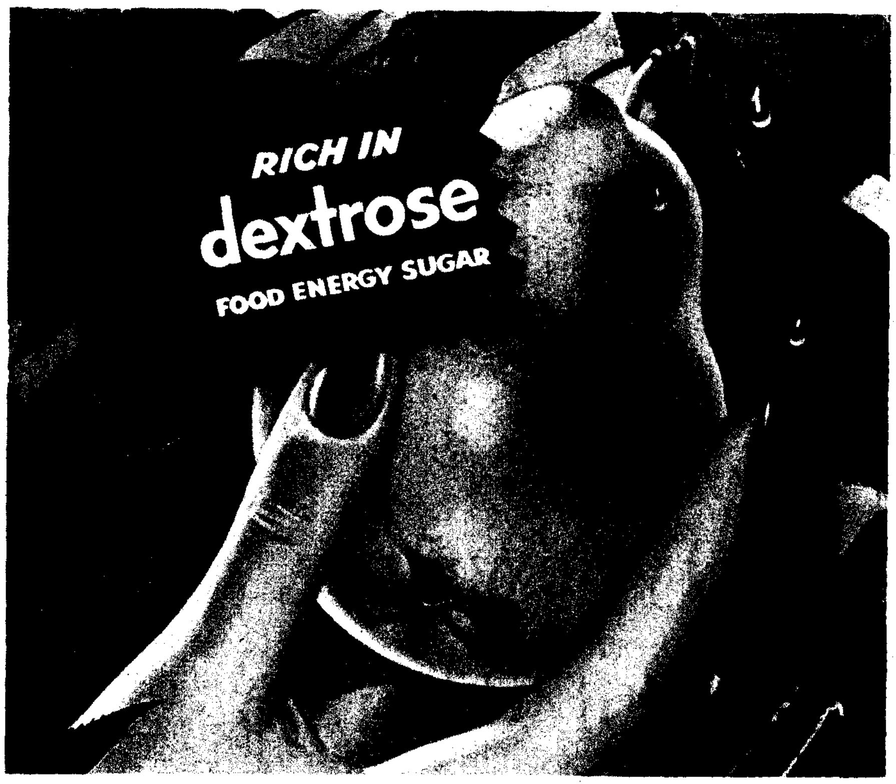
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Straight American

Continued from page 66

Inside he built a wooden counter, trough-shaped, around a square where one chef served raw oysters and another tossed oysters interminably into boiling caldrons, scooped them out with a sieve and served them piping hot in an equally burning but inspired sauce of drawn butter, paprika, English mustard and Worcestershire, magically blended. It took twenty men working steadily all day long to shuck enough oysters to satisfy the customers.

Yet in chronically overcrowded Washington, Harvey's was just one of a dozen or more packed eating houses for several years until the happy day he had a fire. It was a good-sized blaze, and the fire fighters used a lot of water to put it out. In the course of this, a considerable amount of hot steam poured down into the basement over six or eight barrels of unopened oysters. Lamentations that these beauties were spoiled were loud, until someone happened to taste one of the steam-opened bivalves. The exultant cry that went up brought firemen, customers and Harvey himself to polish off the lot.

The Rebels' Friendly Gesture

From then on, the shrill little whistle Harvey rigged up outside his place told Washington at half-hour intervals that another mess of steamed oysters was ready, and people would come running from government offices, shops and hotels to get a place at Harvey's troughs. Union troops lined up two deep for a block; and all through the Civil War the only boats the rebel blockade allowed up the Potomac were Harvey's oyster boats.

Harvey's fame spread like an epidemic. He was a "culinary genius," "a comet over the horizon of food connoisseurs." New York and Philadelphia newspapers carried glowing editorials—side by side with the rumblings of Civil War—about the great new epicurean American dish called steamed oysters with sauce Harvey. Gold-laden prospectors in San Francisco and Creole chefs in New Orleans offered vast sums for the secret sauce recipe. Visitors at the White House made such conversational to-do about it that President Lincoln called for a command performance for himself, Mrs. Lincoln, Secretary of State Seward and several other officers of his Cabinet.

That seemed to set the precedent: Each succeeding President has dined at Harvey's with the exception of Coolidge and Hoover. Because of his paralysis, Franklin Roosevelt reversed the process: he used to have Harvey's chef come over to the White House two or three times a year to roast some canvasback ducks or do a dish of terrapin Maryland. During the war, Harvey's sent hickory-smoked hams overseas on orders to Generals Eisenhower and Mark Clark.

Before he died in 1909, Host Harvey had revealed his flavoring and sauce secrets to young Julius Lulley, who, as a Washington high-school lad, had started working nights and Saturdays as a checker at Harvey's bar. The eager youngster went through each apprentice step—marketing with Harvey at dawn, keeping the wine cellar, hiring second cooks, blending sauces over a spirit lamp—until he reached a place at Harvey's elbow, tasting each sauce, pinching duck breasts and sticking a fork into steaks to make sure each dish that went to the dining room was perfection.

Keeping Up the Traditions

Lulley bought the business in 1931, moved it uptown next to the Mayflower Hotel, and has made it a personal obligation to add to the luster of American cookery ever since. A good half of the patrons call him Mr. Harvey. William Rose, the headwaiter—who looks like Uncle Tom's well-dressed brother—and Aunt Hattie, who tends the linen room, have both been with Harvey's for more than fifty years, and have a lively collection of tales to tell about the grandfathers of some of the present-day diners. Chef William Lewis, after spending twenty-nine years in learning Escoffier traditions from two famous French chefs in this country, came to Harvey's sixteen years ago and eased into American cooking with a happy, happy sigh.

Lulley is a scholar of food. He will travel miles—to South Carolina, to Louisiana, to California—to track down a new and intriguing dish, and then sit up half the night debating whether two tablespoons of cream or a gill of sherry would improve it. He hit upon one of Harvey's current rhapsodies that way—a glass of Madeira added to the hot butter in which fat young mushrooms are sautéed. He calls them mushrooms Shenandoah because he got the idea from a white-haired Negress in the lower Shenandoah Valley.

"The best American cooking," Lulley says, "is essentially Negro cooking. They learned some of it from the people they served, people who knew good eating—Creoles, Spanish, and English Cavaliers. And some of it has just naturally come to them because the South abounds with fish and game—the reedbirds, teal, mallard, Muscovy, widgeon and snipe in the Potomac marshes, the crab and oysters and shad in the Chesapeake, the 'possum and turkeys and hams always at hand. Added to all this is their native desire to experiment, to surprise. They devised nine ways, for instance, to cook terrapin despite the fact that a law passed somewhere around 1820 prohibited a slave eating terrapin more than once a week because it made him bone lazy."

Harvey's knows how to cook terrapin each of the nine ways, but the favorite styles most often called for are Maryland, Baltimore and natural. Chef Lewis makes a point of stunning the diamondback terrapin first by striking them a sharp rap with a stick, then pitching them into boiling water for forty minutes. While this is going on, the terrapin butter is made by melting one pound of unsalted butter and stirring into it the sieved yolks of twelve hard-boiled eggs, some cream, some brandy, some sherry. There's no use trying to pin Chef Lewis down to exact amounts, he tells by the look of it. So, when it *looks* right, he puts in chunks of terrapin and stews it gently until that also looks right. Then Rose whisks it into a chafing dish and bears it to the table with the triumphal air of a Caesar.

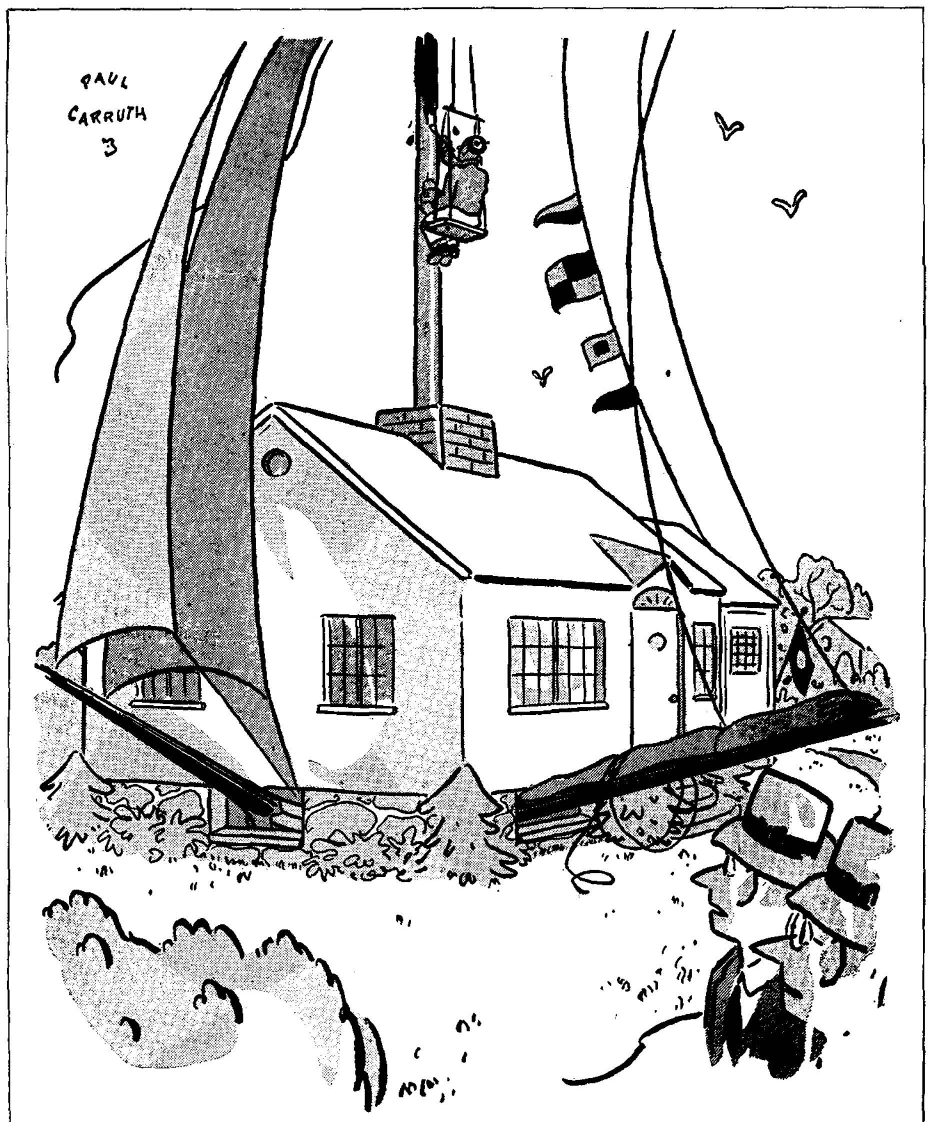
Food for the Gods

But he doesn't leave you to your superlatives. Before your eyes, he rubs a couple of pats of butter around a warm bowl until melted, blends in a spoonful of English mustard, salt, cayenne, and a dollop of olive oil, showers it with paprika, expands it with more oil and a dash of wine vinegar, and then beats it to an indefinable state of thick smoothness. With one quick pass he pours it over a mound of lettuce, romaine, tomatoes, endive, anchovies and croutons, and the next minute you are eating the salad of salads, or what is unemotionally referred to on the bill of fare as New Orleans salad. Oh, Rose, don't forget that mug of musty ale!

Harvey's startled a lot of copybook gourmets when it brought forth a sea-food sauce for broiled steak. Now it's a kiss-the-finger name in Washington's eating circles—America's challenge to Bordelaise sauce. It starts with a brown sauce with mushrooms sautéed in it, then small oysters, lobster chunks and shrimp added, and last of all a gill of sherry.

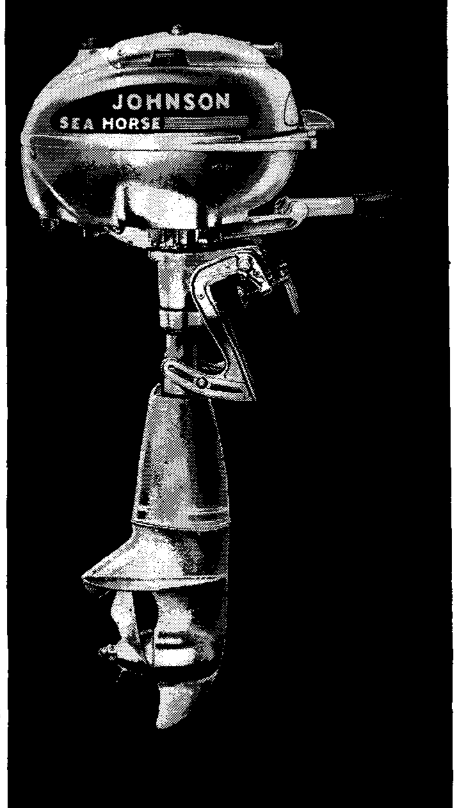
About once a month a dreamy look comes into the eyes of Host Harvey (alias Lulley) and he's not to be found at the kitchen doors tasting sauces or sniffing cheeses, and he's not to be found out at the farm trying pecans in a Martini cocktail or feeding celery to the mallard. No, he's off somewhere . . . eating a Chinese dinner. He says the Chinese dishes have more flavor, more imagination than any other food, except, of course, straight American cooking.

THE END



COLLIER'S "A mighty fine boat Arthur's building, eh?" PAUL CARRUTH

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR EXPERIENCE



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Mountain Time

Continued from page 21

inches short of Cy. He said, "I don't like anything else about you. Not the cut of your jib, nor the shape of your face, nor your tongue, nor your insubordination, nor your snottiness, nor your hallucination that you're too brilliant for this world. Get back to your job, Kinsman. And do it. Write up that pancreas. And bear in mind, you may not be reappointed. You're on probation at Mercy. I don't think you'll make the grade."

IT WAS about four o'clock that afternoon when Cy realized that no one could talk to him that way, least of all Alexander McAllister. The realization hit him as a gust of rage that turned him blind. With no reason he began to bawl out a nurse and an intern, standing there and fairly beating them over the head with abuse. Pete hurried up, Dorothy Sponberg came after him, and Cy was overwhelmed with shame. "You'll have to forgive me," he managed to say. "You did nothing wrong, either of you. I'm a fool. I'm suffering from a delusion that I'm Sandy McAllister."

He swung off down the corridor and Pete hurried after him, only to be half-paralyzed by the discovery that Cy was crying. He fell into step but couldn't say anything all the way to Cy's suite. By the time they got there, Cy wasn't crying.

"You never know what the machine will give when you drop the nickel in," he said. "Damn me if I've bawled since I got knocked out of the box in the ninth inning at Custis High."

He saw Pete stare with sudden horror at the wall, then avert his gaze. Someone had taken down Dr. Kinsman's picture from the line of former residents, where it didn't belong yet anyway, and had substituted a large framed photograph of the rear end of a truck horse.

"That would be Steele," Cy said. "In fact, it would be anybody at Mercy except you. And how right." Pete grabbed for it but Cy stopped him. "Let's just leave it there."

"Cy, will you for the love of God tell me what has got into you?"

At the moment, what had got into him was an overwhelming disgust and something more. A recognition that it wasn't a delusion, that he really was like Sandy McAllister. "I think maybe," he said, "we shouldn't let me roam Mercy without a keeper."

"Look here, is it anything—I mean, would a little—oh, hell, Cy, my old man's lousy with money, if you need money for anything—"

"With Mercy paying me its princely wage?"

"What's gone wrong, then?"

"Nothing."

They sat miserably silent till Cy said, "Mercy doesn't allow for time out. Let's go back and run our pushcart. Well, I'll tell you, Pete. It's coming to look as if the healing art and I weren't meant to live together in holy wedlock. If I ever find out why, I'll write it up for you."

The conscientious Kinsman detachment had been cracked up and down and across. Yes, and by other agencies than Little Mac and Mercy Hospital. Cy had been increasingly resentful of the regimen that kept him from visiting Twenty-third Street. He had been inventing errands that took him away from Mercy on legitimate business and allowed him odd half hours at Josephine's. A half hour in the evening occasionally or, best of all, the half hour before supper. Nowadays Sam was seldom home at that time, Deborah was always heartwarming in her bath, and this was the hour when Josephine came closest to being whole.

She had grown thinner and Dr. Kinsman thumped her and made a blood smear. "I guess you'll live, one way or another," he reported next time. "Just under five million, which is all the license calls for. Hemoglobin close to ninety. See here, you aren't abnormally thirsty these days, are you?"

"Not for anything to drink. It's just that I don't sleep. It's just that nobody can live in New York."

She sat with Deborah's little white-night-shirted figure on her knee, her damp ringlets against her cheek. He was still concerned about Deborah, so delicately formed that she seemed ethereal, somehow smaller and frailer than he thought she ought to be. He intended to break Dr. Thorwald's dead line and take her back to St. Andrew's for examination sooner than he had been told.

But you came to ignore Deborah for Josephine. She was a neurotic Madonna, skinny, somehow emptied and surely unfulfilled. . . . A reek of slum streets poured in the open window. He knew that Josephine's thoughts had retreated westward to Custis, where summer smells were clean. Her brown eyes were deep with distance and remembrance. They were tired, there was regret in them. Her skin had a curious luminous quality. The flowered blouse had short sleeves and its open collar made a shadow above the rise of her breasts.

How long had he been wanting to touch her? The question came clanging into Cy's mind with a shocking revelation. There were few women he had wanted to touch from whom he had withheld his hand. But he had been wanting to for a long time, without acknowledging the desire, without really being conscious of it, and he had forborne.

"Did you bring Junior that gyroscope you promised him?"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

Suddenly he remembered telling Pete Estey—no, taking care not to tell him—that if he should want to take Josephine, he would take her. A flippant and now ironical conceit. For he had wanted to and wisdom deeper than desire had restrained him. When had he first wanted to hear that contralto voice, deep and sad and rich, speaking to him out of the darkness?

Shaken, his nerves jangled by realization, Cy took Deborah on his knees, gave her a tawdry little picture book he had bought at the corner newsstand, and watched Josephine narrowly. There was always much clairvoyance between them but for the moment it was fortunately shut off—she was quite unaware of the riotous emotions that had possessed him. She was relaxed against the pillows on one of those blue-covered couches, looking through the windows at something twenty-five hundred miles away, her long, straight, subtle legs swung up beside her. After a while she took Deborah again and began to sing old nursery songs. The Farmer in the Dell. Oats, Pease, Beans. Songs the Canedays had sung in Custis years ago, and so a magical incantation now, designed to bring Josephine healing and safety. When had he first known that her voice had beauty, that it had disturbance and desire?

After Deborah had eaten supper, Josephine took her upstairs. When she came down she was still humming absently, "Where oats, pease, beans, and barley grows. 'Tis you nor I nor nobody knows." Yes, it was incantation. From the vanished time, from the time when Jo was Deborah's age. She had carried her daughter upstairs, singing. But it was the child Josephine being carried upstairs and sung to, in an old house on a quiet, leafy street in Custis, of an evening in early summer under the peaks—and time was motionless in those days, there was no growing up, there would be no loss nor doubt, no need to know the hot iron and cold stone of the world. Custis and childhood were in her eyes and forlornness had made her altogether beautiful.

"Krazy Kat," Cy said.

"What about him?"

"That place he talks about, the Enchanted Mesa. There really is a place named that. It's near Acoma—I've been there. But the name is just a name. It isn't enchanted."

"Damn you, Cy," she said furiously. "Let me think so, can't you? At least there would be a place for Debby to play. And a place for me to . . ."

"To what?"

"Nothing. Let it go."

Music was on her still, she was still reaching for enchantment. She sat at the piano and began to sing. It was a song he had never heard before. "Everybody got to walk that lonesome valley, I got to walk it all alone." It laid a hand on his throat. . . . He wasn't taking this very well. Maybe he wasn't going to take it successfully.

Josephine stopped singing and swung round on the bench. "Cy, just what is known about hay fever?"

"Nobody knows much. Mostly the boys just treat the symptoms."

"Sam has got to start his treatments right away. Last year they cost us sixty dollars."

"A chap named Kunkel runs a clinic at Mount Sinai. It wouldn't cost a dime there."

She smiled. "You don't understand. Certainly it is society's duty to take care of its artists. But a clinic—that's charity, Cy, and don't you know charity kills the soul at once?"

"If I had to pay sixty dollars, he'd go to a clinic or his mucous membranes could go right on swelling."

He had not supposed there was any dynamite in that. But it brought Jo to her feet in a white fury. "I've told you before, you'll stop despising Sam or you'll stop coming here. Make up your mind and I don't care which."

Eenie-meenie, he thought, they all do it to me, I do it to them all. But the scientific detachment of Cy Kinsman had been cracked open some time ago and he could be furious too, just as furious as Jo. "Take a tumble to yourself," he said. "If he needs sixty dollars he can damn' well earn sixty dollars. You pay his rent, you not only cook his dinners but pay for them as well, you pay for the lovely vellum he writes his masterpieces on. Why don't you make the boy grow up a little?"

"I'm not doing anything I'm not proud to do."

"Proud? You're kidding yourself. You're skinny as a rail, you can't sleep, you're stretched tight with worry. Half the time you're in a daydream of running hell-bent home to the Rocky Mountains. Why? I'll tell you why. Because if you did, maybe you could wear a skirt again. Maybe you could try being a woman for a while. And maybe that would be more satisfactory than keeping a man."

"There's Deborah, isn't there?" Josephine reminded him.

"Does Sam know there's Deborah? Does he give a damn?"

"You can't say such things to me!" Josephine protested.

"Do you honestly think your fancy man is worth what he costs you?"

They stared at each other, shocked by the violence revealed. Shame darkened Cy's mind, and a secondary anger because she had no right to make him feel ashamed. . . . She made a gesture of abasement, her knees buckled, and she sprawled on a couch. "Things aren't going so hot with us, are they?" she said. "Know anyone they do go right with?"

SHE fell into a reverie that clearly had no comfort for her in it. She looked curiously fragile. Her shoulders drooped in a weary curve, her slender calves seemed forlorn. Slender and subtle calves that had magnetism, that were compelling—and yet less compelling than her hair. He had to keep looking at her hair. He could not force his eyes away from it. And some impalpable response led her to jerk out the comb and let the dark waves fall over her shoulders. Poor child!—she was invoking the resources of her womanhood.

Cy thought with the most lucid clarity: The warmth in Jo is still trying to break free, but it won't try much longer.

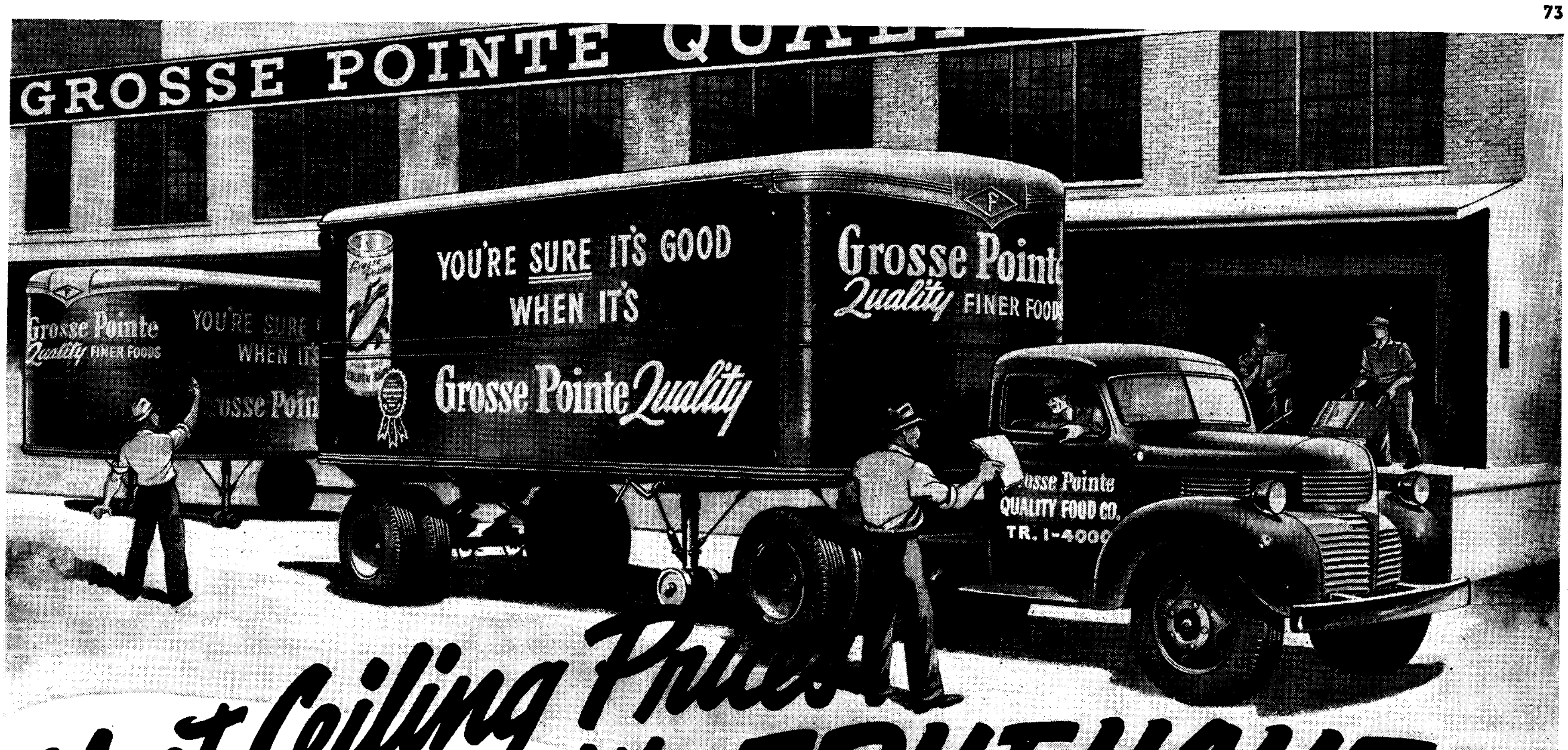
In fact, he was being much too lucid. Here was another truth he had been avoiding as earnestly as he had been avoiding the truth at Mercy Hospital: All year, he thought, all year I've wanted to make love to her. Out of the question. But it was more than that, a lot more. I want to live with her. It would make all the difference—so much difference that there would be logic in my life. But he knew it was too late. Too late by all the doubt there had come to be of Mercy and medicine. Out of the question.

So far out of the question that there was nothing left to do, not even laugh.

She buried her face in a pillow and he thought she had begun to cry. That was not to be borne; only the resident of Mercy was allowed to cry, not Josephine. He crossed to the couch and turned her face up. She was not crying, she was only scowling. But touching her had gratified a desire so strong that it woke one which was irresistible and he took her in his arms. She came into his embrace so willingly, her breast was so soft and her cheek and throat so warm, she was so yielding and surrendered, that overwhelming sweetness enveloped him. It was as if he had taken life itself in his arms, as if in a single instant and for the first time he had come to understand tenderness.

With a deep sigh she drew him closer and clung tight, her lips fervently answered his. He kissed her again. Then she struggled away from him and moved swiftly across the room.

"So now," she said angrily, though it was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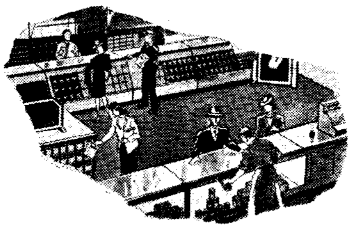

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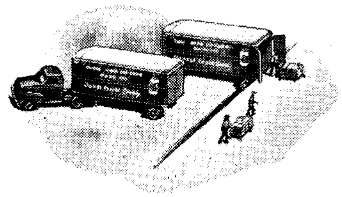

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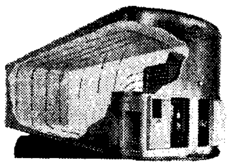

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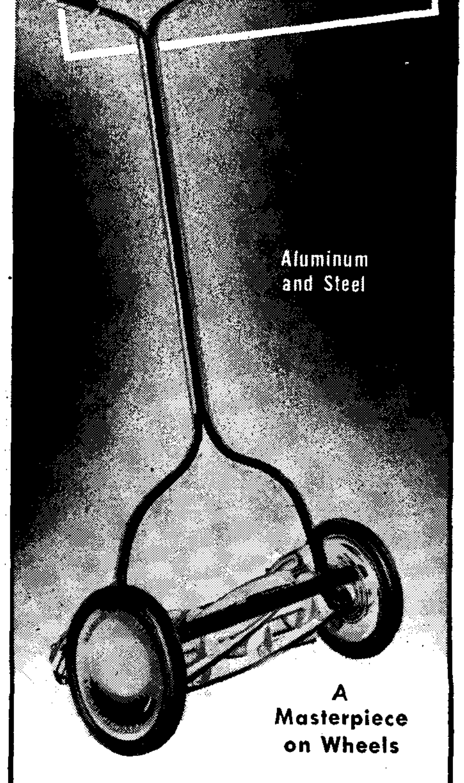

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by no means anger that had stained her cheeks scarlet, "is there some idea I want to be one of your women?"

"Don't be a damned fool!"

The scarlet began to fade to pink and her eyes were all conflict for a long moment of pause. Finally she said, "Well, I won't be. . . . This just isn't our day. . . . No, I won't be a fool. Just the same, I didn't like any part of that, Cy. Remember, I didn't like it. It had better not happen again."

It had better not. The trouble was, though, that while he made his way back to Mercy it happened repeatedly. On every block of the lower West Side she was in his arms and reality could not get her out of them. Between them, Sandy McAllister and Josephine had shattered his impregnability to dust. It was a damned good thing she didn't like it, or that they must both agree to say she didn't like it. A damned good thing it was not possible to live with her. He was just a pair of hands operating in an anarchy empty of meaning and of conviction alike.

SO IT did not take long, now, for the showdown at the hospital. In Private Wing, Little Mac introduced Cy to a young woman as his assistant. Claire Pollock, as would have been obvious even without the warm deference of the great surgeon, was rich and well born. She was about twenty, pretty, charged with vitality.

"I've examined Miss Pollock carefully, Cy," Mac said. "I want you to do the same. She will come in for a few days, for observation."

Claire Pollock's sensitive eagerness, quite as much as her anxiety, won Cy's concern. He had identified her now. Her frank face had smiled at him from Sunday rotogravures. He had seen her pictured in evening gowns and riding habits, in opera boxes, at horse shows, behind the wheels of automobiles. She was young, rich, fashionable, enchanting. And terror had come upon her.

"There is certainly a growth on the ovaries," he told Little Mac, eventually. "I'd say it's a big one."

"It is. Malignant, too."

"How do you know?"

"I don't know. Won't know till I can see and feel it. But it's wholly a malignant picture. My God, Cy, I've done a thousand of these; I can tell 'em blindfold by now."

"She's only twenty. All the statistics are against cancer."

"You saw me take one out of a girl of fifteen."

Unhappily, that was quite true. You can't practice surgery with statistics. . . .

There was a controlled terror in her eyes when, later, Cy stopped at her room. "Can't you tell, Dr. Kinsman?"

"I'm sorry—nobody can. Don't be afraid, Miss Pollock. You're in the best hands."

She whispered, "I'm going to be married," and that roweled him, for she was unfulfilled, who deserved to be fulfilled.

He prepared her for the operation with the full resources of what he had learned, and harried Charlie Moss who did not need the spur. He discussed every detail, test and observation with the Old Man.

"I hope to God you'll be able to leave one ovary. Or even part of one," Cy said.

"More likely I'll have to do the whole job."

He had anticipated that. The Old Man was what God had made him. Or what he had come to be. "Hysterectomy?"

"Of course."

"You know, Colonel," Cy said, "for a girl like that, there's a lot in life it would be a pity to lose. So much, it seems wrong to make her a woman of fifty in two hours."

"Better be fifty than die of cancer."

There rose in Cy's mind the unpardonable, now familiar heresy: he was not so sure.

When he called at Private Wing the night before the operation, she was not asleep and she should have been. In the murk of a night light she reached out to seize his hand.

"I'm ashamed of myself, Dr. Kinsman, I'm sorry—but I'm . . . scared."

"Don't be. Trust Dr. McAllister."

"I know I'll . . . live. But—cancer!"

"It isn't cancer. It's just . . . look, you've probably had a little wen on your shin or your shoulder. That's all it is. There's no reason to be afraid of a cyst."

"You don't know what it is—you don't know. And . . ." her voice sank in the shadow, "I'm scared."

"Everything is terrifying," said Cy, to whom many had confessed fear, and who needed no confession to know it. "You're young and strong, you're tough, you bounce back fast—all your life is on your side." There was no healing in anything you could say; it was indecent to say anything. "Do what you can, my dear. Nothing is as bad as being afraid."

"You're kind."

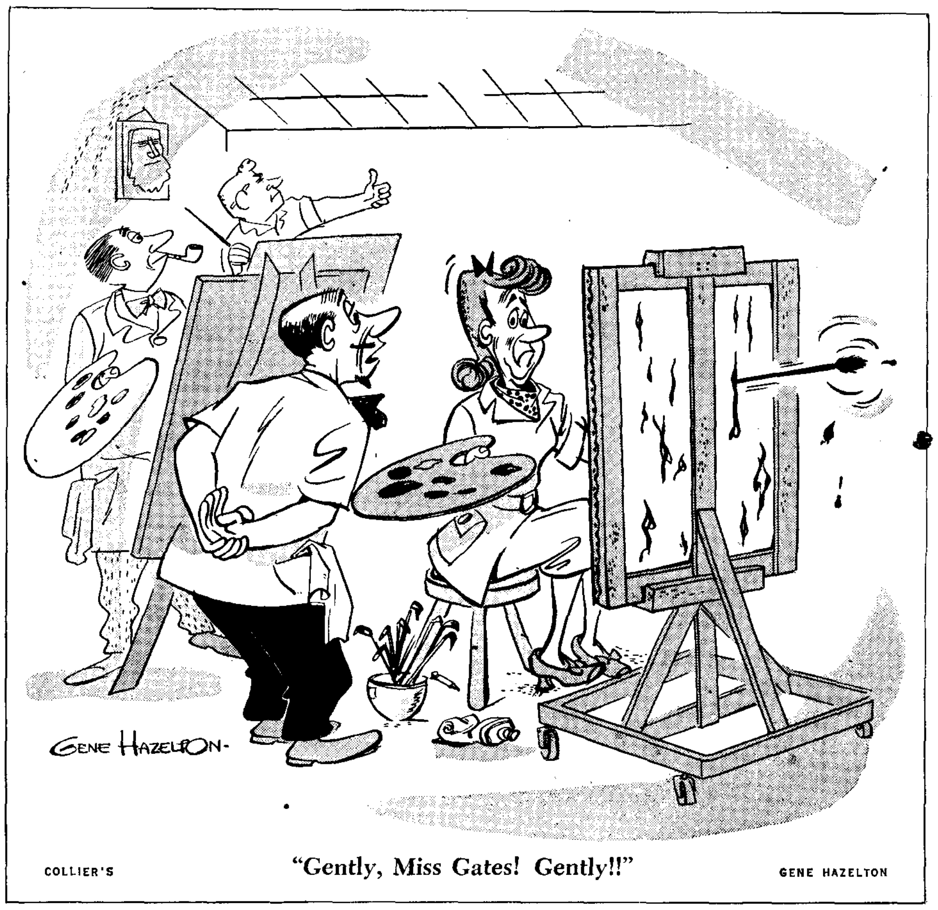
Cy went to tell Charlie Moss to order a hypnotic, shaken because no one before Claire Pollock had ever called him kind, more shaken by something else. There was no resemblance whatever and yet something had made her seem like Josephine.

Cy went out into the back court. Summer night, still and hot. "You don't know," she had said, and that was all too true. You don't know. And it would be good to know. . . .

A steamship whistle sounded somewhere down the bay. Someone was laughing. Lights in Private Wing were going out. A column of red lights marking the pantries on every floor of Medical Pavilion. A laboratory there was lighted. Cy crossed the court to the basement of Surgical. There was a clatter of dishwashing machines from the kitchen. He went down a corridor of X-ray rooms. Steam from autoclaves. He toured the wards, whispering with interns and nurses. In the storeroom across from Ward B, Joe Farmer was sitting at a metal sink, writing up his endless notes. Dorothy Sponberg stopped Cy to ask about a shipment of contaminated antiseptics, about a septicemia case, about a delirium. A nurse came out of B, crossed to the storeroom, and came back with Joe Farmer, who was stuffing his notes into a hip pocket. Mercy was rolling in its accustomed groove. Without friction.

At Ward A, Pete Estey was answering the phone. "My dish—I'll get scrubbed up." He grinned at Cy. "Emergency. Compound fracture."

Cy went on to his room, shut the door behind him and sat down at his desk. *You don't know!* Presently he got out a sheet of paper and unscrewed his fountain pen. *"Dear Dr. Bartlett,"* he wrote, *"Is there a place in your laboratory? Is there anything I could do there? Sincerely yours, Cyrus Kinsman."* He stood up and looked at the unblotted ink, watching it dry. He held the sheet up to the light. The hell with it. *You don't know.* He tore up the letter.



COLLIER'S "Gently, Miss Gates! Gently!!" GENE HAZELTON

He phoned Rose Stine, the head of Pathology laboratory, at her apartment. "Rose, I want you to do something for me. The Old Man is operating in Room A tomorrow. Eight-thirty. Could you just happen to drop in there? Could it be your own idea—or things just happened to work out that way? I didn't say a word." For if it was suspected that he had said a word there would be no chance at all. There was no chance anyway.

AT THE operation next morning, there were no spectators. Just Cy and Charlie Moss, and the nurse who was an anesthetist, and three other nurses. Cy, working at the highest pitch, with a concentrated intensity, nevertheless had to pay tribute to the unchallengeable integrity of Little Mac's skill. He was a great surgeon.

Gowned, masked and capped, Rose Stine came in and busied herself at a table in the corner, as if preparing something for another operation. The Old Man got everything exposed. It was a large tumor, curiously shaped, not quite like anything Cy could remember. The problem instantly phrased itself in Cy's mind. Take the right ovary and dissect well out along that side. But, by God! It was possible, it could be done. The way it lay, if you really were a master surgeon, if you did not shrink from trying, you could safely leave part of the left ovary. And we work miracles here, we're both masters. You could save part of the left one. And so you could save everything.

Mac looked at Charlie, who was holding a retractor, and at Cy, who used a sponge and then stepped back a pace. "M'lignant or b'nign?"

Charlie grunted. Cy said, "You don't know."

"It's malignant as hell. Probably spread all through here—" Mac sketched lines in the air with his scalpel, above that slowly welling line of blood, while Cy, working automatically, used another sponge and handed it to a nurse, who counted it aloud before she hung it on the rack. "In through here. Look how it divides. Look how that prong dips down." Mac handed the scalpel to a nurse. With two gloved fingers he touched the growth, pressing it gently. He followed it up, down, across—a surgeon thinks with his fingers. "I'm going to do a hysterectomy."

"Only take a minute to send a specimen to Pathology." Cy said.

"There's no damn' need. Look at it. Feel it. Look where it goes. I've seen a thousand."

"There's a chance it's benign."

"There isn't. Knife please, nurse."

Cy looked around and discovered Rose

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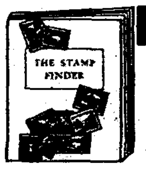

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Stine. "Look, the pathologist is right here."

Alexander McAllister drew himself up straight. He was five feet six. "We're losing time. Have you anything to say?"

In all surgery, in the practice of the mystery of medicine, in the organization of the world, Cy could have nothing to say. He could do nothing, he could not forbid Little Mac nor throttle him, he could not walk off the floor. He could only, for another hour and a half, take his appointed part in the operation that removed womanhood from Claire Pollock. It was a perfect job, a truly superb demonstration of the mastery of an art, as well the apprentice's part in it as the master's.

CLAIRE POLLOCK was still out cold when Cy looked through her door, after rounds. Charlie Moss, at his side, looked too and said nothing. Cy went straight to the Pathology lab.

"What was that tumor?"

Rose Stine handed him the little light blue card on which that section of tissue was numbered, described, and reported to be noncancerous.

"Just a cyst," Cy said.

"H'm."

"A damned big one too. Well, that's the healing art for you. Make out a duplicate of this, will you?"

"What for?"

"I want one."

"It's against regulations." Rose gazed at him. Her lips formed a sarcastic, tired smile. "I've never thought you were a fool, Kinsman. I've never even thought you were little Sir Lancelot. I suppose—oh, well, it's your funeral." She copied the data on another blank, scored a heavy line under her signature, and handed it to him. "You're all by your lone, my little man. I just report on what's sent me."

Cy put the report card in his pocket; he would make use of it later. And he was determined, too, to stand on his own two feet and tell Claire Pollock what had happened to her. To be, he thought, some five per cent of a man. But it would not be safe to tell her anything for many weeks yet. And he was not going to last that long. . . .

He was a dutiful one pace to the left and rear of Sandy McAllister the next day when he paused at the floor desk and studied the clip-board that held the charts and records of Claire Pollock. Little Mac scowled, said, "Benign, hell!" took a fountain pen from his pocket, drew two neat lines through the word, and wrote "Malignant" above it.

As the chief of surgery hung up the clip-board again, Cy met his eyes and grinned. They both knew that Pete Estey was now head resident of Mercy.

Two days later, Friday, was the monthly meeting of trustees. Cy had routed matters so that he had only one operation and had finished it by nine o'clock. At ten he walked into the board room and at ten twenty-four he walked out again. As he had clearly foreseen, the castration of Claire Pollock was regarded as an ordinary incident in the practice of surgery, and all the sacred obligations of the healing art were held to have been faithfully fulfilled. But he had read the little light blue card to the trustees and had said what he wanted to say.

He was free now. As free as he had been the night his father died. He might easily perish of freedom.

He phoned Josephine at Howe and Bergstein. "I'm leaving," he told her.

"Leaving what?"

"I'm going home."

"I didn't know you had a home."

"I'm going to Custis."

"That's a good one."

"It's no joke. My train leaves in an hour and fifteen minutes."

Jagged alarm came into her voice. It turned him cold, but if Jo had been fool enough to have any need of him, then she was a fool indeed. "Cy! What for? What has happened? What are you doing? You can't go."

"By the way, I've given up medicine."

"Cy, have you gone crazy?"

"There are those who say so. . . . Pete will take a look at Deborah now and then. . . . Look, Jo, there are a lot of things I wish I'd got around to saying—"

"What am I going to do?" Her voice was shaking.

"I don't know. I've been bothered by that, my dear. . . . Whatever it turns out to be, it will be better than if it depended on me."

"I've got to see you!"

"No chance. So long, Jo. I meant to tell you—oh, hell, you're a sweet child, keep your chin up."

He hung up. A man is good for only one fight and he had made his. If he could be good for a single decency as well, this was it.

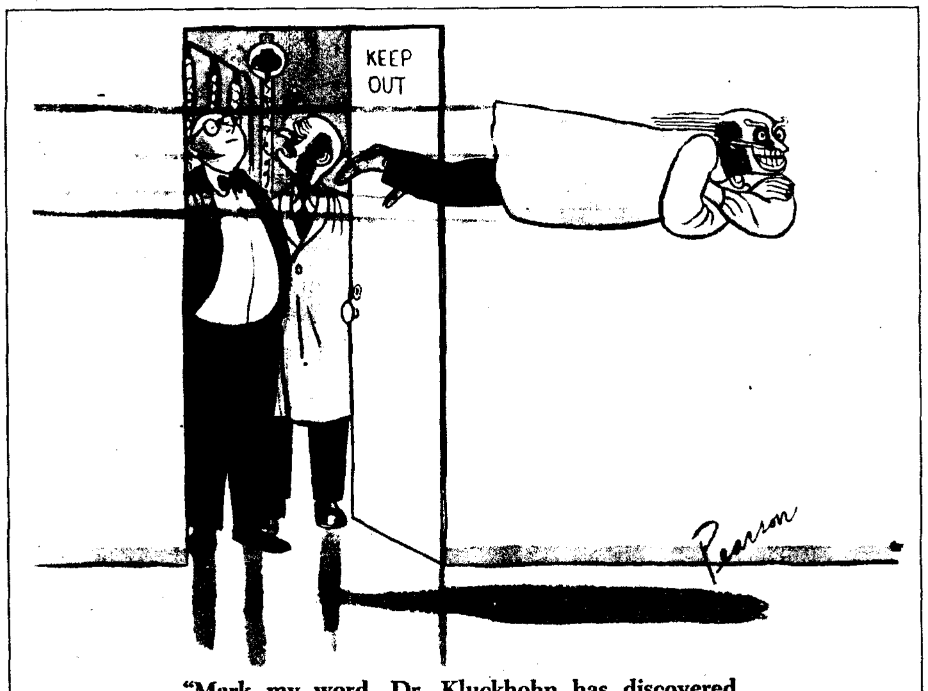
MONTHS later he learned that she went straight from the phone to Mercy but he had left straight from the phone, with Pete Estey. He had a suitcase full of clothes and a not large bag of instruments, and he had expressed a box of medical texts. As the door closed behind them Cy got a whiff of the complex smell that would mean Mercy all his life and would stir an uneasy pain sometimes when he dreamed. Half a block away an ambulance came noisily out of the alley. It would bring back one more broken hulk from the streets. Well, that was no affair of his.

"Hell of a way to begin your residency, Pete—leaving the joint during duty."

"I reckon. If anybody don't like it, they know what they can do." And later on, "Something will happen, Cy. Mac will have to loosen up. You're the best damn' man he ever had. You'll get you a nice appointment somewhere—"

"He won't. I don't want one."

"But—oh, God!" What Pete was trying to



COLLIER'S

"Mark my word, Dr. Kluckhohn has discovered more about atoms than he's telling the government" CHARLES PEARSON

IF...

you're married . . .
or gonna be . . .
or have been . . .
or *thought* of being!

See *yourself* in this story of modern marriage . . . with its hair down, its dander up . . . the kind of love people live before and after they say: "I do."

JOAN FONTAINE

"From This Day Forward"

with **MARK STEVENS**
ROSEMARY DeCAMP · HENRY MORGAN
WALLY BROWN · ARLINE JUDGE

Produced by WILLIAM PEREIRA • Directed by JOHN BERRY
Screen Play by HUGO BUTLER

RKO RADIO PICTURES

say was: The world is not like this. "Cy, at least let me buy you a berth."

"I don't want one. The Good Book says it's time I started eating husks."

He did not tell Pete that the cash on hand would carry him a little beyond Omaha and from there on he figured to travel in boxcars.

They stood at the gate in Grand Central. Pete Estey, a warm and loyal and kind man, representing exactly half of all the friends he had. Cy thrust out his hand. "So long, Pete. I'll be seeing you."

"You said it. You sure will, Cy."

Cy turned down into the gloom of the tunnel. Little jets of air spat as an engine was coupled on. . . . He had played this one wrong . . . somewhere far back, a long time ago, in the beginning.

SUPERWOMEN

HOUSEWIFE, SAN JOSE, COSTA RICA

Widowed nineteen times, she married her twentieth husband at the age of sixty-four

POLITICIAN'S WIFE, WASHINGTON

She shook hands with thirty-five hundred people at a reception

FARMER'S WIFE, HOBART, INDIANA

She won 75 prizes in canning, weaving, painting, bookbinding, etc., at a county fair

TRUCKER'S WIFE, ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

She gave birth to her fourth set of twins at the age of thirty-six

HOUSEWIFE, DONIPHAN, MISSOURI

Her husband sued for divorce, accusing her of "running around with other men" at age 80

HOUSEWIFE, PITTSBURGH

When a bandit held her up, she seized his wallet and tussled with him until he fled

HOUSEWIFE, CHICAGO

She waited until her husband had given her 250 black eyes before she sued for divorce

HOUSEWIFE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

She enrolled at the University of Rochester at the age of eighty-one

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

JOSEPHINE had no way of telling how good Sam's novel was. She was too intensely loyal to it, hated it too intensely. It was at the exact center of her life too. Long ago she had faced the fact that she could not respect Sam's mind; in the meaning Cy gave to the word, he had no intelligence at all. Moreover, all his life long he would pick up not only his ideas but his heartfelt, passionate beliefs from whoever happened to be at hand, and would drop them for others the moment some other conversationalist impressed him. He would always see life, understand it, and portray it—in fact, live it—at the instigation of stronger men. And yet some kind of talent fermented in him. His very lack of individuality made him extremely sensitive to other individualities, his mind was so unencumbered that he could manipulate it quickly, and he soaked up impressions, hints, ideas, fantasies through his skin.

He was calling the rewritten version Oh Moon of My Desire but an incautious word from Josephine, which hurt him cruelly, killed that title. "What does it mean?" she asked.

"I got the idea from the Rubáiyát."

"I thought you looked down your nose at the Rubáiyát—one of those cheap admirations of the middle-class mind. Like the *Idylls of the King*."

He was beginning to pout and his mustache twitched, for already she had made him doubt himself. "I want 'Moon' in the title."

"Why?"

He couldn't quite explain. Symbol of unregarded beauty. Every night the serene loveliness of the moon drenched the earth but only a few, only the sensitive and lost, ever perceived it.

"Hooey!" she said unthinkingly. "Weren't you ever out with a girl when you were sixteen? Hasn't everybody been? Every hayseed and his sweetie."

You couldn't say "Hooey" to Sam. He couldn't take any kind of criticism whatever, for it proved at once that you didn't have faith in him and that he was no good. Day by day she had to flatter him so desperately that she was glad Cy had never overheard her. Now she had ruined a title for him and made it clear that she didn't believe he was writing a masterpiece.

He thought of himself as a satirist. He wasn't. But he did have a fine gift for mimicry, and it made the characters in the masterpiece stand out from the page. You really knew them. In fact, you recognized them. Some of them came to Twenty-third Street and recorded themselves for some portion of posterity. More were from Utica and some were from Custis. There was discomfort in seeing Sam make fun of Professor Asa Caneday, whom he had never seen, but Professor Caneday's daughter had to serve art in any way she could.

Sam served art faithfully. She had to respect his diligence. He kept at work, and all through that summer of 1919 the pile of typescript on the refectory table grew larger. The trouble was that incautious words like "hooey" and other crudities of soul presently cost her her knowledge of the masterpiece. She no longer had it read to her—and she was not in doubt about who did. As the typescript grew, so did the emancipation of the artist. It was taken for granted; it was the great unmentioned. Sam had progressed beyond the timid liberation of mere encounters in dark corners. He had achieved a richer, fuller life; a good deal fuller. He was flinging roses quite riotously, and she heard, through the faithful who took care to let her hear, that Cassie Morton, subjected to competition now, had resentfully discovered that maybe there was something in the old-fashioned superstition of fidelity after all.

The world had grown degrading, as when penitence or the shrewd thought that he ought to be discreet led Sam to make love to her, and her need to be vindicated drove her to respond—which ended in bitter disgust. Life had grown cowardly—she ought to confront him and issue an ultimatum, force him to behave decently, or leave him forever—and she didn't have the nerve, she could only cringe, feed on humiliation, and hope. Remembering that Cy had said he would like a job he could do with self-respect, she thought how exactly the same was her own need.

Cy's departure had given her a brief alarm about him and a permanent alarm about herself. As she lay awake at night, reviewing her endless movie films of the office, Deborah's future, and the lost, enchanted time when she and Sam had been lovers, there would come glimpses of Cy in the mountains. Why had he gone? What was he doing? Why couldn't he write a letter? His massive grin, his affection for Deborah, his frank satisfaction in Josephine—she had been able to build such things into a buttress whose strength was clear the moment it was broken. He had been Custis and the memory of childhood in this filthy city; he had been friendship in a city that was no treasury of friends. And more than that—a lot more. Toward the end there had been something quite beyond satisfaction in his eyes. Lying awake and alone at night, she could be restless with the memory of his arms and lips. And that might be the most degrading thought of all, as the muggy, impossible summer wore on—that she had come to reassuring herself by remembering that she had roused desire in Cy.

Among the faithful, during these months, a migration was getting under way. The artists were calling on families, agents, dealers and publishers to subsidize a fuller life. It was known that freedom and decency had lately died in America, so the artist had to get hell-bent to Europe, where, it was known, art had its home. On that gracious shore there was no avarice, ugliness, or vulgarity; a warm, rich culture would make amends to the starved soul for the sterility it had experienced here. Sam, dropping Paris, had begun to lust for Auvergne. All he knew about Auvergne was what he had heard from older Villagers, for he was never a man to read the books of others. But he had come to understand that he had longed to go there since early boyhood in Utica. He needed release from garishness, he needed the strength of the soil, he needed a peasantry—all unavailable in America. It added up to Auvergne, and Josephine grew so alarmed that she took action.

ONE day Sam came in fuming. "Have you moved our six hundred dollars to another bank? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I just put it in another account. In my name."

"Why?"

Because it was tangible evidence that if she had paid a price she had got something for it in return. Because it was a windbreak. Because it was hers.

"Because I want second thoughts to come before steamer tickets."

At once she saw, though she truly hadn't before, that this was really an insult and a heavy one.

She could not blame him for being mad or for going into the poor-Jo-so-small-souled act. But also she refused to blame herself for being fed up with that act. "Have you been talking to steamship companies? What did you want money for, anyway?"

SUPERMEN

SOLDIER, ATLANTA

He ate a breakfast consisting of forty eggs, twenty pieces of buttered toast, one quart of coffee and one full box of cereal

RESIDENT, LOS ANGELES

In her suit for divorce, his wife testified he drank three quarts of beer every night before supper

DRUMMER, LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

He created a world's record by rolling a snare drum continuously for 6 hours and 45 minutes

RESIDENT, LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

He kept inviolate for sixty-three years his resolution never to drink water

RESIDENT, CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA

He fathered his twenty-ninth child at the age of sixty-nine

FISHERMAN, MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS

He won $50,000 in a lottery in 1934, put it in the bank and has never withdrawn a cent

RESIDENT, SEATTLE

He tried to commit suicide by drinking a pint of lye, chloride of lime, iodine, antiseptic fluid and an overdose of headache medicine, but recovered without ill effects

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

"I wanted some. Do I have to ask you if I can spend a dime?"

She had to be just, she had to grant that he had a point. If the artist's wife gladly backed up the artist's dedication to his masterpiece, and if marriage was sharing things— But the trouble was that what the artist had really wanted was some money to take one of his girls out so that his precious soul could get understood some more.

She handed the grievance right back to Sam. "I never know how much money you make. Here's this clever skit in this month's Smart Set. They must have paid you fifteen or twenty dollars. I never heard about it."

"There was that time I got my shoes shined, too."

He was quite right. She was a shrew. Miserably, "Oh, Sam, it's only that I've got a house to run and a kid to raise."

"They'll cost you your soul."

She didn't have time to worry about her soul. . . .

Mid-August brought Deborah's birthday. Josephine baked a cake the night before, glad that her wholesome, opulently curved sister Nancy, who had broken Cy's heart, had made a sound cook of her. It was lovely with white icing, candy drops of a dozen colors, and five green candles in pink rosebuds. Just as if Deborah were a middle-class child. There had been a million kids in Custis and they all came to the Caneday birthdays. Going to Jerusalem, London Bridge, All Around the Mulberry Bush. Professor Geist playing his fiddle, or Frances Sergeant or Nancy at the piano. Ice cream and cakes like this and kids shouting across green lawns.

SHE got the next afternoon off, put a white dress and a clean hair ribbon on Deborah, and took her uptown. A ride on the Sixth Avenue El seemed to delight the child as much as a walk in the foothills above Custis could possibly have done. A heat wave had withdrawn, New York had its high blue windswept sky, and there was a fine breeze. Deborah sat watching the squirrels in Central Park with grave eyes. Then the grass drew her and that small white figure galloped through crumpled newspapers and candy-bar wrappings. It was a true ecstasy and Josephine's eyes stung, for this scrofulous, gritty substance was not a lawn; there should be a smell of earth that was really clean, there should be peaks to look at and bushes to burst through and weeds to hide among.

Deborah did not run very long but sat down on the grass, smiling happily but too tired. Josephine remembered Cy's repeated examinations, and alarm struck clear through to her heart. Had he found something wrong with Deborah? Had he even suspected something wrong, and what could it be? Why hadn't he told her? And why didn't he write? If he had to forget Josephine, how did he dare to forget Deborah?

Satiated with pleasures at last, they started home. "Cy takes me in a taxi," Deborah observed.

"I'll bet he does," Josephine said. "You see, Cy's rich. Oh, heck, on birthdays so are we."

So they taxied to Twenty-third Street, where it proved that Cy had not forgotten the day. He had sent Deborah a score of those little, finger-length Pueblo dolls, and Deborah adored them. She splashed her bath water to the ceiling. Drenched, weak with laughter, Josephine kissed the soft, soapy back and crowned the day by putting a drop of perfume on the fresh nightgown. They ate supper and the expression on Deborah's face when she saw the lighted candles—well, once in her life, just once, never a second time! She blew them out with one puff, then sawed and crumpled the cake into three pieces, but Daddy wasn't there.

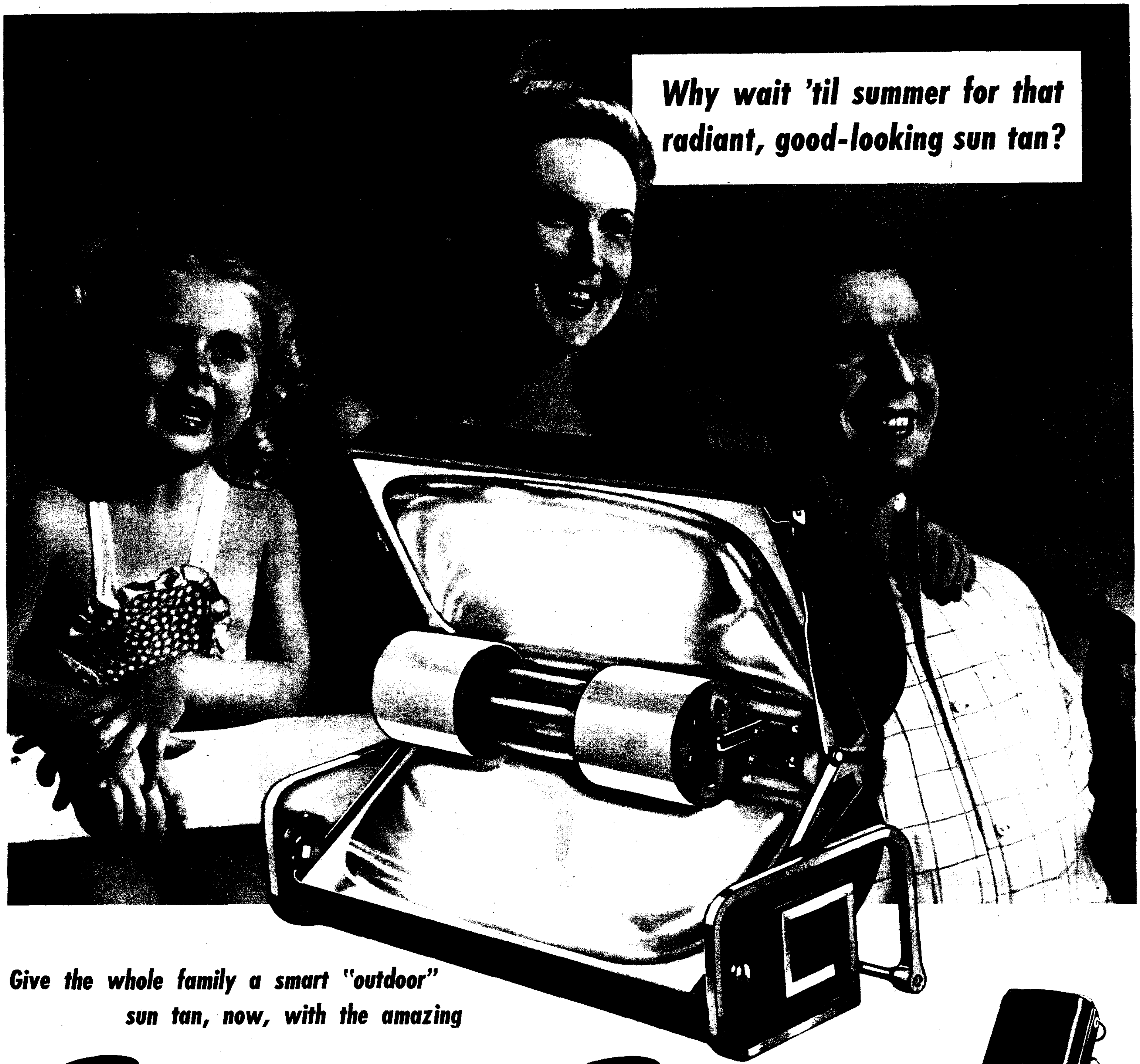
He came in after she was asleep and turned contrite at a sarcastic word from Josephine. "Lord, I forgot! I *am* sorry. Poor kid! I meant to get her a present. I will, tomorrow."

"You see, Sam, forgetting a child's birthday is something that a parent simply cannot do."

"Nuts! One day or another—what's the difference, really?"

"I'm sorry, sweet. A child has got just its father and mother. A father remembers; but

Why wait 'til summer for that radiant, good-looking sun tan?



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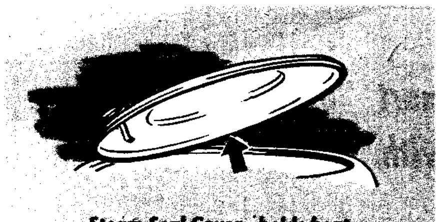
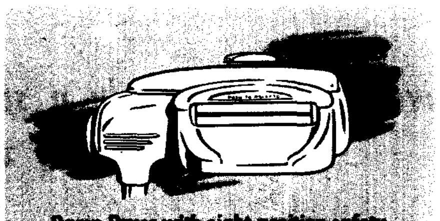
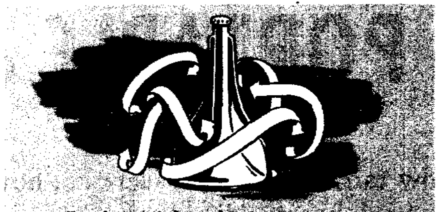


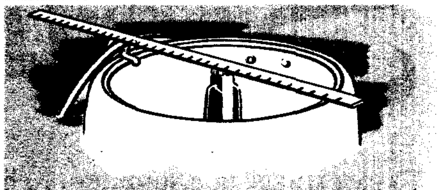
Steam-Seal Cover—holds heat longer for whiter washing.



Damp Dryer with eight-position safety interlock—can't swing while wringing.



Featherweight plastic Ro-ta-tor—with the "roll-around" wash-action.



Large capacity handles a week's wash in fewer loads.

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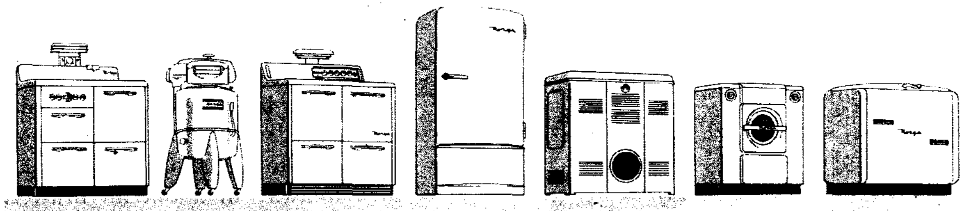


SEE
NORGE
BEFORE YOU BUY

you let her down today. She won't forget that. From now on."

"Bet she didn't even notice I wasn't here."

"Cy remembered. He sent her some Indian dolls."

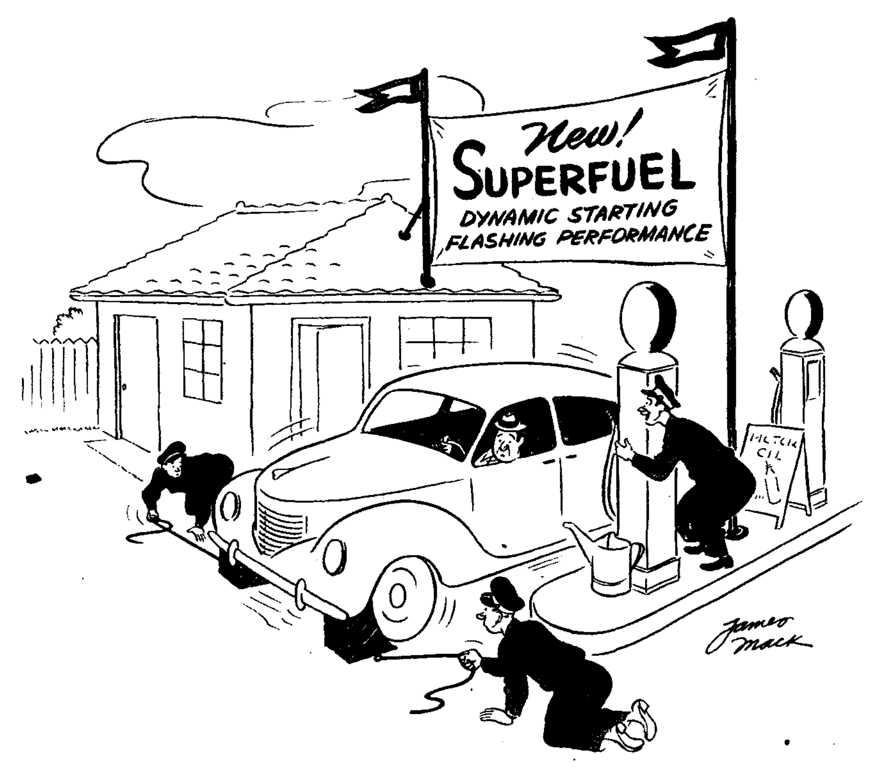
"Admirable fellow—thinks of everything."

Josephine pounded the arm of her chair. "He isn't even in the family! A father has got to give a little girl a birthday present."

That gave him a chance to be explanatory. "You see, Jo, you just want the little things for her. I want the big things."

"For instance?"

"I want her to really live. I want her to be a person—a whole person. A woman who will be able to master life. But hell—you want to cripple her with the superstitions of a tawdry, fake, middle-class morality. You want to cramp her soul with silly things like birthday presents—tribal fetishes, clan folkways designed to crush the individuality out of her and make her conform to the safe and mediocre. In the first place, that's unhealthy as hell. For your real motive is to buy her affection, make her love you willy-nilly, whether you deserve it or not, whether she naturally loves you or not. In the second place, it's sure to twist and harden her into a pattern—just turn out one more conventional woman—"



COLLIER'S "Say when, Mr. Hartley" JAMES MACK

"Whereas you want to free her from all the crippling weakness of one happy afternoon—"

"Childhood's happy hour—oh, hell! I want her to grow in her own way into her own strength. So she'll be free."

"You do pick up the damnedest ideas in basement restaurants. Do the fearless thinkers believe it's wrong for a baby to know that she's loved?"

"Jo," he said very solemnly, "I seriously believe that there is no hope, no hope at all, of building the great society until we take infants from their parents and put them in nurseries where trained experts can bring them up entirely free of the sickness of parental envy, jealousy, rage—"

Josephine made a vulgar sound, loudly. "Sam, honestly! A moderately bright mind is supposed to work its way through that kind of idiocy not later than its sixteenth year. It's quite all right to pick up ideas anywhere you please. But in heaven's name why don't you turn them over and inspect them after you've stolen them?"

That was enough to start them on a real brawl. . . .

Another heat wave made Chelsea impossible, especially to the nose. On a late Saturday afternoon she and Sam sat on the steps, watching Deborah on the sidewalk try to handle a big blue ball. Her muscles were unco-ordinated but she was stubborn. The ball bounced away at an angle. Deborah rushed, missed, and before Josephine could stand up, stepped off the curb. Jo screamed as the little body crumpled away from the truck. But Deborah was writhing and crying—she couldn't be dead.

As Josephine picked the child up, Sam was standing with a hand at his mouth. "Get Cy!" he croaked.

"Cy is two thousand miles away!" she flung over her shoulder, running into the house. "Get Pete Estey—oh, let me!" She seized the telephone from his fumbling hands. "Get her clothes off. But be careful!"

It took forever but at last Pete was on the wire. "I can't—I've just been called to a consultation. Wait! I can send Moriarty."

IT COULDN'T be fatal! There was blood on her face but Jo washed that off and maybe it was just from her nose. She sounded more scared than hurt. . . . Get her clothes off. Be careful. . . . Sam could only groan.

No one could get here from Mercy so fast but the big Irishman came surging up the steps, and at sight of Deborah his face cleared instantly. He began to search her bones with gentle, instructed fingers. Restoration flowed along Jo's nerves. Moriarty had actually got Deborah to smiling, though she whimpered whenever he came back to her right shoulder.

"Pretty lucky," he said finally. "The truck didn't hit her, I think. She ran into it and then fell on her nose. Her guardian angel was at his post. Her shoulder will be sore tomorrow and you'll probably see some bruises here and there. That's all." And to Deborah: "Sister, you play ball on the sidewalk. Next time it rolls into the street, call a cop. All cops love little girls."

He said that she had better go without supper, gave her half a tablet from his kit and a lemon drop from his pocket. "Put her to sleep," he explained. He looked at Sam. "If you've got any whisky stored up, better take a shot."

Relief had turned Josephine so weak that when she thanked him she had to lean against the door. He looked at her professionally, then politely away. "Pete will phone you, I guess. Glad there's nothing to report." His candid eyes turned mournful. "Too bad Cy isn't here. Too damn' bad. I wouldn't have thought I could miss anyone the way I miss him."

They carried Deborah up to her room, heaped her crib with toys, and stood beside it till the drug put her to sleep. Impalpable dark wings still fanned Jo softly—death had been near but had passed by. Downstairs again, it was suppertime, but who was hungry? Sam set out some plates, then sat beside Josephine and stroked her cheek. Remember, she thought. Whatever we've never been able to get and won't ever have, marriage is living together. Marriage is life against death. Three of us who are one another and at any moment may be destroyed.

A sweet conciliation enveloped her. You can't have the earth. People are what they are. If Sam isn't much, you're not much either, and Deborah is safe.

It lasted till Sam remembered the party. Someone was going to Paris, there was to be a dance, and Anna had been told to come back at nine. To Jo, it was out of the question. Dancing in a cellar, getting a little tight, talking superbly, and fighting off somebody who wanted to take you up to the roof and make passes at you— She was going to stay home and be grateful about Deborah.

"We're not going," she said.

That set them off again. He said that she wasn't really sunk by Deborah's fall, she was only rationalizing. She said she needed sleep. He decided that she'd get more sleep if she would be willing to check her righteousness and virtue sometimes—he was willing to admit that she sweated self-sacrifice but it would be healthier if she would purge herself of self-admiration occasionally. She wanted to know how the family would get along without self-love—he had made a career of it. . . . And five minutes ago they had been one against death.

"I still say we're going to stay home and take care of our kid."

She picked up the phone but Sam took it away from her. "I'm going to the party. You can go with me or you can stay here. Do you want to call Anna or don't you?"

He was cracking the whip. The threat was so naked that she could not face it. She said, "Oh, I'll go," and found some slight satisfaction in being coerced.

AS USUAL they made abashed apologies for the scene. "You've got to get some fun, darling. Relax. Take a little time off from being grim."

"I know. I'm just a virago."

"You're a good-looking virago. Be the belle of Custis tonight."

She put on the long tunic blouse he used to like, remembering that Cy had approved the gold girdle and the long embroidered sleeves. Yes, and remembering when Sam couldn't keep his eyes off her while she was dressing.

But the effort she had made proved to be no use—she was spent. Dancing with Sam extinguished what was left of her resentment, but nothing could soften the cavernous, breathless cellar and she was tired out. By eleven o'clock she sought out Sam.

"I'm out on my feet, Sam. Stay and be joyful—I'm going home."

"All right. Poor kid! I'll be quiet when I come in."

At home, she told Anna she could go, stood in the dark to make sure that Deborah was breathing, undressed and fell asleep. Then she was awake, thinking apathetically: Well, here we go again. Here it is, it will pass. I'll be asleep by five o'clock. She pulled the nightgown off her hot body and turned and twisted in breathless dark. Promptly the scream of trolley-car wheels tore her nerves apart and the waking nightmare closed in. It wasn't a nightmare and it wasn't quite dementia. It was merely the hour when you met yourself face to face and God gave you no room to turn away.

It was the hour in which, in mercury-vapor light which made their cheeks corpselike, workmen moved across green windows. Ash-scows moved down the river to dump char and dead rats. Oil scum and rotted oranges heaved among pilings, and a corpse floated in the garbage. People lay awake floating in this soul's sewage. They slept noisily, cell-bound in a hundred thousand apartment houses, then woke and could not escape. People went crazy this way. So much the better, Josephine thought, for you wouldn't hurt after you passed Cy's undetermined X and merely broke.

Then a switch threw her into another, more obsessive path. The books were right, the Sunday schools were right. A wife betrayed is just exactly that, and she could take it no longer. All that she had to do in order to be all right—no, but all she had to do in order

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TUNE IN THE DANNY KAYE SHOW EVERY FRIDAY, 10:30 P. M., EST, CBS, COAST TO COAST to be held together in one piece—was to pick up Deborah and move out, away from the temptation of degrading compromise and conciliation.

Get out of here or die. She could and she would. She could bully Howe and Bergstein to forty a week, and the Schurz Street Presbyterian paid her fifteen. But never in the Village! She would need only one room and a closet for a gas plate. Say forty-five a month. But for a child! Corridors fetid with grease, Deborah growing up among hall toilets, the smell of stale gas . . .

HOT as the night was, she began to chill. She got out of bed, put her gown on, and groped upstairs, stricken with the thought that Deborah might have died. She stood beside the crib and saw the little breast slowly rising and falling in the dark. This flesh and breath and expectation had been formed inside her, had taken life from her—to grow up in a world like this. Downstairs again, she turned on a light and tried to eat a slice of bread, on the theory it would put her to sleep. She could not swallow and went to stand at a window looking down into a yard so mercifully dark that she could not see the rubbish.

"I told you!" she said aloud. "I told you you didn't have the guts to face it."

Back on the bed, she brought her knees up toward her breast, hugging them. It hurts like hell, doesn't it? she thought. Sure it does. And nothing can ever stop it hurting, nothing except cowardly, dishonorable things.

Dishonor! Her mind hooted. Who was she to talk about honor?

Yes, bring the word back and have the guts to face it square. So parts of Sam had been left out? Well, when had she ever been whole? Something of a tyrant, something of a hag, more of a scold, a mere shrew. But worst of all was her unclean will to make him into what she wanted, to make him what she thought he ought to be. Was it his fault if he had always to restore himself in his own sight by petty triumphs over women who were softer, kinder, more malleable, more . . . more woman than she was?

No, she thought, there is only one fault and it is mine. If this marriage has become a filthy cursing, I'm responsible. Open your eyes, be a mature woman, be grown up. Forget the dream of the impossible. Desiring the impossible is what makes fools and failures. Take the marriage in your hands and make of it what is possible. Don't try to shape Sam into something he can't possibly be. Don't try to shape him.

He wanted to be a great man—was that his fault, was it an unworthy or a ridiculous desire? He never can be, not possibly—is that his fault? Why don't you help him guard and cherish the pitiful lost image of himself?

Whatever has happened, however we have hurt each other, we have grown together beyond unraveling. There is no cure for love. We must be humbler than we've been. I must be. Stop this idiotic demand for the impossible. Learn, Jo, learn!

And peace quietly flowed over her, a gentleness like mother's milk. There is still a chance for us. I'll be humble. I'll be decent. I'll be what I intended to be but haven't ever been. . . . She lay alive and exultant in a no longer hostile night. Love was real and so was hope. . . .

The knob of a chair stood out. Dawn had come. She heard a muffled shuffling on the steps. She called out, "It's all right, Sam, I'm awake. Come up like a conquering elephant, if that's the way you want to come."

"You poor child! Can't you sleep?"

His voice had a tenderness that was like an echo of her own renewal. When he turned on the light, the room was not dreadful at all. He was quiet and compassionate. She sat up, hugging her knees. He picked up a blanket from the floor. "It's getting cool," he said. The blanket lay on her shoulders like a caress.

"I wish you could get more sleep. You work too hard, Jo. Isn't there some kind of pill you could take?"

"Sure, but it would be silly. This won't last, Sam. I've got an idea I'm going to get over it completely and right about now."

"You need a rest." It was true—he really was deeply concerned about her. "Can't you take a week off somewhere?"

"I don't want to."

"Let's all go somewhere, you and the kid and me. Let's just lie on our faces somewhere in the shade. Let's all get cool and rested."

To have just the three of them alone somewhere, miles from anyone or anything, would drain the last dot of weariness and fear from the last cell of her body. It was impossible, for if she stopped working, income would stop. But Sam had suggested it!

"It would be swell—but silly." She smiled. "That's us, swell but silly."

"I worry like hell about you."

"Darling!"

"You're a good egg, Jo. I'm not up to you. I never was. I'm low-down. God knows how you've stood me."

"Stop, Sam! What about you? You honestly thought the Caneday girl would be sweet and nice to live with but she turned out to be a hellion."

Sam laughed. "Give me credit, I never slug you in public."

"You ought to. You ought to slap me down. Honest to God, Sam."

"Are you trying to make me bawl?"

"Listen, Sam." Here he was and there she was, the thing that was real. Oh, it would never be complete, there was anguish ahead still, there would be rebellion, straining back and away, and anger and strain—but with their own hands they could build the future firm. She was soaring up and up, toward the light. "Listen, Sam, we're awful fools, both of us. But I'm the worst fool. And I'm not going to be any longer! It's my fault this marriage has lost a wheel. I ride you. I try to dominate you. I try to make you feel ashamed. Oh, hell, I've spent years trying to give you a guilty feeling that you've let the king's daughter down. And just who am I?"

STYLEOKE CLOTHES
DRESSING ROOMS
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The shine of tears showed in his eyes. "Why, Jo—"

"No, let me! Well, I'm not the king's daughter. I'm just somebody who ought to get slapped down. But I think you're grand."

"You're a darling."

"I'm not. But I'm going to try to be."

He looked unbelieving, frightened, wistful. He said, "Darling!" and took her in his arms, as he ought to have had the sense to do an hour ago. "Jo, you mustn't get ideas about me. They scare me. I'm not up to—"

Ecstatic in capitulation, she wound her arms round his neck, cheek against his, whispering, "Darling, when a girl starts to sprinkle ashes on her head, whoop it up. Dive for a potsherd and tell her to start scraping. No, look, Sam, a lot is ended. For good. You've got to remember I'm dumb, it takes me a long while, but I get there in the end. We've meant a lot to each other—"

"Meant! We still do. We mean everything to each other."

"That's what I'm trying to say. Sam, we're young, we've got a swell kid, all our life is ahead of us."

His arms tightened. "Stick by me, Jo. You're the only thing that can help me through. I'm crazy about you."

She could hardly breathe. "Whatever you want to do, that's what I want. I'm just the girl who does what she can to help out. I don't count except as you count. You're what matters—what you are, what you want to be, what you need. . . ."

So here in the room, with dawn coming on, there was peace. Sunday morning. In a few hours she would be singing O Lord Most Holy at Schurz Street Presbyterian. O Lord, Most Holy! With her cheek against Sam's, the troubled years were ended forever and fallen away.

The barriers gone, she pressed against him, searching his lips.

He whispered, "You need sleep, Jo."

"I can sleep any time."

"Aren't you singing in the morning?" He moved away a little. An abashed apology showed in his face. Then he said desperately, "You're tired out, dear."

And now it all came clear.

Of course! This sweet contrition of his, this tranquil gentleness, this exquisite concern and humility—naturally, the poor lamb! All night long, well, say from midnight on, he had been with Cassie Morton or someone indistinguishable from her, while Josephine lay here and love wrought its noble reconciliation with fate.

She began to laugh. It was a clean laughter, rising from deep down, a laughter as hard as iron and final as death. There was no knowing what else it might mean but it had taken from Sam forever all power of hurting her.

"Go to bed, dear," she said when she could contrive to speak. "You need sleep. You're tired out."

IT TOOK six weeks more to complete the break. Habit ran on, and the accustomed jobs, and there was some notion she had better make plans. Careful, detailed plans that would work out. But it proved that she couldn't make plans, and what was the use anyway? The mere passage of days did not matter. Since Sam could no longer hurt her she was under no urge to strike at him. He raged, he posed, he suffered, he pleaded, he cursed and wept, he tried to make love to her, but she hardly heard what he was saying, never let him touch her, and didn't give a damn.

Finally, though she didn't seem to have decided anything, it was clear that she was going home. Maybe the idea was that at Custis she could sort everything out and foot up the bill, which would take plenty of thinking and plenty of time. She would have to find out what six years of marriage and art and love and motherhood and all that had done to her—and how much she was going to have to pay for it. A safe bet that it would come high.

As it turned out, he beat her into the king row. About the middle of October she bought tickets to Custis—and perhaps that made clear what the six hundred dollars had been for all along. She had two days more to finish up at Howe and Bergstein—making sure to get a full week's pay. She intended to tell Sam the morning of the day her train left—that is, if he happened to be in.

But on the Thursday evening before that Saturday, Sam came in—very firm, very dignified, very bucked up. He began to make an oration. He was moving back to the Village tonight, he said. The mistake of his marriage, which he granted had been a mistake for Josephine too, he might be able to repair in a freer union, a union based on love and an artist's understanding of an artist. He and Cassie Morton were going to share an apartment.

"Why not wait till Saturday and move Cassie in here?" Josephine said. "Deborah and I are moving out then."

He scowled, but because an effect he had carefully prepared had been damaged, not because of anything else. So Josephine added, "Or can't Cassie afford this much rent?"

AS THE train slid through autumn twilight along the Hudson, the excited Deborah said, "Are we going to see Cy?"

"We certainly are."

Josephine could hold to that and no more. It had better be enough for, exhausted, benumbed, unable to sleep and apparently unable to feel, she at least knew that going back to Custis was going back to childhood, and if there were to be any way out of childhood it had to be Cy. She had proved that by her own efforts she could not learn to grapple with her life successfully. There had never been anyone but Cy who knew enough to teach her how.

Twice on Tuesday afternoon the conductor asked her if she were ill. She wasn't ill, just drained of all feeling and dull with failure. "Upset," she told him the second time. "I'm going home."

A few minutes before eleven Tuesday night, as the train slowed for Custis, it became clear that she had been wrong, she had not been drained of feeling. She was shaking and her heart was pounding hard. She held Deborah's shoulder, trying to tell the porter that the child was exhausted—that she ought to have been asleep hours ago. "Yes, ma'am," the porter said, "altitude makes people feel funny for a while." But it was Josephine, not Deborah, he had been holding upright.

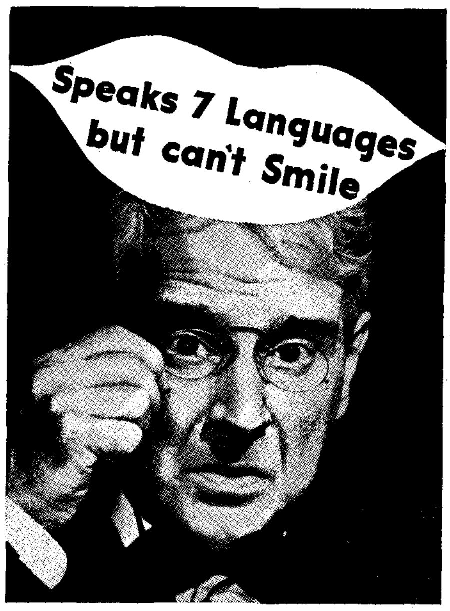
Passengers crowded the corridor behind her. She was half nauseated, her mind was giddy, she wondered if she were fainting. She stepped down into wan electric light, cold air, the smell of coal smoke, and the platform seemed to be swinging up toward her. Deborah screamed "Cy!" He was coming down the platform and Jo's mother was with him. Josephine slid into Hattie Caneday's embrace. "Mother! I'm bawling like a fool— I'm all right." Plump arms held her, a remembered voice was making motherly sounds, affection was reaching out to hold her safe, everything would be all right. "Debby," she said, "this is your grandmother," and turned to take Cy's kiss.

He put Deborah down but he didn't kiss Jo. He . . . She stood back and one hand began to grope. "What on earth?" she said.

He seemed to be grimy but it was his clothes. He was wearing dungarees and a work shirt and they had grease on them, old, ground-in grease. His face was thinner than she remembered it, but it was heavy with belligerence or defiance. With something, at least, that clearly was not love of Josephine Willard.

"My working clothes?" Cy said. "I'm a grease monkey."

Her hand kept on groping till it found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Hattie Caneday's arm. Cy said, "I didn't want any false pretenses. You can see for yourself. You wouldn't believe me when I told you over the phone that I'd given up medicine, but I meant it."

Hattie Caneday intervened. "You don't need to drive us home, Cyrus. Find us a taxi. You can see her tomorrow."

Cy carried the bags to a taxi, kissed Deborah and went away. And here were the streets of her home town, the lights rising toward the foothills, the dark shapes of the peaks, the city of childhood that had been safe and beautiful in a thousand dreams on Twenty-third Street. Josephine couldn't see them.

She managed to say, "What's happened to Cy?"

Her mother broke off chatting with Deborah. "Cyrus is—well, he's a fool. People wonder if he's crazy. He works at Tanser's Garage—sometimes. I'm glad Old Doc is dead."

If Cy was defeated too, then there wasn't any going on. Josephine's throat contracted and shivers ran down her legs; some dark, unidentifiable urgency was gathering in her. Here was the old house, some years more weatherbeaten, the living room of childhood a little more worn but unchanged. She stumbled into her father's arms, while Deborah jumped up and down screaming with excited laughter, and her young brother Andy started to say, "Sorry, Sis, but there was a babe I had to see—" He stopped. "Hey," he said, "you're sick."

"Leave me alone." She already knew she was afraid and the sound of her voice in what was certainly a scream frightened her more. "I want to go to bed." She started for the door. Made it. "Mother—Debby's things—in a bag. Please put her to bed."

She was in her old room, the room of a girl who was growing toward womanhood. She was afraid to turn on the light. Slowly she sprawled half on the bed. The unidentifiable emotion was now identified—she was afraid, she was terrified, she was half mad with terror. She had to get out of here, she had to run, she had to get behind something, she had to lock the door, she had to cover her head. She was dying or going crazy.

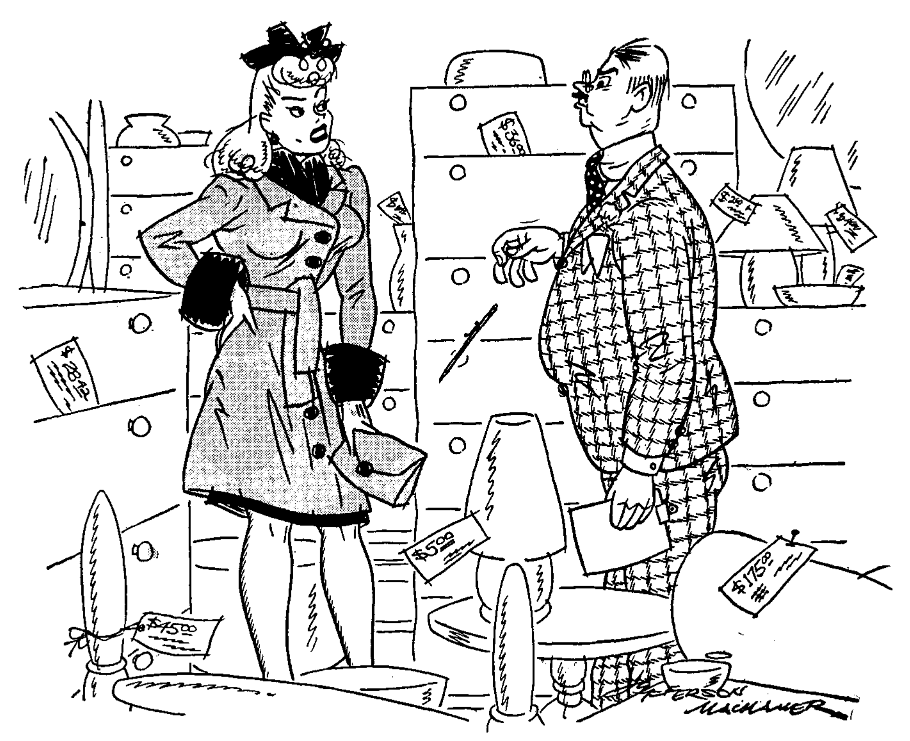
Voices in the next room—where her two older sisters used to sleep. Hattie was putting Deborah to bed. Josephine pulled herself upright and stood with her fingers feeling her skipping pulse.

"Mother!"

The light that came through the opening door scared her. She was afraid that Hattie was going to touch her.

"Mother! Something's—wrong. I'm—scared. Go call . . . go call a doctor."

(To be continued next week)



"I'd like to look at some outdoor furniture. I've been evicted"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Any Week

Continued from page 4

TO BE quite honest with you, we're not much of a scrapper. But we will be glad to deliver a pretty poke in the nose to anyone saying that Mrs. Fungele is a silly old woman. Hoping that nobody takes us up, we hasten to report that a New York lady went to visit a New Hampshire lady who had become widowed since the former had left her native town for the great city. In due course the New Hampshire lady took her visitor to the cemetery where her late husband lay. As they contemplated the grave a large black snake wove leisurely out from under the headstone. "Can't say that he's changed much either," said the New Hampshire lady.

"I HAVE noticed several notes of optimism in your magazine," writes Mr. George J. Trumpest of San Diego, California. "Do not have any more such on my account. When everybody run out of their countries by this war gets back home they are going to be very much surprised. Where are you from?"

MISS LULU N. SAMM of Chicago, Illinois, sends us an ad from an unidentified newspaper: "Old telephone numbers restored." We have an appeal from Mr. John P. Quinn of Yreka, California: "Who is Fred Allen the comedian?" And a twelve-page letter setting forth the world situation in massive detail. Its writer, Mr. K. Fishlapp of Miami, Florida, adds a postscript: "In short—bah!" Also a request for information from Mrs. J. Tom Lopez of Haverhill, Massachusetts: "Is a member of Congress able to get on relief and if so?" That's all there is to Mrs. Lopez's question. Sorry.

AND several of our readers deplore all this talk about getting life back to normal again. Mrs. Sue Cuttreit of Kalamazoo, Michigan, says: "The hell with that. What do you think my husband has been fighting for and why do you think I have been working in a tank factory? Normal is where we were when it started and look where it got us."

WE MET a soldier home from Germany who told us that a piece he wrote for his home-town paper didn't get past the censor. "In the interests of security," the censor explained. "What security?" he demanded. "The war in Europe's over, isn't it?" But the censor was firm. "My security," said he. "I like this job and am taking no chances." . . . W. D.

Make it a death sentence

It's criminal, Boss, the way *worms* have been stealing my energy and making me thin and dull and dragged out. Let's make those gangsters pay the penalty!

Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules will *clean out my worms . . . fast.* They're safe to give and easy to take. They work to kill just as Sergeant's Puppy Capsules did when I was a pup.

How about us going down to the drug or pet store right now, Boss? We can get the Sergeant's dog medicines we need, and I can get rid of this let-down feeling.

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The Week's Work

J. D. Ratcliff

PURSUING the traditional Collier's policy of maintaining cordial relations with its writers, this department met Author Ted Shane (One Side or a Leg Off!, p. 16) in the lobby of the Algonquin Hotel the other afternoon.

"I have always had a warm feeling for Collier's," said Mr. Shane, sipping the cold lemonade he had settled for after the waiter told him no, he couldn't have hot tea; hot tea was not served in the cocktail lounge, sir. Shane apologized to the waiter for mentioning tea, and asked if it would look all right if he had lemonade in the presence of all the celebrities of stage, screen and radio who surrounded us, and it seemed lemonade was all right, being as it was served in a tall glass which you couldn't tell if it had gin in it or not. So the lemonade came, and we went on talking.

"I have worked for Collier's off and on for eight years," Mr. Shane continued, "for an average annual income of $20, and the relationship has engendered in me a certain feeling of loyalty.

"I would like to think that Collier's has the same kindly feeling toward me. Usually I do think so, but sometimes, as in this post-holiday season, I wonder. I wonder what if I was dead and the editors of Collier's knew I was going to be short of reading matter in the other world, would they be willing to put a copy of a 1902 Collier's in the coffin with me? I wonder, would they?"

Well, we said, certainly, of course, the editors would. What did he think? We said that most likely they would put in his coffin the very latest issue hot off the press, especially now that 1902 copies sell for $1 apiece as antiques. This made Mr. Shane feel better, and in a happier atmosphere we went on sipping lemonade and discussing this author's magazine career.

"All I wanted was to make a modest fortune," he said.

But Mr. Shane has had various little frustrations along the way to a modest fortune. One source of humiliation for him is the fact that he never worked for a newspaper. All the authors he knows, including his wife, Peggy, have worked for newspapers, and sometimes when he sounds off about world affairs, his wife asks how could he really know, he who never was a reporter.

Mr. Shane tells her he is a man who has had important contacts with life. He was in the last war, once he broke his leg, once he met former Vice-President Curtis, once he crashed a White House press conference. But it's no use. He never was a newspaperman.

Another difficulty with Shane is the fact that every time he is in New York trying to reach some editor here, why, that editor has just gone to the West Coast in search of writers. Counterclockwise, every time he is in Hollywood (where he wrote for the movies for five years) he cannot find the folks who buy the written word out there because they are all in the East searching for writers.

His accumulated exasperation with editors led Mr. Shane to become an editor. He edits that fantastic publication, One Thousand Jokes, without which after-dinner speeches could not be made. This position enables him to keep a sort of balance in his life. When he gets beat up by editors, he turns around and beats up the writers who write for him.

On the personal side, Mr. Shane said, "Put it down that I'm a grandfather. Biff is two months old and cries whenever he sees me and this is strange. Because I know he can't read yet."

Politically, Mr. Shane said, "Put it down that I have run for the state legislature from Ridgefield, Connecticut, three times—once as a card-carrying Socialist, twice as a Democrat. I now am organizing the Atomic Liberal Party of Connecticut."

Mr. Shane's beautiful 15-year-old daughter, Gretchen, joined us in a lemonade. We could tell at a glance that if Mr. Shane were less adamant, Gretchen would be in the movies.

THE author of Sleeping Giant (p. 18), J. D. Ratcliff, is not one of those dainty writers who take a quick look at the offices of a coal mine and add and subtract statistics and produce a piece. Ratcliff worked in the coal mines of West Virginia and Kentucky during high-school and college vacations. He set timbers and did track work, and so on, sweating. When he came to write on the subject, he felt perfectly at ease in the coveralls he bought for the occasion. The cap lamp he wears in the photograph represents an improvement, however, on his coal-mining days. It is electric. He used to wear the carbide kind.

"In the 20 years since I was a coal miner," he says, "conditions have been improved almost beyond recognition. Mines are all mechanized now, and the labor is not nearly so tough as it was. I'm sure if it were a choice between mining coal and working on an automobile assembly line, I'd choose coal mining."

Ratcliff intended to stay in mining. He took a degree in mining engineering at West Virginia University, but, while he did it, he edited the college magazine, and that set him off on a different tack. He liked writing and editing better than anything he had ever done, so now we have him as a frequent contributor to Collier's on medical and other scientific subjects.

This week's cover: Artist Jon Whitcomb, in his cover painting, displays a girl who feels impartial as between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Whitcomb himself feels that maybe he would like the Atlantic better. He spent endless hot months on Saipan and other idyllic South Sea hot spots. . . . A. P.

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COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
HENRY LA COSSITT Editor
JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

MORE PAY FOR CONGRESS

CONGRESS recently had another of those arguments about raising its own pay. This one flared up in the Senate, on a proposal to increase Senators' and Representatives' salaries from $10,000 to $13,300 a year. It ended in the usual way. Congressional elections are coming next November, and the Senate voted down the proposal.

To help along a cause which we consider good toward what we hope will be eventual victory, we will here restate a few pertinent facts about Congress.

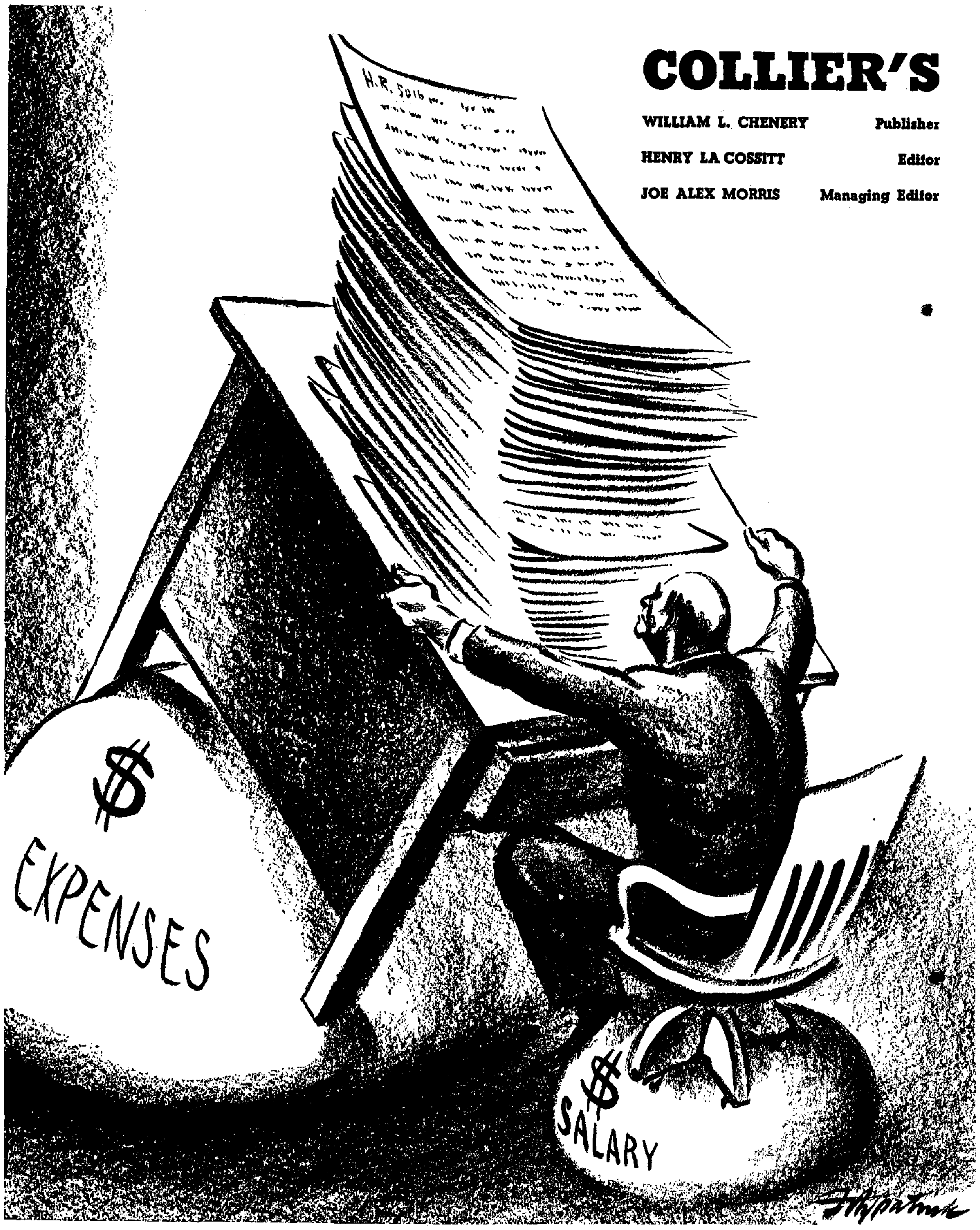
For one, these men and women do *not* have soft jobs. They are among the hardest worked of our public servants. Attendance at House and Senate sessions is only one of their manifold duties.

In addition, there is a large amount of committee work to be done, plus innumerable chores to be attended to for constituents, plus heavy correspondence to handle, plus a lot of people (bores and otherwise) to be seen every day.

For another thing, a salary of $10,000 a year is not as big as it looks. The Internal Revenue Bureau takes a husky income-tax bite out of that Congressional salary; and whoever else may be able to do a bit of polite tax-dodging here and there, a member of Congress can't. There are numerous unavoidable expenses connected with being a member of Congress; and Washington is one of the highest-price cities anywhere.

We don't pay Congress enough. Then we yell bloody murder when now and then it fails to measure up to public expectations and acts from timidity or bullheadedness or plain misinformation. Some of us yell the loudest when some Congressman takes his courage in both hands and suggests that Congress' pay be raised to somewhere near Congress' importance as a legislative body.

It is much to be hoped, we think, that public opinion will catch up with these facts of Congressional life before long, and will not only favor a substantial salary increase but will insist on it.



45 YEARS OF "THE WIZARD"

PROCEEDING through a bookstore the other day, we learned that L. Frank Baum's book for youngsters, The Wizard of Oz, had recently been reissued (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, 1944, 209 pp., 61 illustrations, $1.75). The book has been in circulation since 1900.

Many children's books each year are ballyhooed by critics as something stupendous, but this particular one, which critics and serious thinkers never did fancy much, goes on seemingly forever. Why?

Our theory is that it survives and prospers because it is a fairy tale of a strictly American kind, with a deep appeal to one of the best of American characteristics.

The story has to do with a little girl named Dorothy, who, with her dog Toto, is snatched up by a Kansas cyclone and twirled into the marvelous Land of Oz, which is ruled by a wizard reputed to have the most awesome powers. Dorothy starts out for the Wizard's capital city, to beg him to magic her back to her Kansas home. On the way she picks up several charming companions—the Tin Woodman, the live Scarecrow, the Cowardly Lion.

They get to see the Wizard, all right, and he tries to bluff them as he has been bluffing the natives for years. His bluff is called, and in the great pay-off scene he turns out to be nothing but a stuffed shirt who accidentally arrived in Oz by runaway balloon years ago and has been selling himself as a big miracle man ever since. Dorothy finally gets back to Kansas, but not with any help from the Wizard.

What the story says, then, is: Don't believe in the big, bad wolf . . . don't be overawed by people who talk big . . . dig out the facts for yourself . . . don't depend on hearsay and propaganda.

It was that attitude, if you'll pardon a bit of flag-waving, that did much to make this country great. The latest achievement to its credit was that it kept us from being intimidated by Messrs. Hitler and Tojo when they were riding their highest and widest, and inspired us in due time to step up and contribute heavily to the slapping of them down.

Let's just hang onto that realistic, inquiring, skeptical and fearless attitude of mind. It's a priceless national asset.

MORE STARS FOR THE FLAG

THERE is talk again about admitting the Territory of Hawaii as the 49th state of the Union. Apparently Hawaii would like to come in. And, despite some pretty bloody postwar bickerings in Honolulu among servicemen and natives, the territory held up its end nobly in the war. After Pearl Harbor, the Hawaiian population co-operated vigorously in the work of turning Hawaii into a huge naval, aviation, military and supply base.

It seems to us that there are good arguments, too, for admitting several other big land units as states.

Alaska is the first of these to come naturally to mind. The Japs, by their attempt to capture Dutch Harbor and by their long occupation of Attu and Kiska, gave us an object lesson in just how important Alaska is to the defense of the United States and Canada. Coming into the Union as a state, Alaska would bring along a huge, largely unexploited land mass, varied natural resources, and a patriotic and intelligent crowd of people.

Statehood has been suggested, too, for the Philippines. Several states, indeed, might be carved out of that great island group—Luzon, Mindanao, Leyte and their satellite islands. It is a fact that the Filipinos were the only Oriental people to choose sides spontaneously with the Allies when the Japs stormed in. They stood by us at great cost in blood, grief and property.

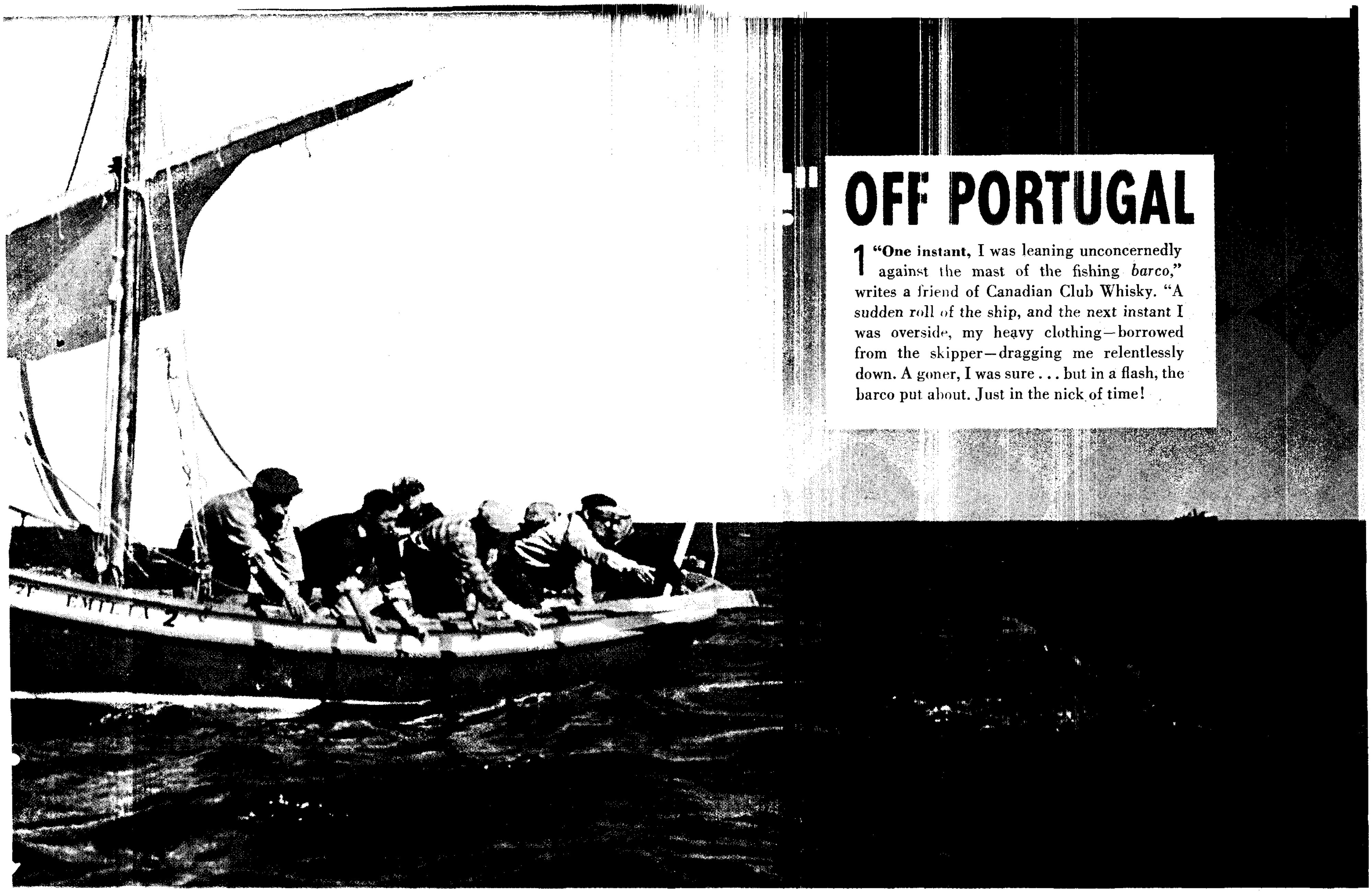
And there is always Puerto Rico, with its assorted independence and statehood movements.

In the not too calm years into which we are heading, it would seem to be eminently sensible to grapple to us what friends we can, with the proverbial hoops of steel. How about some serious nation-wide discussion of this?

DOLLARS TO FIGHT CANCER

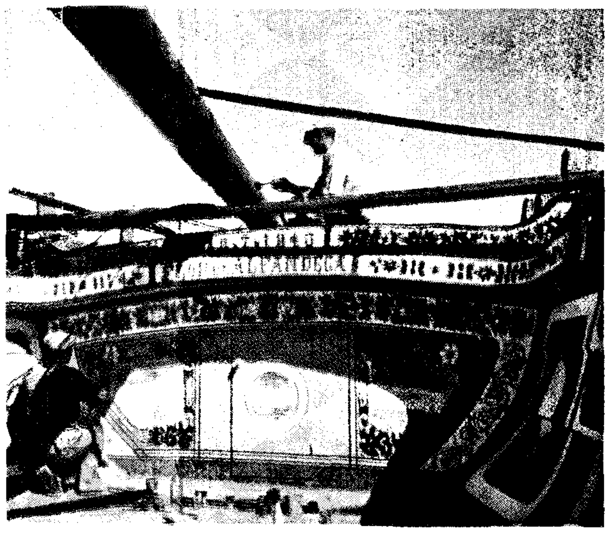
CANCER, the most dreaded and mysterious disease yet undefeated by man, is going to be attacked in the near future by the largest cancer treatment, research, prevention and education center yet established in the world. This institution is to be set up in New York City, and a cash outlay of $4,000,000 is contemplated—1/500 of what it cost to develop the atomic bomb.

The intensive drive for money has just been completed, but contributions are still needed and welcome—and extremely worthy, since they will go to fight a disease which kills about 160,000 persons a year in the United States alone. If you want to help win this great peacetime battle, the address is Memorial Cancer Center Fund, 37 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.



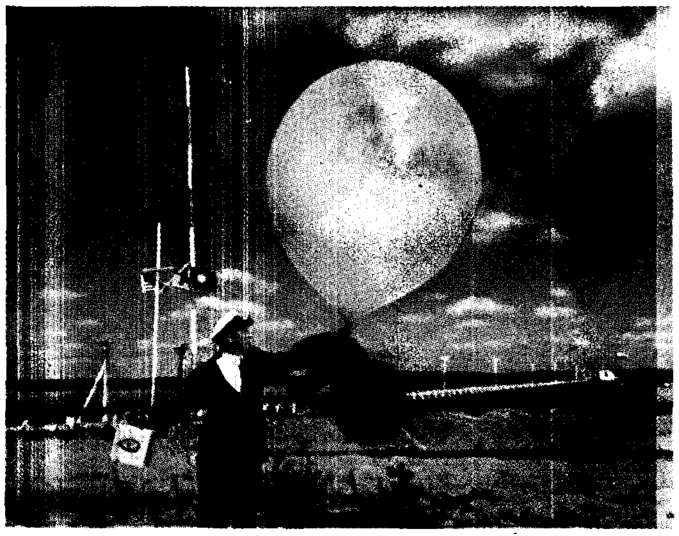
OFF PORTUGAL

1 **"One instant,** I was leaning unconcernedly against the mast of the fishing *barco*," writes a friend of Canadian Club Whisky. "A sudden roll of the ship, and the next instant I was overside, my heavy clothing—borrowed from the skipper—dragging me relentlessly down. A goner, I was sure . . . but in a flash, the barco put about. Just in the nick of time!



2 **"In spite** of that mishap, my most vivid impression was of the brilliantly painted boats pulled up along the beach—many of them designed after the craft that brought the Romans and Phoenicians to Portugal, centuries ago.

3 **"Ashore, too,** I found the transportation picturesque. For after a night's recuperation, it was aboard a quaint donkey cart that I resumed my journey. It was hard to believe, by then, that just 24 hours before . . .



4 **"I'd been** watching a wonder of modern science at work, as Pan American Airways sent up its radiosonde balloons to record high-altitude weather data to guide Clippers still across the sea.

5 **"Biggest surprise,** though, was beautiful seaside Estoril—gathering place for the greats of all nations, en route to the States. I heard 14 languages spoken here—and calls in just about all of them for Canadian Club!"

• • •

Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

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